

"AURORA LUCIS RUTILAT"

Hymn for Matins during Paschal Time

The dawn's a flame of red and gold,
And Sky shouts praise with thunder bold.
The Earth in joy is aureoled—
But Hell to agued Fear is sold.

For now the King most limitless
Has blasted Death the pitiless
And trampled Limbo's loneliness
To loose poor souls from chained distress.

Against His tomb was rolled a stone;
The Jews' own guard kept watch alone.
In princely triumph world-wide-known,
He burst the Grave and claimed its throne.

Now that fierce pains are turned to glee
And Sorrow's victims blazoned free,
God's Angel shouts in jubilee,
"Christ is risen deathlessly!"

The Twelve were weeping for their Lord
Whom to a cross and death abhorred
His slaves had damned—a meet reward
For Love divine, and Life restored!

O All-Creator, hear, we pray,
Our prayer this joysome Easter day:
From Death's demesne and Evil's sway,
Withhold Thy sheep on earth astray.

To Thee be glory, Lord and Christ,
Who rose, though dead and sacrificed.
And to Thy Father glory be,
And Holy Spirit endlessly.