Easter glory fills the skies alleluia!
Christ now lives, no more to die, alleluia!
darkness has been put to flight
by the living Lord of light, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

See, the stone is rolled away, alleluia!
from the tomb where once he lay, alleluia!
he has risen as he said
glorious first-born from the dead, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Kyrie
Mass of St Francis
Paul Taylor

Gloria
Mass of St Francis
Paul Taylor

Psalm Antiphon
Psalm 22

The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want.
Gospel Acclamation  Easter Alleluia

I am the good shepherd, says the Lord;
I know my sheep, and mine know me.

Offertory  O Esca Viatorum    Johann M Haydn
Sanctus  Mass of St Francis    Paul Taylor
Acclamation  Mass of St Francis    Paul Taylor
Amen  Mass of St Francis    Paul Taylor
Agnus Dei  Mass of St Francis    Paul Taylor

Spiritual Communion Prayer

My Jesus, I believe that You are present in the Most Holy Sacrament.
I love You above all things, and I desire to receive You into my soul.
Since I cannot at this moment receive You sacramentally, come at least spiritually into my heart.
I embrace You as if You were already there and unite myself wholly to You.
Never permit me to be separated from You.

Communion Hymn  The Lord’s My Shepherd

The Lord is my shepherd, I’ll not want.
He makes me down to lie in pastures green:
He leadeth me the quiet waters by.
Goodness and mercy all my life shall surely follow me:
And in God’s house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Text: Psalm 23, Scottish Psalter, 1650
Tune: CRIMOND, CM; Jessie Seymour Irvine, 1836-1887; harm. by David Grant, 1833-1893

Recessional Hymn:  Alleluia, Alleluia! Hearts to Heav’n

Alleluia, alleluia! Hearts to heav’n and voices raise
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise.
He, who on the cross as Victim, for the world’s salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory, now is risen from the dead.

Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life and life immortal, on this holy Easter morn.
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by his mighty enterprise;
We with him to life eternal by his resurrection rise.

Text: Christopher Wordsworth 1807-1885, alt.