

Hymns for Easter 3

The head that once was crowned with thorns

is crowned with glory now;
a royal diadem adorns
the mighty victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
is his, is his by right:
the King of kings, and Lord of lords,
and heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
the joy of all below,
to whom he manifests his love
and grants his name to know:

To them the cross, with all its shame,
with all its grace, is given;
their name an everlasting name,
their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below;
they reign with him above;
their profit and their joy to know
the mystery of his love.

The cross he bore is life and health,
though shame and death to him;
his people's hope, his people's wealth,
their everlasting theme.

Tune St Magnus

At your feet we fall, mighty risen Lord,

As we come before Your throne to worship You.
By Your Spirit's power You now draw our hearts,
And we hear Your voice in triumph ringing clear.

*I am He that liveth, that liveth and was dead,
Behold I am alive forever more.*

There we see You stand, mighty risen Lord,
Clothed in garments pure and holy, shining bright.
Eyes of flashing fire, feet like burnished bronze,
And the sound of many waters is Your voice.

*I am He that liveth, that liveth and was dead,
Behold I am alive forever more.*

Like the shining sun in its noonday strength,
We now see the glory of Your wondrous face.
Once that face was marred, but now You're glorified,
And Your words like a two-edged sword have mighty power.

I am He that liveth, that liveth and was dead,

Now the green blade riseth from the buried grain,

wheat that in dark earth many days has lain;

Love lives again, that with the dead has been:

Love is come again,

like wheat that springeth green.

In the grave they laid him, Love whom men had slain,

thinking that never he would wake again,

laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen: Chorus

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,

he that for three days in the grave had lain,

quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen: Chorus

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,

thy touch can call us back to life again,

fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been: Chorus

Tune: Noel Nouvelet

Christ the Lord is risen again,

Christ hath broken every chain.

Hark, angelic voices cry,

singing evermore on high,

Alleluia.

He who slumbered in the grave

is exalted now to save;

now through Christendom it rings

that the Lamb is King of kings.

Alleluia.

He who gave for us his life,

who for us endured the strife,

is our paschal Lamb to-day;

we too sing for joy, and say

Alleluia.

Now he bids us tell abroad

how the lost may be restored,

how the penitent forgiven

how we too may enter heaven.

Alleluia.

He who bore all pain and loss

comfortless upon the Cross,

lives in glory now on high,

pleads for us, and hears our cry:

Alleluia.

Thou, our paschal Lamb indeed,

Christ, thy ransomed people feed;

take our sins and guilt away:

let us sing by night and day

Alleluia.

Tune: Orientis Partibus