

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

NEW YORK CITY

CELEBRATION OF THE EUCHARIST

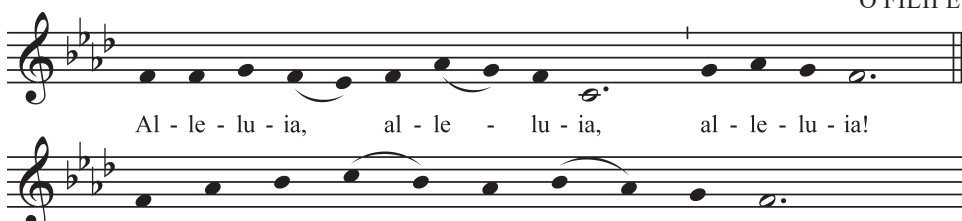
TUESDAY OF THE SIXTH WEEK OF EASTER

MAY 19, 2020

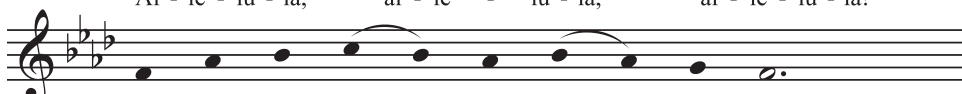
## ENTRANCE HYMN

"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!