

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church

Hymns of Praise

Sunday 16 April, 2023



#249

The day of resurrection
earth, tell it out abroad,
the Passover of gladness,
the Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
from earth unto the sky,
our Christ hath brought us over
with hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
that we may see aright
the Lord in rays eternal
of resurrection light,
and, listening to his accents,
may hear, so calm and plain,
his own "All hail!" and hearing
may raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful;
let earth its song begin;
let the round world keep triumph,
and all that is therein;
invisible and visible,
their notes together blend,
for Christ the Lord hath risen,
our joy that hath no end.

#250

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.

Refrain *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. **Refrain**

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 high,
and they left me there on a cross to die. **Refrain**

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. **Refrain**

They cut me down and I leap up high;
I am the lifethat'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he. **Refrain**

#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.

#251

Christ is alive! Let Christians sing.
His cross stands empty to the sky.
Let streets and homes with praises ring.
His love in death shall never die.

Christ is alive! No longer bound
to distant years in Palestine,
he comes to claim the here and now
and dwell in every place and time.

In every insult, rift and war,
where colour, scorn or wealth divide,
Christ suffers still, yet loves the more,
and lives where even hope has died.

Women and men, in age and youth,
can feel the Spirit hear the call,
and find the life, the way, the truth,
revealed in Jesus, freed for all.

Christ is alive and comes to bring
good news to this and every age,
till earth and all creation ring
with joy, with justice, love and praise.