

# On Easter Day from Darkness Rose

St. Botolph, CM Gordon Slater

Words adapted from John McGugin;s Translation of Sedelius Scotus (9th Century) by the Rev. David Simmons

On Eas - ter day from dark - ness rose Christ  
The wan - dering drifts of bees a - light, so  
How ma - ny birds now fill the air, me -  
And in the church the hymns are sung, the  
O Fa - ther of your peo - ple dear, the

Je - sus our True Sun, And in the my - stic  
hap - py in their chores, They mur - mur far through  
lo - dious songs they sing. And as dusk falls the  
sound of Ea - ster praise. The choirs sing Al - le -  
thres - hold of the light, The joys of Ea - ster -

fields have sprung a har - vest for the One,  
fra - grant blooms, spring ho - ney to re - store.  
nigh - ten - gale does se - re - nade her King.  
lu - ias hun - dred - fold to ho - nor these days.  
tide - are yours our King of day and night.