

**April 6<sup>th</sup>, 2021**

**Choral Prelude**

**Josquin des Prez – *Gaude virgo mater Christi***

Gaude, virgo mater Christi,  
Quae per aurem concepisti,  
Gabriele nuntio.

Rejoice, virgin mother of Christ  
who hast conceived by ear,  
with Gabriel as messenger.

Gaude, quia Deo plena  
Peperisti sine poena,  
Cum pudoris lilio.

Rejoice, for full of God  
thou gavest birth without pain,  
with the lily of purity.

Gaude, quia tui nati  
Quem dolebas mortem pati,  
Fulget resurrectio.

Rejoice, for the resurrection  
of thy Son now shines,  
whose death thou mourned,

Gaude Christo ascendente,  
Et in coelum te vidente,  
Motu fertur proprio.

Rejoice, as Christ ascends,  
and, in thy sight, is carried  
into heaven by his own strength.

Gaude quae post ipsum scandis,  
Et est honor tibi grandis,  
In caeli palatio.

Rejoice, thou who riseth after him  
and to whom great honor is due  
in the palace of heaven,

Ubi fructus ventris tui,  
Nobis detur per te frui,  
In perenni gaudio.  
Alleluia.

Where the fruit of thy womb  
is granted us, through thee, to enjoy  
in eternal rejoicing.  
Alleluia.

vv. 1, 3

1 Lift your voice re - joic - ing, Ma - ry, Christ has  
 2 Raise your wea - - ry eye - lids, Ma - ry, see him  
 3 Life is yours for ev - er, Ma - ry, for your

ris - en from the tomb; on the cross a suf - fer - ing  
 liv - ing ev - er - more; see his coun - te - nance how  
 light is come once more and the strength of death is

vic - tim, now as vic - tor he is come. Whom your  
 gra - cious, see the wounds for you he bore. All the  
 bro - ken; now your songs of joy out - pour. End - ed

tears in death were mourn - ing, wel - come with your smiles re -  
 glo - ry of the morn - ing pales be - fore those wounds re -  
 now the night of sor - row, love has brought the bless - ed

turn - ing. Let your al - le - lu - ias rise!  
 deem - ing. Let your al - le - lu - ias rise!  
 mor - row. Let your al - le - lu - ias rise!

Words: Latin; tr. Elizabeth Rundle Charles (1828-1896), alt.  
 Music: *Fisk of Gloucester*, Thomas Foster (b. 1938)

$\text{♩} = 76$   
 87. 87. 887

v. 1

1. God sent His Son, — they called Him Je - sus; — He came to love, —  
 2. How sweet to hold — a new-born ba - by, — And feel the pride, —  
 3. And then one day — I'll cross the riv - er; — I'll fight life's fi -

1. — heal, and for - give; — He lived and died — to buy my  
 2. — and joy he gives; — But great-er still — the calm as -  
 3. - nal war with pain; — And then as death — gives way to

1. par - don, — An emp - ty grave is there to prove my Sav - ior lives. —  
 2. sur - rance, — This child can face un - cer - tain days be - cause He lives. —  
 3. vic - t'ry, — I'll see the lights of glo - ry and I'll know He lives. —

Be - cause He lives — I can face to - mo - row; — Be - cause He lives —

— all fear is gone; — Be - cause I know — He holds the

fu - ture, — And life is worth the liv - ing just be - cause He lives. —

Words: Gloria Gaither (b. 1942) and William Gaither (b. 1936)  
 Music: William Gaither (b. 1936)  
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