

# ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL "AMERICA'S PARISH CHURCH"

NEW YORK CITY

CELEBRATION OF THE EUCHARIST

SATURDAY OF THE THIRD WEEK OF EASTER

MAY 2, 2020

## ENTRANCE HYMN

"Ye Sons and Daughters"

O FILII ET FILIAE

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

1. Ye sons and daugh - ters, let us sing!  
 2. That East - er morn, at break of day,  
 3. An an - gel clad in white they see,  
 4. That night the a - pos - tles met in fear;  
 5. When Thom - as first tid - ings heard,  
 6. "My pier - ced side, O Thom - as, see;  
 7. No long - er Thom - as then de - nied;  
 8. How blest are they who have not seen,  
 9. On this my ho - ly day of days,

1. The King of heav'n, the glo - rious King.  
 2. The faith - ful wom - en went their way  
 3. Who sat and spoke un - to the three:  
 4. A - midst them came their Lord most dear,  
 5. How they had seen the ris - en Lord,  
 6. My hands, my feet, I show to thee;  
 7. He saw the feet, the hands, the side,  
 8. And yet those faith has con - stant been,  
 9. To god your hearts and voic - es raise,

1. O'er death to - day rose tri - umph - ing.  
 2. To seek the tomb where Je - sus lay.  
 3. "Your Lord doth go to Gal - i - lee."  
 4. And said, "My peace be on all here."  
 5. He doubt - ed the dis - ci - ples' word. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 6. Not faith - less, but be - liev - in be."  
 7. "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.  
 8. For they e - ter - nal life shal win.  
 9. In laud and ju - bi - lee and praise.

## COMMUNION HYMN

"At the Lamb's High Feast"

SALZBURG

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic -  
 2. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel -  
 3. Might - y Vic - tim from on high, Hell's fierce pow'rs be -  
 4. Eas - ter tri - umph, Eas - ter joy, These a - lone do

to - rious King, Who hath washed us in the tide  
 sheathes his sword; Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go  
 neath thee lie; Thou hast con - quered in the fight,  
 sin de - stroy. From sins pow'r do thou set free

Flow - ing from his pierc - ed side; Praise we him whose  
 Through the wave that drowns the foe. Praise we Christ, whose  
 Thou hast brought us life and light: Now no more can  
 Souls new - born, O Lord, in thee. Hymns of glo - ry,

love di - vine Gives his sa - cred blood for wine; Gives his  
 blood was shed, Pas - chal vic - tim, Pas - chal bread; With sin -  
 death ap - pall, Now no more the grave en - thrall; Thou hast  
 songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to thee we raise; Ris - en

bod - y for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.  
 cer - i - ty and love Eat we man - na from a - bove.  
 o - pened Par - a - dise, And in thee thy saints shall rise.  
 Lord, all praise to thee With the Spir - it ev - er be.

## RECESSIONAL HYMN

"This Joyful Eastertide"

VRUECHTEN

1. This joy - ful East - er - tide A - way with sin and  
 2. My flesh in hope shall rest And for a sea - son  
 3. Death's flood has lost its chill Since Je - sus crossed the

sor - row! My love, the Cru - ci -  
 slum - ber! Till trump from east to  
 riv - er; Lov - er of souls, from

fied, Has sprung to life this mor - row:  
 west Shall wake the dead in num - ber:  
 ill My pass - ing soul de - liv - er:

Had Christ, who once was slain, Not burst his three - day pris -

on, Our faith had been in vain. But now has Christ a -

ris - en, a - ris - en, a - ris - en, a - ris - en!