Easter Sunday

Mass

Entrance Hymn:

Battle is o’er, hell’s armies flee: raise we the cry of victory with abounding joy resounding, alleluia, alleluia.

Christ Who endured the shameful tree, o’er death triumphant welcome we, our adoring praise outpouring, alleluia, alleluia.

On the third morn from death rose He, clothed with what light in heaven shall be, our unswerving faith deserving, alleluia, alleluia.

Hell’s gloomy gates yield up their key, paradise door thrown wide we see; never-tiring be our choiring, alleluia, alleluia.

Lord, by the stripes they laid on Thee, grant us to live from death set free, this our greeting still repeating, alleluia, alleluia.

Simphonia Sirenum (1695)

Gloria

Glory to God, glory to God, glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace on earth, peace to people of good will.

We praise you, we bless you, we adore you, we glorify you, we give you thanks for your great glory, Lord God, heavenly King, O God, almighty Father.

Lord Jesus Christ, Only Begotten Son, Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us; you take away the sins of the world, receive our prayer; you are seated at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us.

For you alone are the Holy One, you alone are the Lord, you alone are the Most High, Jesus Christ, with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.
Preparation of the Gifts:

At the Lamb's high feast we sing,
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercèd side;
Praise we Him, Whose love divine
Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Love the victim, love 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.
Christ, the Lamb, whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

Mighty victim from the sky,
Powers of hell beneath Thee lie;
Death is conquered in the fight;
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now thy banner thou dost wave;
Paschal triumph, paschal joy,
Only sin can this destroy;
From the death of sin set free
Souls reborn, dear Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise.
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
Ever with the Spirit be.

Anonymous 7th Cent

Recessional Hymn:

Thine be the glory risen conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o’er death has 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 is living, death has 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 nought 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.

E.L Budry (1854-1932)

Happy Easter to you all
He is Risen!
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