

Service Insert

Jubilate – 3rd Sunday after Easter

“Make a joyful shout to God, all the earth!”

April 30, 2023

THE INTROIT *(after the general Absolution)*

Psalm 66:1-2; Psalm 66:3, 5, 8-9

- P** *(Antiphon)* MAKE A joyful shout to God, all the earth! Alle- | luia!
Sing out the honor of His name; | Alleluia!
Make His praise glorious. Alle- | luia!
Alleluia! | Alleluia!



- C** Say to God, “How awesome are | Your works! *
Through the greatness of Your power Your enemies shall
submit | themselves to You.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther and to the Son
and to the Ho - ly Spirit; as it was in the be - gin - ning,
is now, and ev - er shall be, for - ev - er - more. A - men.

- P** *(Antiphon)*

THE GRADUAL & VERSE *(after the Epistle)*

Ps. 111:9a; Luke 24:46b para.

- P** Alle- | luia! *
Al- | — leluia!
- C** The Lord has sent re- | demption *
To His people. | Alleluia!
It was necessary for the Christ to suffer and to rise from | the
dead *
And to enter into His glory. | Alleluia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain

Text: John of Damascus, 696-754

GAUDEAMUS PARITER

Tr.: John Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.



1. Come, you faith-ful, raise the strain of tri-um-phant glad-ness!
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to-day; Christ has burst his pris-on,
3. Now the queen of sea-sons, bright with the day of splen-dor,
4. Nei-ther could the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por-tal,



God has brought his Is-ra-el in-to joy from sad-ness,
and from three days' sleep in death as a sun has ris-en;
with the roy-al feast of feasts, comes its joy to ren-der,
nor the watch-ers, nor the seal hold You as a mor-tal:



loosed from Pha-raoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters,
all the win-ter of our sins, long and dark, is fly-ing
comes to glad Je-ru-sa-lem which with true af-fec-tion
but that day a-midst Your own You ap-peared, be-stow-ing



led them with un-mois-tened foot through the Red Sea wa-ters.
from His light, to whom we give laud and praise un-dy-ing,
wel-comes in un-wea-ried strains Je-sus' res-ur-rec-tion!
bless-ed peace which ev-er-more pass-es hu-man know-ing.

5. Alleluia! now we cry
to our King immortal,
who, triumphant, burst the bars
of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia! with the Son,
God the Father praising,
Alleluia! yet again
to the Spirit raising.

Zion Mourns in Fear and Anguish

Text: Johann Heermann, 1636

Freu dich sehr

Tr.: Catherine Winkworth



1 Zi - on mourns in fear and an - guish, Zi - on, cit - y
2 "Once," she mourns, "He prom - ised plain - ly That His help should
3 "Zi - on, sure - ly I do love thee," Thus to her the
4 "Let not Sa - tan make thee cra - ven; He can threat - en,



of our God. "Ah," she says, "how sore I lan - guish,
e'er be near; Yet I now must seek Him vain - ly
Sav - ior saith, "Though with man - y woes I prove thee
but not harm. On My hands thy name is grav - en,



Bowed be - neath the chast'n - ing rod! For my God for -
In my days of woe and fear. Will His an - ger
And thy soul is sad to death. For My troth is
And thy shield is My strong arm. How, then, could it



sook me quite And for - got my sor - ry plight Mid these trou - bles
nev - er cease? Will He not re - new His peace? Will He not show
pledged to thee; Zi - on, thou art dear to Me. Deep with - in My
ev - er be I should not re - member thee, Fail to build thy



now dis - tress - ing, Count - less woes my soul op - press - ing,
forth com - pas - sion And a - gain for - give trans - gres - sion?"
heart I've set thee, That I nev - er can for - get thee.
wall, My cit - y, And look down on thee with pit - y?

5 "Ever shall Mine eyes behold thee;

On My bosom thou art laid.

Ever shall My love enfold thee;

Never shalt thou lack Mine aid.

Neither Satan, war, nor stress

Then shall mar thy happiness:

With this blessed consolation

Be thou firm in tribulation."

