

Brighter Are the Sunbeams

Eliza Hewitt, 1904.

Fred Pullin.

Brighter are the sunbeams on this day,
O rejoice, heart and voice!
Sweeter buds unfolding by the way,
Telling of the quick'ning life of spring;
Bright sunbeams tell out the story
Of the Easter joy and glory,
And winter's gone cold and hoary,
All hail our victor king.

Refrain

Hallelujah to our victor king!
"Go your way," angels say;
Over hill and valley, tidings bring;
The Savior lives for us today.

Hear the message from the leafy bough;
Robins sing, bluebells ring;
Every bud and blossom tells us now
Jesus rose triumphant o'er the grave;
Oh, seek the Lord, though in sorrow,
From the garden gladness borrow,
For after night dawns the morrow;
He cometh forth to save.

Refrain

O, the happy springtime of the soul;
Shadows go, lilies blow;
Jesus makes the wounded spirit whole;
Love is blooming, singing in the heart;
For hope's bright morn is awaking,
Night is passing, day is breaking,
And Christ, His own ne'er forsaking,
Bids every fear depart.

Refrain