

Introit Hymn: Ye choirs of new Jerusalem

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

How Judah's Lion burst his chains,
And crushed the serpent's head;
And brought with him, from death's domains,
The long-imprisoned dead.

From hell's devouring jaws the prey
Alone our Leader bore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where he hath gone before.

Triumphant in his glory now
His sceptre ruleth all,
Earth, heaven, and hell before him bow,
And at his footstool fall.

While joyful thus his praise we sing,
His mercy we implore,
Into his palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Alleluia! Amen.

Sequence Hymn: God sent his Son

God sent his Son, they called him Jesus;
he came to love, heal, and forgive;
he lived and died to buy my pardon,
an empty grave is there to prove my Saviour lives.

Refrain

***Because he lives I can face tomorrow;
because he lives all fear is gone;
because I know he holds the future,***

and life is worth the living just because he lives.

How sweet to hold a newborn baby,
and feel the pride, and joy he gives;
but greater still the calm assurance,
this child can face uncertain days because he lives.

Refrain

***Because he lives I can face tomorrow;
because he lives all fear is gone;
because I know he holds the future,
and life is worth the living just because he lives.***

And then one day I'll cross the river;
I'll fight life's final war with pain:
and then as death gives way to victory,
I'll see the lights of glory and I'll know he lives.

Refrain

***Because he lives I can face tomorrow;
because he lives all fear is gone;
because I know he holds the future,
and life is worth the living just because he lives.***

Offertory Hymn: The Strife is o'er

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
the victory of life is won;
the song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
but Christ their legions has dispersed.
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

The three sad days are quickly sped;
he rises glorious from the dead.

All glory to our risen Head.
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
the bars from heaven's high portals fell.
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell.
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
from death's dread sting thy servants free,
that we may live and sing to thee.
Alleluia!

Final Ending:
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Communion Hymn: I am bread Life

I am the bread of life;
they who come to me shall not hunger;
they who believe in me shall not thirst.
No one come to me unless the Father draw them.

Refrain:
And I will raise them up,
and I will raise them up,
and I will raise them up on the last day.

The bread that I will give is my flesh
for the life of the world,
and they who eat of this bread,
they shall live forever,
they shall live forever.

Refrain:
And I will raise them up,
and I will raise them up,
and I will raise them up on the last day.

Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man
and drink of his blood,

you shall not have life within you,
you shall not have life within you.

Refrain:

***And I will raise them up,
and I will raise them up,
and I will raise them up on the last day.***

I am the resurrection, I am the life;
they who believe in me,
even if they die,
they shall live forever.

Refrain:

***And I will raise them up,
and I will raise them up,
and I will raise them up on the last day.***

Yes, Lord we believe
that you are the Christ,
The Son of God
who has come into the world.

Refrain:

***And I will raise them up,
and I will raise them up,
and I will raise them up on the last day.***

Recessional Hymn: We have a gospel to proclaim

We have a gospel to proclaim,
good news for all throughout the earth;
the gospel of a saviour's name;
we sing his glory, tell his worth.

Tell of his birth at Bethlehem,
not in a royal house or hall
but in a stable dark and dim:
the word made flesh, a light for all.

Tell of his death at Calvary,

hated by those he came to save;
in lonely suffering on the cross
for all he loved, his life he gave.

Tell of that glorious Easter morn:
empty the tomb, for he was free;
he broke the power of death and hell
that we might share his victory.

Tell of his reign at God's right hand,
by all creation glorified;
he sends his Spirit on his church
to live for him, the Lamb who died.

Now we rejoice to name Him king:
Jesus is Lord of all the earth;
this gospel-message we proclaim:
we sing his glory, tell his worth.