

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 her song begin!
The round world keep high 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.

Glory be to God in heaven;
peace, good will to all the earth.
Mighty God of all creation,
Father of surpassing worth:
we exalt you, we adore you,
we lift high our thanks and praise.
Saints and angels bow before you;
here on earth our songs we raise.

Glory be to Christ for ever,
Lamb of God and Lord of love.
Son of God and gracious Saviour,
you have come from heav'n above;
on the cross you died to save us;
now you reign at God's right hand.
Hear our prayer; restore, forgive us;
in your promise firm we stand.

Holy One we now acclaim you;
Lord alone, to you we call;
Holy One in faith we name you,
throned on high, yet near to all;
Jesus Christ, with God the Spirit,
in the Father's splendour bright.
For the peace that we inherit,
glory be to God on high!

Breathe on me, breath of God:
fill me with life anew,
that I may love what thou dost love
and do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, breath of God,
until my heart is pure,
until with thee I will one will
to do and to endure.

Breathe on me, breath of God;
Till I am wholly thine
until this earthly part of me
glows with the fire divine.

Breathe on me, breath of God;
so shall I never die,
but live with thee the perfect life
of thine eternity.

Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon his throne,
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
of him who died for thee
and hail him as thy matchless king
through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of love,
behold his hands and side
rich wounds yet visible above
in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
can fully bear that sight,
but downward bends each burning eye
at mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace
whose pow'r a sceptre sways;
from pole to pole that wars may cease
absorbed in prayer and praise!
his reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flow'rs of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years,
the potentate of time,
creator of the rolling spheres
ineffably sublime:
all hail, Redeemer, hail,
for thou hast died for me;

thy praise shall never, never fail
through all eternity!

I danced in the morning
When the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon
And the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven
And I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem
I had my birth.

*Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he*

I danced for the scribe
And the pharisee,
But they would not dance
And they wouldn't follow me.
I danced for the fishermen,
For James and John
They came with me
And the Dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath
And I cured the lame;
The holy people
Said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped
And they hung me on high,
And they left me there
On a Cross to die.

I danced on a Friday
When the sky turned black
It's hard to dance
With the devil on your back.
They buried my body
And they thought I'd gone,
But I am the Dance,
And I still go on.

They cut me down
And I leapt up high;
I am the life
That'll never, never die;
I'll live in you
If you'll live in me -
I am the Lord
Of the Dance, said he.