

**Heaven with Rosy Morn Is Glowing**  
Words: Ambrose of Milan (340-397)  
Music: J. R. Higinbotham

Heaven with rosy morn is glowing,  
Songs of triumph fill the air,  
Strains of praise from earth are flowing,  
Hell is writhing in despair.  
Earth's great king, in glory springing,  
From the deep sepulchral night,  
While loud anthems round are ringing,  
Leads His saints to life and light.

Useless watch the guards are keeping  
O'er that tomb so still and lone;  
He who there in death was sleeping,  
Bursts the seal, and rends the stone.  
"Weep no more; no more be given  
Gushing tears and mournful sighs,  
For the grave's dark gates are riven,  
Christ is risen!" the angel cries.

Be our Paschal joy unending!  
And, O Lord, deign Thou to save  
Contrite souls, that lowly bending,  
Pray for life beyond the grave.  
Praise the Father, earth and Heaven,  
Praise the Son, who rose this day,  
To the Spirit praise be given-  
Three in One, and One in three.