

An Easter Hymn for Tynedale

T'was on a Thursday evening that the Lord sat down to dine,
Sharing with his followers his gifts of bread and wine.
He washed their feet, he blessed them all, with love that none can sever,
And told them to remember him... in union forever.

(Chorus)

*Jesus Christ, the hope of every nation,
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, in loudest acclamation,
We raise our voices in your praise, with songs of celebration,
The Prince of Peace, the Risen Lord... the Author of Salvation.*

The same night in the Garden, the betrayer was at hand.
Accompanied by soldiers, in a rough and ready band.
They bound the Lord, and led him to the ruling court for trial.
Peter followed far behind... but only made denial.

(Chorus)

T'was on a Friday morning, that the horror reached its height.
The Romans nailed him to a cross, and mocked him in delight.
He blessed a fellow sufferer before his life was taken,
And as he died, he cried, "*My God... why have I been forsaken?*"

(Chorus)

On Sunday morning women came to honour their dead friend.
Jesus met them once again; his death was not the end.
The way to Heaven's open, for he himself has spoken
The words of love that tell us that... the chains of sin are broken.

(Chorus)

So, to our Lord and Master, our lives and hearts we give,
For now, we have his promise that forever we shall live.
The risen Jesus comes to us, and tells us not to fear him.
Death is conquered, life is there... for all who will stay near him.

(Chorus)