

Morn's Roseate Hues Have Decked the Sky

Nicolas le Tourneaux, 1736.

Edward Hopkins(1818-1901)

Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky;

The Lord has risen with victory:

Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,

Alleluia!

The Prince of Life with death has striv'n,

To cleanse the earth His blood has giv'n;

Has rent the veil, and opened Heav'n:

Alleluia!

And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,

Has giv'n a glorious harvest-birth,

Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth:

Alleluia!

And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,

And fleshly passions crucifies,

In body, like to Thine, shall rise:

Alleluia!

O grant us then, with Thee to die,

To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,

And love the things above the sky:

Alleluia!

Oh, praise the Father, and the Son,

Who has for us the triumph won,

And holy Ghost the Three in One:

Alleluia!