

*Let everything
that has
breath praise
the LORD.*

Psalm 150:6

All Are Welcome to St. Alban's Episcopal Church
Sunday, May 4, 2025
The Third Sunday in Easter
Hymns 10:30am

Alleluia, Sing to Jesus P1

1 Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! his the
 *2 Al - le - lu - ia! not as or - phans are we
 3 Al - le - lu - ia! bread of Hea - ven, Thou on
 4 Al - le - lu - ia! King e - ter - nal, thee the
 *5 Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! his the

1 scep - ter, his the throne; Al - le - lu - ia! his the
 2 left in sor - row now; Al - le - lu - ia! he is
 3 earth our food, our stay! Al - le - lu - ia! here the
 4 Lord of lords we own; Al - le - lu - ia! born of
 5 scep - ter, his the throne; Al - le - lu - ia! his the

1 tri - umph, his the vic - to - ry a - lone; Hark! the
 2 near us, faith be - lieves, nor ques - tions how: though the
 3 sin - ful flee to thee from day to day: In - ter -
 4 Ma - ry, earth thy foot - stool, heaven thy throne: thou with -
 5 tri - umph, his the vic - to - ry a - lone; Hark! the

Alleluia Sing to Jesus P2

1 songs of peace - ful Zi - on thun - der like a
 2 cloud from sight re - ceived him, when the for - ty
 3 ces - sor, friend of sin - ners, earth's Re - deem - er,
 4 in the veil hast en - tered, robed in flesh, our
 5 songs of ho - ly Zi - on thun - der like a

1 might - y flood; Je - sus out of ev - ery
 2 days were o'er, shall our hearts for - get his
 3 plead for me, where the songs of all the
 4 great High Priest: thou on earth both Priest and
 5 might - y flood; Je - sus out of ev - ery

1 na - tion hath re - deemed us by his blood.
 2 prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er - more"?
 3 sin - less sweep a - cross the crys - tal sea.
 4 Vic - tim in the eu - cha - ris - tic feast.
 5 na - tion hath re - deemed us by his blood.

Text: William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)
 Music: *Hyfrydol*, Rowland Hugh Prichard (1811-1887)

Shepherd of Souls

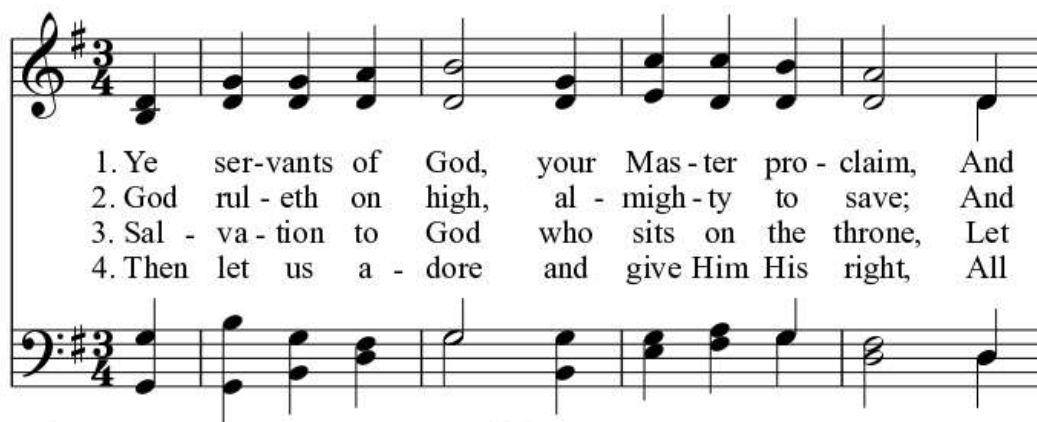
1 Shep - herd of souls, re - fresh and bless thy cho - sen
 2 We would not live by bread a - lone, but by thy
 3 Be known to us in break - ing bread, and do not
 4 Lord, sup with us in love di - vine thy Bo - dy

pil - grim flock with man - na in the
 word of grace, in strength of which we
 then de - part; Sa - vior, a - bide with
 and thy Blood, that liv - ing bread, that

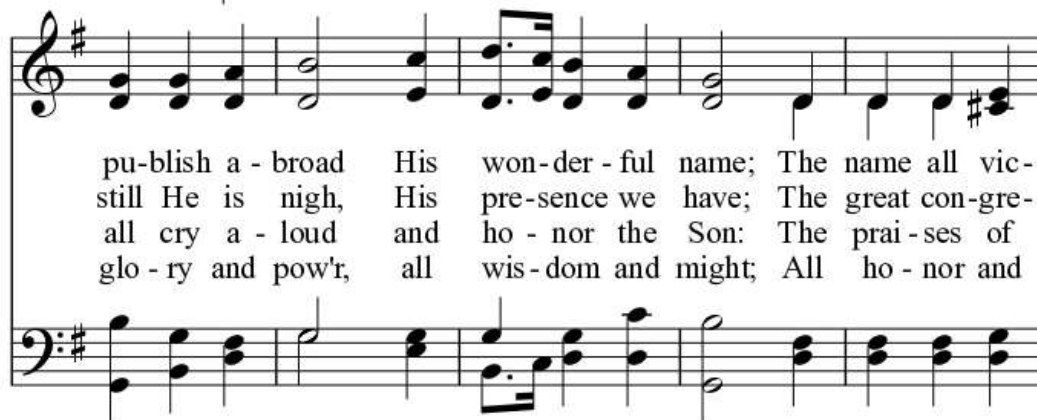
wil - der - ness, with wa - ter from the rock.
 trav - el on to our a - bid - ing - place.
 us, and spread thy ta - ble in our heart.
 heaven - ly wine, be our im - mor - tal food.

Text: James Montgomery (1771-1845), alt.
 Music: St. Agnes, melody John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876) ; harm. Richard Proulx (b. 1937),
 After John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

Ye Servants of God



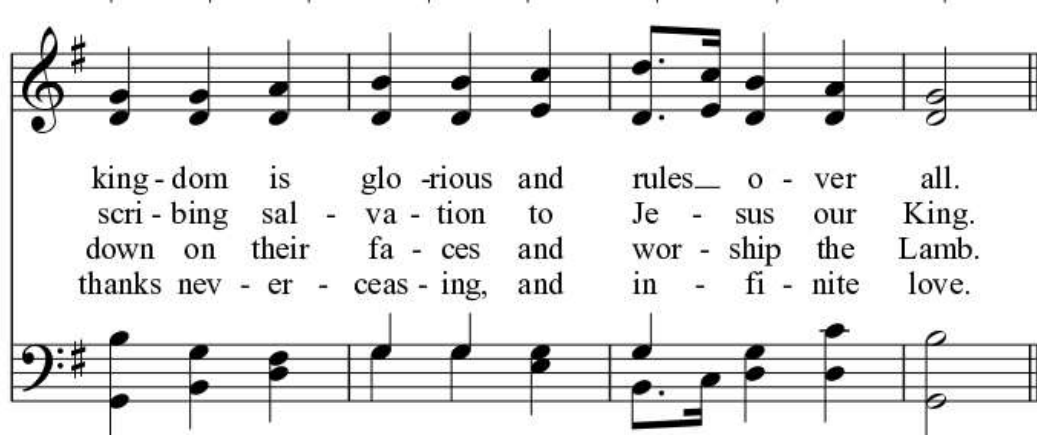
1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And
 2. God rul-eth on high, al-migh-ty to save; And
 3. Sal-va-tion to God who sits on the throne, Let
 4. Then let us a-dore and give Him His right, All



pu-blish a-broad His won-der-ful name; The name all vic-
 still He is nigh, His pre-sence we have; The great con-gre-
 all cry a-loud and ho-nor the Son: The prai-ses of
 glo-ry and pow'r, all wis-dom and might; All ho-nor and



to-rious of Je-sus ex-tol; His
 ga-tion His tri-umph shall sing, A-
 Je-sus the an-gels pro-claim, Fall
 bles-sing, with an-gels a-bove, And



king-dom is glo-rious and rules o-ver all.
 scri-bing sal-va-tion to Je-sus our King.
 down on their fa-ces and wor-ship the Lamb.
 thanks nev-er-ceas-ing, and in-fi-nite love.

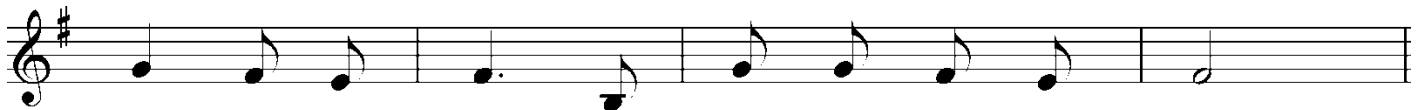
Now the Green Blade Riseth



1 Now the green blade ris - eth from the bur - ied grain,
2 In the grave they laid him, Love whom hate had slain,
3 Forth he came at Eas - ter, like the ris - en grain,
4 When our hearts are win - try, griev - ing, or in pain,



wheat that in dark earth man - y days has lain;
think - ing that nev - er he would wake a - gain,
he that for three days in the grave had lain,
thy touch can call us back to life a - gain,



love lives a - gain, that with the dead has been:
laid in the earth like grain that sleeps un - seen:
quick from the dead my ris - en Lord is seen:
fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:



Love is come a - gain like wheat that spring - eth green.

Text: John Macleod Campbell Crum (1872-1958), alt.
Music: *Noel nouvelet*, medieval French carol

Sing Ye Faithful, Sing with Gladness



1 Sing, ye faith - ful, sing with glad - ness, wake your no - blest,
 2 Sing how he came forth from hea - ven, bowed him - self to
 3 So, he tast - ed death for mor - tals, he, of hu - man -
 4 Now on high, yet ev - er with us, from his Fa - ther's



sweet - est strain, with the prais - es of your Sa - vior
 Beth - lehem's cave, stooped to wear the ser - vant's ves - ture,
 kind the head, sin - less one, a - mong the sin - ful,
 throne the Son rules and guides the world he ran - somed,



let his house res - ound a - gain; him let all your
 bore the pain, the cross, the grave, passed with - in the
 Prince of life, a - mong the dead; thus he wrought the
 till the ap - point - ed work be done, till he see, re -



mu - sic hon - or, and your songs ex - alt his reign.
 gates of dark - ness, thence his ban - ished ones to save.
 full re - demp - tion, and the cap - tor cap - tive led.
 newed and per - fect, all things gath - ered in - to one.

Text: John Ellerton (1826-1893), alt.
 Music: *Finnian*, Christian Dearnley (b1930)