

Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky

Part I

Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky;
 heaven thunders forth its victor cry;
 the glad earth shouts her triumph high,
 and groaning hell makes wild reply.

While he, the King, the mighty King,
 despoiling death of all its sting,
 and, trampling down the powers of night,
 brings forth his ransomed saints to light.

His tomb of late the threefold guard
 of watch and stone and seal had barred;
 but now, in pomp and triumph high,
 he comes from death to victory.

The pains of hell are loosed at last;
 the days of mourning now are past;
 an angel robed in light hath said,
 "The Lord is risen from the dead."

Part II

The apostles' hearts were full of pain
 for their dear Lord so lately slain,
 by rebel servants doomed to die
 a death of cruel agony.

With gentle voice the angel gave
 the women tidings at the grave;
 "Fear not, your Master shall ye see;
 he goes before to Galilee."

Then, hastening on their eager way
 the joyful tidings to convey,
 their Lord they met, their living Lord,
 and falling at his feet adored.

The eleven, when they hear, with speed
 to Galilee forthwith proceed,
 that there once more they may behold
 the Lord's dear face, as he foretold.

Part III

That Eastertide with joy was bright,
 the sun shone out with fairer light,
 when, to their longing eyes restored,
 the glad apostles saw their Lord.

He bade them see his hands, his side,
 where yet the glorious wounds abide;
 the tokens true which made it plain
 their Lord indeed was risen again.

Jesus, the King of gentleness,
 do thou thyself our hearts possess
 that we may give thee all our days
 the tribute of our grateful praise.

The following may be sung at the end of each part:
 O Lord of all, with us abide
 in this our joyful Eastertide;
 from every weapon death can wield
 thine own redeemed forever shield.

Words: Latin, seventh century;

trans. John Mason Neale, 1851

Music: Easter Chant, Easter Song, St. Lawrence, ,
 Devonshire

