

Hymns for Sunday April 19th

First hymn

Alleluia, alleluia!

Hearts to heav'n and voices raise:
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise.
He, who on the cross a victim,
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield.
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

Alleluia, alleluia!
Glory be to God on high!
Alleluia! to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory!
Alleluia! to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity!
Alleluia, alleluia,
To the Triune Majesty. Amen

Second Hymn

O sons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
Over death today rose triumphing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

An angel clad in white they see,
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And "Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

That night th'apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

On this most holy day of days
Our hearts and voices, Lord, we raise
To Thee, in jubilee and praise.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

"My piercèd side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless but believing be."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

How blessed are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith has constant been;
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Third Hymn

How often we, like Thomas,
need proof before we trust.
Lord Jesus, friend of doubters,
come, speak your truth to us.
We long to feel your presence,
and gain new faith from you,
to find, without our seeing,
the blessing Thomas knew.

You always stand among us,
no doors can lock you out.
Your presence reassures us
though we still live with doubt.
As present-day disciples,
whose lives by sin are flawed,
we want to come believing,
and cry: "My Lord, my God!"

Fourth Hymn

I danced in the morning
When the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon
And the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven
And I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem
I had my birth.

***Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he***

I danced for the scribe
And the pharisee,
But they would not dance
And they wouldn't follow me.
I danced for the fishermen,
For James and John
They came with me
And the Dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath
And I cured the lame;
The holy people
Said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped
And they hung me on high,
And they left me there
On a Cross to die.

I danced on a Friday
When the sky turned black
It's hard to dance
With the devil on your back.
They buried my body
And they thought I'd gone,
But I am the Dance,
And I still go on.

They cut me down
And I leapt up high;
I am the life
That'll never, never die;
I'll live in you
If you'll live in me -
I am the Lord
Of the Dance, said he.