

Bright Easter Skies

A. Burgess, 1876

George W. Marston

$\text{♩} = 95$

1. Bright Eas - ter skies! Fair Eas - ter skies! Our Lord is risen; we, too, shall rise.
 2. Green Eas - ter fields! Fair Eas - ter fields! Heaven's first ripe fruit, Death, con - quered, yields.
 3. Sweet Eas - ter flowers! White Eas - ter flowers! From Heaven des - cend, life giv - ing showers.
 4. O Chris - tian child! O Chris - tian men! Our vic - tor Lord shall come a - gain.

Nor walls of stone, hewn firm and cold, Nor Ro - man sol - diers, brave and bold;
 In church - yards wide, the seed we sow, Be - neath the cross the wheat shall grow;
 Each plant that bloomed at E - den's birth, Shall blow a - gain o'er ran - somed earth.
 Wake we our hearts at His com - mand; Lift we our love to His right hand;

dim.

Nor Sa - tan's mar - shaled hosts could keep The pierc - ed hands in death - ly sleep: Just as the
 One Eas - ter day death's reign shall end, And gold - en sheaves shall heav'n - ward send. Hail the blest
 Pluck lil - ies rare and ros - es sweet, And strew the path of Je - sus' feet; Throw frag - rant
 With warm - est hopes, to Eas - ter skies, Stretch we our arms, and fix our eyes; Till in the

Refrain

Eas - ter day - beams dawn, Our bur - ied Lord is risen and gone.
 morn, by whose glad light, An - gels shall reap the har - vest white. Bright Eas - ter skies! Fair Eas - ter
 palms be - fore our king, And wreathe the crown the saved shall bring.
 clouds His sign we see, And quick and dead shout, "Ju - bi - lee!"

skies! Our Lord is risen: We, too, shall rise.