

# ***The Link Benefice***



*Serving the villages of Bawdrip, Cossington, Pawlett,  
Puriton and Woolavington.*

**Hymns 5<sup>th</sup> April – Easter Day 9.00am**

## **ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA**

Hearts to heav'n and voices raise;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
Sing to God a hymn of praise;  
He who on the cross a victim  
For the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory  
Now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ the first fruits  
Of the holy harvest field,  
Which will all its fruit abundance  
At his second coming yield;  
Then the golden ears of harvest  
Will their heads before him wave,  
Ripened by his glorious sunshine,  
From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen;  
Shed upon us heavn'ly grace,  
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory  
From the brightness of thy face;  
That we, with our hearts in heaven  
Here on earth may fruitful be  
And by angel-hands be gathered  
And be ever, Lord with thee.

Alleluia, alleluia  
Glory be to God on high  
Alleluia to the Saviour,  
Who has gained the victory;  
Alleluia to the Spirit  
Fount of love and sanctity  
Alleluia, alleluia  
To the Triune Majesty.

**JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY, Alleluia!**  
our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!  
who did once upon the cross, Alleluia!  
suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!  
unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!  
who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!  
sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

But the pains which he endured, Alleluia!  
our salvation have procured, Alleluia!  
now above the sky he's King, Alleluia!  
where the angels ever sing. Alleluia!

**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 victory  
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.