

The Second Sunday of Easter

Hymn: King of glory, King of Peace

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
and that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
and the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
and alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Sev'n whole days, not one in sev'n,
I will praise Thee;
in my heart, though not in heav'n,
I can raise Thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
to enroll Thee:
e'en eternity's too short
to extol Thee.

Psalm 16

1 Preserve me, O God, for in you have I
taken refuge;
I have said to the Lord, 'You are my lord, all
my good depends on you.'
2 All my delight is upon the godly that are in
the land,
upon those who are noble in heart.
3 Though the idols are legion that many run
after,
their drink offerings of blood I will not offer,
neither make mention of their names upon
my lips.
4 The Lord himself is my portion and my
cup;
in your hands alone is my fortune.
5 My share has fallen in a fair land;
indeed, I have a goodly heritage.

6 I will bless the Lord who has given me
counsel,
and in the night watches he instructs my
heart.

7 I have set the Lord always before me;
he is at my right hand; I shall not fall.

8 Wherefore my heart is glad and my spirit
rejoices;
my flesh also shall rest secure.

9 For you will not abandon my soul to
Death,

nor suffer your faithful one to see the Pit.

10 You will show me the path of life;
in your presence is the fullness of joy
and in your right hand are pleasures for
evermore.

Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit;
as it was in the beginning is now
and shall be for ever. Amen.

Hymn: The Day of Resurrection

The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
the passover of gladness,
the passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
from earth unto the sky,
our Christ hath brought us over,
with hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
that we may see aright
the Lord in rays eternal
of resurrection light;
and listening to his accents,
may hear, so calm and plain,
his own "All hail!" and, hearing,
may raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth the song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
and all that is therein!
Let all things seen and unseen
their notes in gladness blend,
for Christ the Lord hath risen,
our joy that hath no end