Eastertide.

EASTERTIDE.



1.

All hail, dear Conqueror! all hail!
Oh, what a victory is Thine!
How beautiful Thy strength appears,
Thy crimson Wounds, how bright they shine!

2

Thou camest at the dawn of day; Armies of souls around Thee were, Blest spirits, thronging to adore Thy Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

3.

The Everlasting Godhead lay Shrouded within those Limbs Divine, Nor left untenanted one hour That Sacred Human Heart of Thine. 4.

They worshipp'd Thee, those ransom'd souls, With the fresh strength of love set free; They worshipp'd joyously, and thought Of her who bore and nurtur'd Thee.

5

They worshipp'd, while the beauteous Soul Enter'd the Body's wounded Side: Bright flash'd the cave—before them stood The Living Jesus glorified!

B

Ye Heav'ns, within your blissful Courts How sang the Angel Choirs that day, When from His tomb th' imprison'd God, Like the strong sunrise, broke away!

7.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth, And worship Him with joyous dread! O Sin, thou art undone by Love! O Death, thou art discomfited!

(143)

The Saint Jean de Brébeuf Hymnal • Have you gotten your copy yet?

A brilliant new strategy of "common melodies" allow a congregation to get through the entire liturgical year even if they only know a few excellent tunes: CCWATERSHED.ORG/HYMN