

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

NEW YORK CITY

CELEBRATION OF THE EUCHARIST

THURSDAY OF THE FOURTH WEEK OF EASTER

MAY 7, 2020

ENTRANCE HYMN

"Alleluia! Sing to Jesus"

HYFRYDOL

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 An - gels, Thou on the
4. Al - le - lu - ia! King e - ter - nal, Thee 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

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, heav'n thy throne: Thou with

1. songs of peace - ful Si - 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

1. might - y flood; Je - sus out of ev - 'ry
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

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.

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 - umphant 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!