

Opening Hymn: The Strife is O'er

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
and Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
let shouts of praise and joy outburst.

On the third morn he rose again
glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.

He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
the bars from heaven's high portals fell;
let hymns of praise his triumph tell.

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee
from death's dread sting thy servants free,
that we may live, and sing to thee.

Vulpus (Gelob't sei Gott) 119ii NEH

The Collect

Almighty Father,
who in your great mercy gladdened the disciples with the sight of the risen Lord:
give us such knowledge of his presence with us,
that we may be strengthened and sustained by his risen life
and serve you continually in righteousness and truth;
through the same Jesus Christ your Son, our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

Amen.

The New Testament Reading

A reading from the Acts of the Apostles.

On the Day of Pentecost, Peter, standing with the eleven, raised his voice and addressed the crowd: 'Let the entire house of Israel know with certainty that God has made him both Lord and Messiah, this Jesus whom you crucified.' Now when they heard this, they were cut to the heart and said to Peter and to the other apostles, 'Brothers, what should we do?' Peter said to them, 'Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ so that your sins may be forgiven; and you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. For the promise is for you, for your children, and for all who are far away, everyone whom the Lord our God calls to him.' And he testified with many other arguments and exhorted them, saying, 'Save yourselves from this corrupt generation.' So those who welcomed his message were baptized, and that day about three thousand persons were added to their number.

This is the word of the Lord.

Acts 2: 14a, 36–41

Thanks be to God.

Gospel Acclamation

This joyful Eastertide, away with sin and sorrow!
My Love, the Crucified, hath sprung to life this morrow.
Had Christ, that once was slain, ne'er burst his three-day prison,
our faith had been in vain: but now hath Christ arisen.

arr. Charles Wood (1866–1926)

The Gospel

Alleluia! Alleluia!

I am the first and the last says the Lord, and the living one.

I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore.

Alleluia!

The Lord be with you.

And also with you.

Hear the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to St Luke.

Glory to you, O Lord.

On that same day, two of the disciples were going to a village called Emmaus, about seven miles from Jerusalem, and talking with each other about all these things that had happened. While they were talking and discussing, Jesus himself came near and went with them, but their eyes were kept from recognizing him. And he said to them, 'What are you discussing with each other while you walk along?' They stood still, looking sad. Then one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answered him, 'Are you the only stranger in Jerusalem who does not know the things that have taken place there in these days?' He asked them, 'What things?' They replied, 'The things about Jesus of Nazareth, who was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people, and how our chief priests and leaders handed him over to be condemned to death and crucified him. But we had hoped that he was the one to redeem Israel. Yes, and besides all this, it is now the third day since these things took place. Moreover, some women of our group astounded us. They were at the tomb early this morning, and when they did not find his body there, they came back and told us that they had indeed seen a vision of angels who said that he was alive. Some of those who were with us went to the tomb and found it just as the women had said; but they did not see him.' Then he said to them, 'Oh, how foolish you are, and how slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have declared! Was it not necessary that the Messiah should suffer these things and then enter into his glory?' Then beginning with Moses and all the prophets, he interpreted to them the things about himself in all the scriptures.

As they came near the village to which they were going, he walked ahead as if he were going on. But they urged him strongly, saying, 'Stay with us, because it is almost evening and the day is now nearly over.' So he went in to stay with them. When he was at the table with them, he took bread, blessed and broke it, and gave it to them. Then their eyes were opened, and they recognized him; and he vanished from their sight. They said to each other, 'Were not our hearts burning within us while he was talking to us on the road, while he was opening the scriptures to us?' That same hour they got up and returned to Jerusalem; and they found the eleven and their companions gathered together. They were saying, 'The Lord has risen indeed, and he has appeared to Simon!' Then they told what had happened on the road, and how he had been made known to them in the breaking of the bread.

This is the Gospel of the Lord.

St Luke 24: 13–35

Praise to you, O Christ.

The Sermon

Offertory Hymn: Before the throne of God above

Before the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea;
a great High Priest, whose name is Love,
who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on his hands,
my name is written on his heart;
I know that while in heaven he stands
no tongue can bid me thence depart,
no tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,
and tells me of the guilt within,
upward I look, and see him there
who made an end of all my sin.
Because the sinless Saviour died,
my sinful soul is counted free;
for God, the Just, is satisfied
to look on him and pardon me,
to look on him and pardon me.

Behold him there! the risen Lamb,
my perfect, spotless Righteousness;
the great unchangeable I AM,
the King of glory and of grace!
One with my Lord, I cannot die;
my soul is purchased by his blood;
my life is hid with Christ on high,
with Christ, my Saviour and my God,
with Christ, my Saviour and my God.

Before the Throne of God 598 AM

Anthem: Come ye thankful raise the strain

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness;
God has brought his Israel into joy from sadness;
'tis the Spring of Souls today,
Christ hath burst his prison,
and from three days sleep in death as a Sun hath risen.

Now the Queen of seasons bright with the day of splendour,
with the royal feast of feasts, comes its joy to render;
comes to glad Jerusalem,
who with true affection
welcomes in unwearied strains Jesu's Resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark portal, (Alleluia!)
nor the watchers, nor the seal, hold Thee as a mortal: (Alleluia!)
but today amidst the twelve,
Thou didst stand, bestowing (Alleluia!)
that Thy peace which evermore passeth human knowing. (Alleluia!)

R S Thatcher (1888 – 1957)

Communion Hymn: How deep the Father's love for us

How deep the Father's love for us,
how vast beyond all measure,
that he should give his only Son
to make a wretch his treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss;
the Father turns his face away,
as wounds which mar the chosen One
bring many souls to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,
my sin upon his shoulders;
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held him there
until it was accomplished;
his dying breath has brought me life -
I know that 'it is finished.'

I will not boast in anything,
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,
his death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from his reward?
I cannot give an answer;
but this I know with all my heart,
his wounds have paid my ransom.

How deep the Father's love 114 AM

Sunday 23 April 2023

Hymns, Readings, & Collect

Third Sunday of Easter

Dismissal: Ye choirs of new Jerusalem

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem
your sweetest notes employ,
the paschal victory to hymn
in strains of holy joy.

How Judah's Lion burst his chains,
and crushed the serpent's head;
and brought with him, from death's domains,
the long-imprisoned dead.

From hell's devouring jaws the prey
alone our Leader bore;
his ransomed hosts pursue their way
where he hath gone before.

Triumphant in his glory now
his sceptre ruleth all;
earth, heaven, and hell before him bow,
and at his footstool fall.

While joyful thus his praise we sing,
his mercy we implore,
into his palace bright to bring
and keep us evermore.

All glory to the Father be,
all glory to the Son,
all glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
while endless ages run. Alleluia! Amen.

St Fulbert 124 NEH