

Bright Easter Skies

A. Burgess, 876.

George Marston.

Bright Easter skies! Fair Easter skies!
Our Lord is risen; we, too, shall rise.
Nor walls of stone, hewn firm and cold,
Nor Roman soldiers, brave and bold;
Nor Satan's marshaled hosts could keep
The pierced hands in deathly sleep:
Just as the Easter day-beams dawn,
Our buried Lord is risen and gone.

Refrain

Bright Easter skies! Fair Easter skies!
Our Lord is risen: We, too, shall rise.

Green Easter fields! Fair Easter fields!
Heaven's first ripe fruit, Death, conquered, yields.
In churchyards wide the seed we sow,
Beneath the cross the wheat shall grow;
One Easter day death's reign shall end,
And golden sheaves shall heav'nward send.
Hail the blest morn, by whose glad light,
Angels shall reap the harvest white.

Refrain

Sweet Easter flowers! White Easter flowers!
From Heaven descend, life giving showers.
Each plant that bloomed at Eden's birth,
Shall blow again o'er ransomed earth.
Pluck lilies rare and roses sweet,
And strew the path of Jesus' feet;
Throw fragrant palms before our king,
And wreath the crown the saved shall bring.

Refrain

O Christian child! O Christian men!
Our victor Lord shall come again.
Wake we our hearts at His command;
Lift we our love to His right hand;
With warmest hopes, to Easter skies,
Stretch we our arms, and fix our eyes;
Till in the clouds His sign we see,
And quick and dead shout, "Jubilee!"

Refrain