The Morning Purples All the Sky
Words: 6th Century Latin.
Music: John Dykes, 1874.

The morning purples all the sky,
The air with praises rings,
Defeated hell stands sullen by,
The world exulting sings.

Refrain

Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most high,
For Christ's great victory,
For Christ's great victory.

While He, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave,
Strides forth into the day.

Refrain

Death's captive, in his gloomy prison,
Fast fettered He has lain,
But He has mastered death, is risen,
And death now wears the chain.

Refrain

The shining angels cry, Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!

Refrain

That Thou our Paschal Lamb may'st be,
And endless joy begin.
Jesus, Deliverer, set us free
From the dread death of sin.

Refrain