

## Easter Hymn

Lights glittering morn be decks the sky  
Heaven thunders forth its victory cry!  
he glad earth shouts its triumph high  
and groaning hell makes wild reply

While He the King Of gloryious might  
Treads down death's strength in death's  
despite And trampling hell by victor's right  
Brings forth His sleeping Saints to light

Fast barred beneath the stone of late  
In watch and wardwhere soldiers wait  
Now shining in triumphant state  
He rises victorfrom death's gate