

Good Christians all, rejoice and sing!

Now is the triumph of our King!

To the whole world glad news we bring:

Alleluia!

The Lord of life is risen for ay:

bring flowers of song to strew his way;

let all the earth rejoice and say:

Alleluia!

Praise we in songs of victory

that love, that life which cannot die,

and sing with hearts uplifted high:

Alleluia!

Thy name we bless, O risen Lord,

and sing today with one accord

the life laid down, the life restored:

Alleluia!

Cyril A Alington (1872-1955)

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.

The hymns are from Ancient & Modern: Hymns and Songs for Refreshing Worship

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.

Chorus novae Jerusalem
Fulbert of Chartres (c.960-1028),
Tr Robert Campbell (1814-1868)

Christ the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain.
Hark, angelic voices cry,
singing evermore on high, *Alleluia*.

He who gave for us his life,
who for us endured the strife,
is our paschal Lamb today;
we too sing for joy, and say *Alleluia*.

He who bore all pain and loss
comfortless upon the cross,
lives in glory now on high,
pleads for us, and hears our cry: *Alleluia*.

He who slumbered in the grave
is exalted now to save;
now through Christendom it rings
that the Lamb is King of kings. *Alleluia.*

Now he bids us tell abroad
how the lost may be restored,
how the penitent forgiven
how we too may enter heaven. *Alleluia.*

Thou, our paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, thy ransomed people feed;
take our sins and guilt away:
let us sing by night and day *Alleluia.*

*Michael Weisse (c.1480-1534),
translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)*

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: *Alleluia!*

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

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

Finita jam sunt proelia, Tr Francis Pott (1832-1909)