

Hymns of Praise

Sunday May 1, 2022

#255

Now let the vault of heaven resound
in praise of love that doth abound,
“Christ hath triumphed, hallelujah”;
sing, choirs of angels, loud and clear,
repeat their song of glory here,
“Christ hath triumphed, Christ hath triumphed!”
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!

Eternal is the gift he brings;
wherefore our heart with rapture sings,
“Christ hath triumphed, Jesus liveth!”
now doth he come and give us life;
now doth his presence still all strife
through his triumph; Jesus reigneth!
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!

Oh fill us, Lord, with dauntless love;
set heart and will on things above,
that we conquer through thy triumph,
grant grace sufficient for life’s day,
that by our life we ever say
“Christ hath triumphed and he liveth!”
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!

Words: Paul Zeller Strodach (1876-1947)

Music: Auserlesene Katholische Geistliche Kirchengesänge, Cologne 1623.

Tune: Lasst uns erfreuen

#256

Now the green blade rises from the buried grain
wheat that in the dark earth
many days has lain;
love lives again, that with the dead has been:
love is come again
like wheat new-springing green.

In the grave they laid him, love by hatred slain,
sure that he would never,
never wake again,
laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:
love is come again like
wheat new-springing green.

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
he that for these three days
in the grave had lain;
raised from the dead my living Lord is seen:
love is come again like
wheat new-springing green.

When our hearts are wintry, grieving or in pain,
then your touch can call us
back to life again,
fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:
love is come again like
wheat new-springing green.

Words: J.M.C Crum (1872-1958)

Music: French traditional carol "Noël Nouvelet"

Tune: French Carol

#543 (vs. 1-3)

Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
here would I touch and handle things unseen,
here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
and all my weariness upon thee lean.

Here would we feed upon the bread of God,
here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
here would we lay aside each earthly load,
here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song;
this is the heavenly table for us spread;
here let us feast, and, feasting, still prolong
this fellowship in thee, our living bread.

#830 – Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
praise him all creatures here below;
praise him above, ye heavenly host;
praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711).

Music: Genevan Psalter 1551.

Tune: Old 100th

#543 (vs. 4-7)

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear.
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
the bread and wine remove, but thou art here,
nearer than ever, still our shield and sun.

We have no help but thine, nor do we need
another arm but thine to lean upon;
it is enough, O Lord, enough indeed;
our strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood.
Here is my robe, my refuge and my peace,
thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
yet, passing, points to that glad feast above,
giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
the Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Words: Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

Music: James Langran (1835-1909)

Tune: Langran