

That Eastertide with joy was bright

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

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

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

O Lord of all, with us abide
in this our joyful Eastertide;
from every weapon death can wield
thine own redeemed for ever shield.

Words: Latin, seventh century;

trans. John Mason Neale, 1851

Music: Puer nobis, Easter Chant, St. Lawrence

Meter: LM