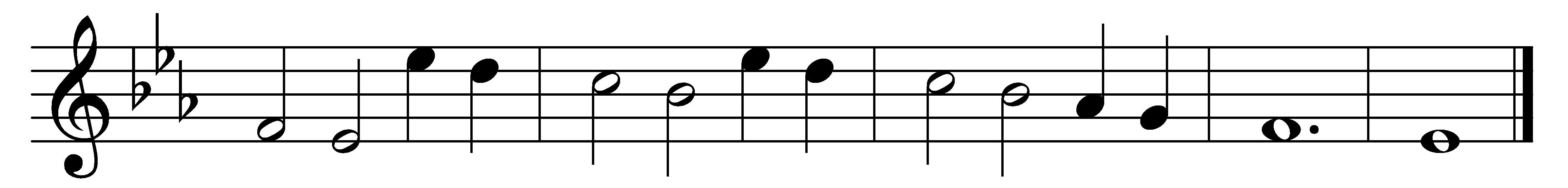
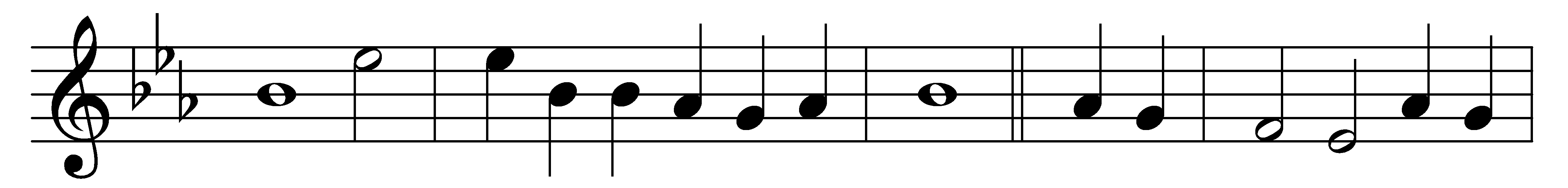
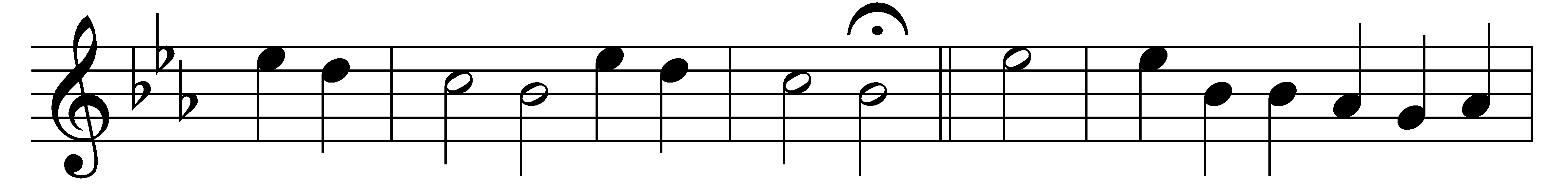
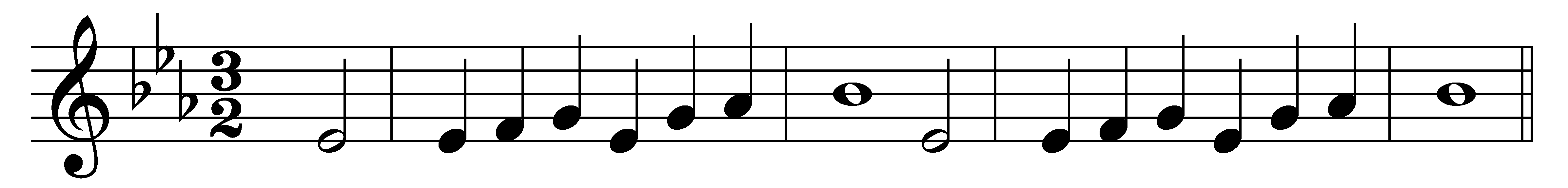
Light’s glittering morn bedecks the sky AMNS 329

Melody: Lasst uns erfreuen (Easter Song) 8 8. 4 4. 8 8. and Alleluias



Part 1

Light’s glittering morn bedecks the sky;

heaven thunders forth its victor-cry:

*Alleluia.*

The glad earth shouts her triumph high,

and groaning hell makes wild reply:

*Alleluia.*

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:’

Part 2

O bitter the apostles’ 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:

His faithful followers with speed

to Galilee forthwith proceed,

that there once more they may behold

the Lord’s dear face, as he foretold:

Part 3

That Eastertide with joy was bright,

the sun shone out with fairer light,

when, to their longing eyes restored,

the glad apostles saw their Lord:

He bade them see his hands, his side,

where yet the glorious wounds abide;

the tokens true which made it plain

their Lord indeed was risen again:

Jesu, the King of gentleness,

do thou thyself our hearts possess,

that we may give thee all our days

the tribute of our grateful praise:

Doxology

O Lord of all, with us abide

in this our joyful Eastertide;

from every weapon death can wield

thine own redeemed for ever shield:

All praise be thine, O risen Lord,

from death to endless life restored;

all praise to God the Father be

and Holy Ghost eternally:

Words: Latin, translated by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

Music: Melody from *Geistliche Kirchengesäng*, Cologne, 1623