

# ST JOHN'S CHURCH, RANMOOR

## Hymns and readings for Easter Day

### 10.30 Holy Communion

Acts 10.34-43

1 Corinthians 15.1-11

John 20.1-18

Jesus Christ is risen today,  
Alleluia!  
Our triumphant holy day,  
Alleluia!  
Who did once, upon the cross,  
Alleluia!  
Suffer to redeem our loss.  
Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing,  
Alleluia!  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
Alleluia!  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Alleluia!  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Alleluia!

But the pains that he endured,  
Alleluia!  
Our salvation have procured;  
Alleluia!  
Now above the sky he's King,  
Alleluia!  
Where the angels ever sing.  
Alleluia!

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This joyful Eastertide,  
away with sin and sorrow!  
My love, the crucified,  
hath sprung to life this morrow.

*Had Christ, that once was slain,  
ne'er burst his three-day prison,  
our faith had been in vain:  
but now hath Christ arisen,  
arisen, arisen, arisen.*

My flesh in hope shall rest,  
and for a season slumber:  
till trump from east to west  
shall wake the dead in number.

Death's flood hath lost his chill,  
since Jesus crossed the river:  
lover of souls, from ill  
my passing soul deliver

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At the Lamb's high feast we sing  
praise to our victorious King,  
who hath washed us in the tide  
flowing from his pierced side;  
praise we him, whose love divine  
gives his sacred blood for wine,  
gives his body for the feast,  
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

Where the Paschal blood is poured,  
death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,  
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;  
with sincerity and love  
eat we manna from above.

Mighty victim from the sky,  
hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;  
thou has conquered in the fight,  
thou hast brought us life and light.  
Now no more can death appal,  
now no more the grave enthrall:  
thou has opened Paradise,  
and in thee thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
sin alone can this destroy;  
from sin's power do thou set free  
souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.  
Hymns of glory and of praise,  
risen Lord, to thee we raise,  
Holy Father, praise to thee,  
with the Spirit, ever be.

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Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won;  
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.  
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;  
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;  
let the church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,  
for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting:  
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

No more we doubt thee, glorious prince of life;  
life is naught without thee: aid us in our strife;  
make us more than conquerors through thy deathless love;  
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above:  
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

## **6.30 Evensong**

Psalm 105

Old Testament Reading Ezekiel 37.1-14

Luke 24.13-35