

If Christ had not been raised from death

our faith would be in vain,
our preaching but a waste of breath,
our sin and guilt remain.

But now the Lord is risen indeed;
he rules in earth and heaven:
his Gospel meets a world of need
in Christ we are forgiven.

If Christ still lay within the tomb
then death would be the end,
and we should face our final doom
with neither guide nor friend.

But now the Saviour is raised up,
so when a Christian dies
we mourn, yet look to God in hope
in Christ the saints arise!

If Christ had not been truly raised
his church would live a lie;
his name should never more be praised,
his words deserve to die.

But now our great Redeemer lives;
through him we are restored;
his word endures, his church revives
in Christ, our risen Lord.

Christopher Idle (b. 1938)

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.

Chorus novae Jerusalem

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

At the Lamb's high feast we sing

praise to our victorious King,
who has washed us in the tide
flowing from his pierced side,
Praise we him whose love divine
gives his sacred blood for wine,
gives his body for the feast—
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

Where the paschal blood is poured,
death's dark angel sheathes the sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
thro' the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
paschal victim, paschal bread;
with sincerity and love
eat we manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in thee they saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy!
This alone can sin destroy;
from sin's power do thou set free
souls new-born, O Lord, in you to be.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
risen Lord, to thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to thee,
with the Spirit, ever be.

Translated by Robert Campbell (1814-1868)

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)