

**Christ is alive! Let Christians sing.**

The cross stands empty to the sky.  
Let streets and homes with praises ring.  
Love, drowned in death, shall never die.

Christ is alive! No longer bound  
to distant years in Palestine,  
but saving, healing, here and now,  
and touching every place and time.

In every insult, rift, and war,  
where colour, scorn, or wealth divide,  
Christ suffers still, yet loves the more,  
and lives, where even hope has died.

Women and men, in age and youth,  
can feel the Spirit, hear the call,  
and find the way, the life, the truth,  
revealed in Jesus, freed for all.

Christ is alive, and comes to bring  
good news to this and every age,  
till earth and sky and ocean ring  
with joy, with justice, love, and praise.

*Brian Wren (b. 1936)*

**Now the green blade rises from the buried grain,**  
wheat that in the dark earth many days has lain;  
love lives again, that with the dead has been:  
*Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.*

In the grave they laid him, Love whom men had slain,  
thinking that he never would awake again,  
laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:  
*Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.*

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,  
he that for the three days in the grave had lain,  
back from the dead my risen Lord is seen:  
*Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.*

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,  
then your touch can call us back to life again,  
fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:  
*Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.*

*John Macleod Campbell Crum (1872-1958)*

**God of freedom, God of justice,**  
you whose love is strong as death,  
you who saw the dark of prison,  
you who knew the price of faith --  
touch our world of sad oppression  
with your Spirit's healing breath.

Rid the earth of torture's terror,  
you whose hands were nailed to wood;  
hear the cries of pain and protest,  
you who shed the tears and blood --  
move in us the power of pity  
restless for the common good.

Make in us a captive conscience  
quick to hear, to act, to plead;  
make us truly sisters, brothers  
of whatever race or creed --  
teach us to be fully human,  
open to each other's needs.

*Shirley Erena Murray (b. 1931)*

**Great is thy faithfulness, O God my Father,**

there is no shadow of turning with thee;  
thou changest not, thy compassions they fail not,  
as thou hast been thou for ever wilt be.

*Great is thy faithfulness!*

*Great is thy faithfulness!*

*Morning by morning new mercies I see;  
all I have needed thy hand hath provided -  
great is thy faithfulness, Lord unto me!*

Summer and winter, and spring-time and harvest,  
sun, moon and stars in their courses above,  
join with all nature in manifold witness  
to thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

*Great is thy faithfulness!*

*Great is thy faithfulness!*

*Morning by morning new mercies I see;  
all I have needed thy hand hath provided -  
great is thy faithfulness, Lord unto me!*

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,  
thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;  
strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,  
blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

*Great is thy faithfulness!*

*Great is thy faithfulness!*

*Morning by morning new mercies I see;  
all I have needed thy hand hath provided -  
great is thy faithfulness, Lord unto me!*

*Thomas O Chisholm (1866-1960)*