

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

"AMERICA'S PARISH CHURCH"

NEW YORK CITY

CELEBRATION OF THE EUCHARIST

FRIDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF EASTER

APRIL 17, 2020

ENTRANCE HYMN

"Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain"

GAUDEAMUS PARITER

Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant
'Tis the spring of souls to - day; Christ hath burst his
Now the queen of sea - sons, bright death With the day of dark
Nei - ther might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark

glad - ness; God hath brought his Is - ra - el In - to
pris - on, and from three days' sleep in death As a
splen - dor, With the roy - al feast of feasts, Comes its
por - tal, Nor the watch - ers, nor the seal Hold thee

joy from sa - ness; Loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke
sun hath ris - en; all the win - ter of our sins,
joy to ren - der; Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem,
as a mor - tal; But to - day a - midst the twelve

Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters' Led them with un -
Long and dark, is fly - ing From his light, to
Who with true af - fec - tion Wel - comes in un -
Thou didst stand, be - stow - ing That thy peace which

mois - tened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
whom we give Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
wea - ried strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.
ev - er - more Pass - eth hu - man know - ing.

COMMUNION HYMN

"This Is the Feast"

FESTIVAL CANTICLE

This is the feast of vic - to - ry for our God. Al - le -
lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! lu - ia.

1. Wor - thy is Christ, the Lamb who was slain, whose
2. Pow - er, rich - es wis - dom, and strength, And
3. Sing with all the peo - ple of God, And
4. Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, and might Be
5. For the Lamb who was slain Has
D.C.

blood set us free to be peo - ple of God.
hon - or, in the bless - ing, and glo - ry are his.
join in the hymn of all cre - a - tions.
God and the Lamb for - ev - er. A - - - men.
gun his reign. Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Based on Revelation 5, © 1978, *Lutheran Book of Worship*, Tune: © 1975, Richard Hillert

RECESSIONAL HYMN

"This Joyful Eastertide"

VRUECHTEN

1. This joy - ful East - er - tide A - way with sin and
2. My flesh in hope shall rest And for a sea - son
3. Death's flood has lost its chill Since Je - sus crossed the

sor - - - row! My love, the Cru - ci -
slum - - - ber Till trump from east to
riv - - - er; Lov - er of souls, from

fied, Has sprung to life this mor - - - row:
west Shall wake the dead in num - - - ber:
ill My pass - ing soul de - liv - - - er:

Had Christ, who once was slain, Not burst his three - day pris -
on, Our faith had been in vain. But now has Christ a -
ris - en, a - ris - en, a - ris - en, a - ris - en!