

# Bright Easter Skies

Alexander 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 wreath 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.