

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 of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen, our joy that hath no end.

Psalm 30 – *Exaltabo te, Domine – chant by Thomas Attwood (1765-1838)*

I will magnify thee, O Lord, for thou hast set me up : and not made my foes to triumph over me.

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee : and thou hast healed me.

Thou, Lord, hast brought my soul out of hell : thou hast kept my life from them that go down to the pit.

Sing praises unto the Lord, O ye saints of his : and give thanks unto him for a remembrance of his holiness.

For his wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, and in his pleasure is life : heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be removed : thou, Lord, of thy goodness hast made my hill so strong.

Thou didst turn thy face from me : and I was troubled.

Then cried I unto thee, O Lord : and gat me to my Lord right humbly.

What profit is there in my blood : when I go down to the pit?

Shall the dust give thanks unto thee : or shall it declare thy truth?

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me : Lord, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned my heaviness into joy : thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness.

Therefore shall every good man sing of thy praise without ceasing : O my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

All stand

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost : as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

All sit

Hymn – NEH 101 (Ad cenam Agni) – t: anonymous (7th century)



1. The Lamb's high banquet we await
In snow-white robes of royal state,
And now, the Red Sea's channel past,
To Christ our Prince we sing at last.

2. Upon the altar of the Cross
His Body has redeemed our loss,
And tasting of his precious Blood,
Our life is hid with Christ in God.

3. That Paschal eve God's arm was bared,
The devastating angel spared;
By strength of hand our hosts went free
From Pharaoh's ruthless tyranny.

4. Now Christ our Passover is slain,
The Lamb of God that knows no stain,
And he, the true unleavened Bread,
Is truly our oblation made.

7. Maker of all, to thee we pray,
Fulfil in us thy joy today;
When death assails, grant, Lord, that we
May share thy Paschal victory.

8. To thee who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give,
All glory to the Father be
And Spirit blest, eternally. Amen.

Anthem – t: Bishop Fulbert of Chartres (960-1028)

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

For Judah's Lion burst his chains
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud through death's domains
To wake the imprisoned dead.

Devouring depths of hell their prey
At his command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

Triumphant in His glory now
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

While we his soldiers praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within his palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Alleluia! Amen.

Hymn – NEH 120 (Maccabaeus)

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave clothes where thy body lay.
Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.



Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness, hymns of triumph
sing;
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.
Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is nought without thee; aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love:
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.
Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.

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