

Sunday Morning

The morn dawns refulgent with glory,
The heavens are vested in song,
The earth echoes forth hymns of gladness
To Christ, who has risen from death.

Death's power is vanquished by life,
And sin has been washed clean by love,
And Christ in His glorious splendour
Illumines the advent of morning.

The darkness of night has now broken,
The morn comes resplendent with light;
Our souls overflowing with joy
Rejoice that in Him we are brothers.

May Christ show Himself in His glory
To us, as unto Mary Magdalene,
He'll come and call each one by name,
The Lord who was dead, but has risen.

Return, O Lord, to our path,
Your words set ablaze in our hearts;
Once more in the bread that is broken
Your risen face will be revealed.

When into one body we gather,
A new Guest appears in our midst;
Our faith may He strengthen anew,
Revealing His glorious wounds.

This day of our Easter rejoicing,
Our innocence He will renew.
All glory to Christ, our Redeemer,
To Father and Spirit for ever. Amen.