

Light's Glittering Morn Bedecks the Sky  
From the Latin.  
William Monk, 1861.

Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky;  
Heav'n 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."

Th'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.

Th'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.

There are additional verses, commonly sung as a separate hymn().