

Hymn Sheet

There is a green hill far away,
without a city wall,
where the dear Lord was crucified,
who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
what pains he had to bear;
but we believe it was for us
he hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiv'n,
he died to make us good,
that we might go at last to heav'n,
saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
to pay the price of sin;
he only could unlock the gate
of heav'n, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,
and we must love him too,
and trust in his redeeming blood,
and try his works to do.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
O sometimes it causes me to tremble!
tremble! tremble!
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nail'd him to the cross?
Were you there when they nail'd him to the cross?
O sometimes it causes me to tremble!
tremble! tremble!
Were you there when they nail'd him to the cross?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

O sometimes it causes me to tremble!
tremble! tremble!

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

O sometimes it causes me to tremble!
tremble! tremble!

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

When I survey the wondrous cross

On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Exsultet

Sing choirs of heaven! Let saints and angels
sing!
Around God's throne exult in harmony!
Now Jesus Christ is risen from the grave!
Salute your King in glorious symphony!

Sing, choirs of earth! Behold, your light has
come!
The glory of the Lord shines radiantly!
Lift up your hearts, for Christ has conquered
death!
The night is past, the day of life is here!

Sing, Church of God! Exult with joy
outpoured!
The gospel trumpets tell of victory won!
Your Saviour lives; he's with you evermore!
Let all God's people sound the long Amen!

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 who had been
slain,
Thinking that He never would awake again,
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:
Love is come again like wheat that springeth
green.

Forth He came at Easter, like the risen grain,
Jesus who for three days in the grave had lain;
Quick from the dead the risen One is seen:
Love is come again like wheat that springeth
green.

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in
pain,
Jesus' touch can call us back to life again,
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have
been:
Love is come again like wheat that springeth
green.

Love's redeeming work is done,
fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo, he sets in blood no more!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
death in vain forbids him rise;
Christ has opened paradise.

Lives again our victorious King;
where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save;
where thy victory, O grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
following out exalted Head;
made like him, like him we rise,
ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given:
thee we greet triumphant now;
hail, the Resurrection thou!

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;
endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast
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 vict'ry, 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 now liveth, death hath lost its
sting.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of
life;
life is naught 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

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