Free Music resources from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for personal education purposes only

The day draws on with golden light

The day draws on with golden light,
glad songs go echoing through the height,
the broad earth lifts an answering cheer,
the deep makes moan with wailing fear.

For lo, he comes, the mighty King,
to take from death his power and sting,
to trample down his gloomy reign
and break the weary prisoner's chain.

Enclosed he lay in rocky cell,
with guard of armed sentinel;
but thence returning, strong and free,
he comes with pomp of jubilee.

The sad apostles mourn him slain,
nor hope to see their Lord again;
their Lord, whom rebel thralls defy,
arraign, accuse and doom to die.

But now they put their grief away,
the pains of hell are loosed today;
for by the grave, with flashing eyes,
"Your Lord is risen," the Angel cries.

Make of all, to thee we pray,
fulfill in us thy joy today;
when death assaults, grant, Lord, that we
may share thy paschal mystery.

To thee, who, dead, again dost live,
all glory, Lord, thy people give;
all glory, as is ever meet,
to Father and to Paraclete.

Words: Latin, fourth century;
trans. Thomas Alexander Lacey, 1906
Music: Aurora Lucis, Resurrexit, Solemnis Haec Festivitas
Meter: LM

Free Music resources from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for personal education purposes only