

In Thy Glorious Resurrection  
Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.  
John Calkin, 1867.

In Thy glorious resurrection,  
Lord, we see a world's erection,  
Man in Thee is glorified.  
Bliss, for which the patriarchs panted,  
Joys, by holy psalmists chanted,  
Now in Thee are verified.

Oracles of former ages,  
Veiled in dim prophetic pages,  
Now lie open to the sight;  
Now the types, which glimmered darkling  
In the twilight gloom, are sparkling,  
In the blaze of noonday light.

Isaac from the wood is risen;  
Joseph issues from the prison;  
See the Paschal Lamb which saves;  
Israel through the sea is landed,  
Pharaoh and his hosts are stranded,  
And o'erwhelmed in the waves.

See the cloudy pillar leading,  
Rock refreshing, manna feeding;  
Joshua fights and Moses prays;  
See the lifted wave-sheaf, cheering  
Pledge of harvest-fruits appearing,  
Joyful dawn of happy days.

Samson see at night uptearing  
Gaza's brazen gates, and bearing  
To the top of Hebron's hill;  
Jonah comes from stormy surges,  
From his three-days' grave emerges,  
Bids beware of coming ill.

So Thy resurrection's glory  
Sheds a light on ancient story;  
And it casts a forward ray,  
Beacon light of solemn warning,  
To the dawn of that great morning  
Ushering in the judgment day.

Ever since Thy death and rising  
Thou the nations art baptizing  
In Thy death's similitude;  
Dead to sin, and ever dying,  
And our members mortifying,  
May we walk with life renewed!

Forth from Thy first Easter going,  
Sundays are for ever flowing  
Onward to a boundless sea;  
Lord, may they for Thee prepare us,  
On a holy river bear us  
To a calm eternity!