

Put on thy beautiful robes

George Benjamin Lissant (1827? - 1899)

Lively

1. Put on thy beau-ti - ful robes, Bride of Christ, For the King shall em-brace thee to - day; Break

6
forth in - to sing-ing, the morn-ing has dawn'd, And the sha-dows of night are a - way.

2. Shake off the dust from thy feet, Bride of Christ,
For the Conqueror, girded with might,
Has vanquished the foe, the dragon cast down,
And the cohorts of hell put to flight.
3. Thou art the Bride of His love, His elect,
Dry thy tears, for thy sorrows are past;
Lone were the hours when thy Lord was away,
But He comes with the morning at last.
4. The winds bear the noise of His chariot wheels,
And the thunders of victory roar;
Lift up thy beautiful gates, Bride of Christ,
For the grave has dominion no more.
5. Once they arrayed Him with scorn: but see!
His apparel is glorious now;
In His hands are the keys of death and of hell,
And the diadem gleams on His brow.
6. Hark! 'tis her voice; Alleluia — she sings —
Alleluia, the captives are free;
Unfolded the gates of Paradise stand,
And unfolded for ever shall be.
7. Choir answers choir, where the song has no end,
All the saints raise Hosannas on high;
Deep calls to deep in the ocean of love,
As the Bride lifts her jubilant cry.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)