



ST FRANCIS XAVIER'S CATHEDRAL

ADELAIDE

Easter Sunday

6pm Mass

20th April 2025

Entrance Hymn: Alleluia Sing to Jesus

Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
his the sceptre, his the throne:
Alleluia! – his the triumph,
his the victory alone.
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
thunder like a mighty flood;
'Jesus, out of every nation,
has redeemed us by his blood!'

Alleluia! – not as orphans
are we left in sorrow now:
Alleluia! – he is near us,
faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received him
when the forty days were o'er,
shall our hearts forget his promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

Alleluia! bread of angels,
and on earth our food, our stay:
Alleluia! – here the sinful
come to you from day to day;
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
earth's redeemer, plead for me,
where the songs of all the sinless
sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! – King eternal,
you the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia! – born of Mary,
earth your footstool, heav'n your throne.
You within the veil have entered,
robed in flesh, our great high priest;
you on earth both Priest and Victim

in the eucharistic feast.

W C Dix (1837-98) Music: Hyfrydol R H Pritchard (1811-87)

Responsorial Psalm:

Ps 117:1-2, 16-17, 22-23. R. v.24

(R.) This is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad.

Gospel Acclamation:

Alleluia, alleluia! Christ has become our paschal sacrifice; let us feast with joy in the Lord. Alleluia

Offertory Hymn: Nearer My God to Thee

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
still all my song shall be,
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
yet in my dreams I'd be
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;
all that thou sendest me, in mercy given;
angels to beckon me
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,
out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
so by my woes to be
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,

still all my song shall be,
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Sarah Flower Adams (1841)

Communion Hymn: Behold the Lamb

See Him there, the great I Am
A crown of thorns upon His head
The Father's heart displayed for us
Oh God, we thank You for the cross
Lifted up on Calvary's hill
We cursed Your name and even still
You bore our shame and paid the cost
Oh God, we thank You for the cross

Behold the Lamb
The story of redemption written on
His hands
Jesus, You will reign forevermore
The victory is Yours
We sing Your praise
Endless hallelujahs to Your holy name
Jesus, You will reign forevermore
The victory is Yours

Offer up this sacrifice
For every sin, our Savior died
The Lord of Life can't be contained
Our God has risen from the grave
Our God has risen from the grave
When the age of death is done
We'll see Your face, bright as the sun
We'll bow before the King of Kings
Oh God, forever we will sing

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Communion Hymn: Above All

Above all powers
Above all kings
Above all nature and all created
things
Above all wisdom and all the
ways of man
You were here before the world
began
Above all kingdoms
Above all thrones
Above all wonders the world
has ever known
Above all wealth and treasures

of the earth
There's no way to measure what
You're worth

Crucified
Laid behind the stone
You lived to die
Rejected and alone
Like a rose trampled on the
ground
You took the fall
And thought of me

Above all
Oh, You were crucified
And laid behind the stone
You lived to die
Rejected and alone
Like the rose trampled on the
ground
You took the fall

And thought of me
Above all
Like the rose trampled on the
ground
You took the fall
And thought of me
Above all

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Recessional Hymn:

Crown Him with Many Crowns

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 life,
who triumphed o'er the grave
and rose victorious in the strife
for those he came to save;
his glories now we sing
who died and rose on high
who died eternal life to bring
and lives that death may die.

M. Bridges (1800-94)