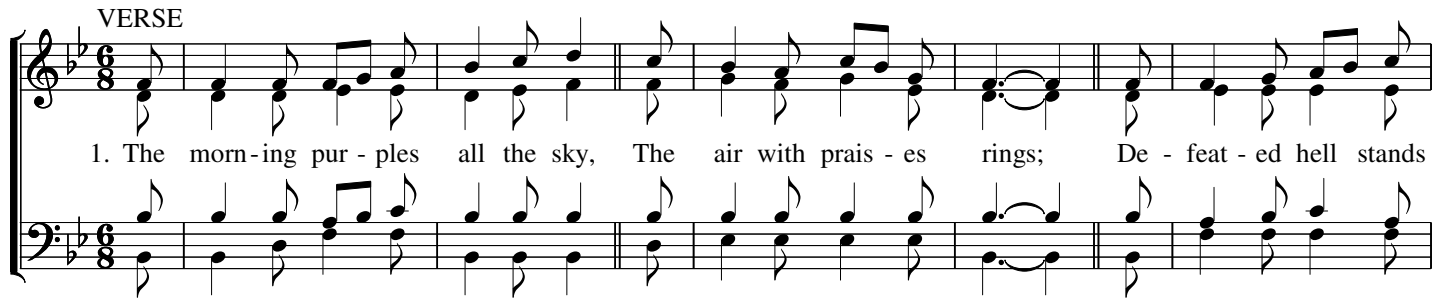


The morning purples all the sky

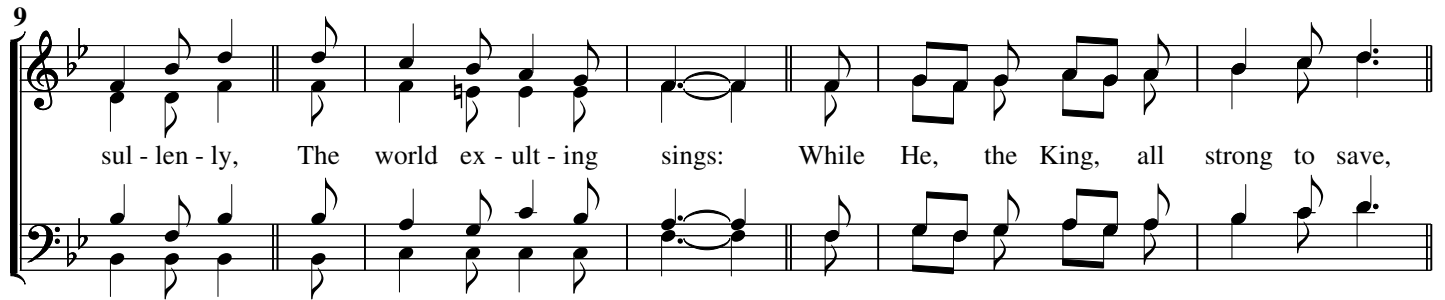
Aurora coelum purpurat

Anonymous

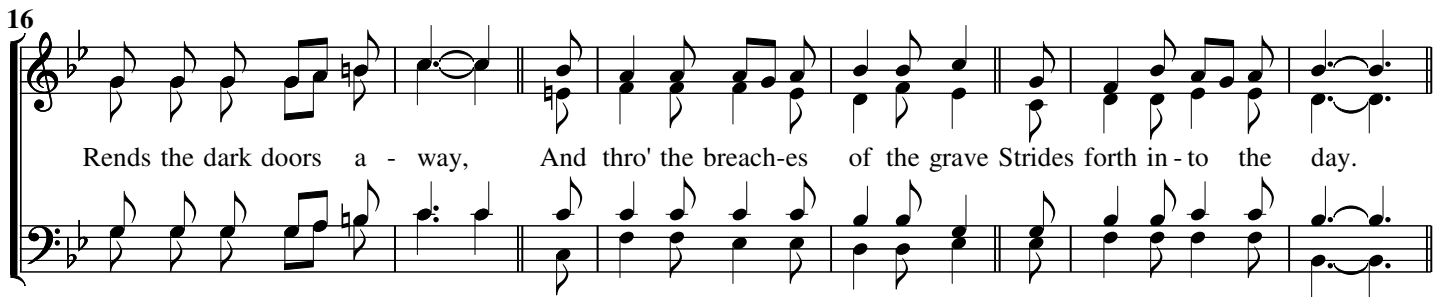
VERSE



1. The morn-ing pur - ples all the sky, The air with prais - es rings; De - feat - ed hell stands



9 sul - len - ly, The world ex - ult - ing sings: While He, the King, all strong to save,



16 Rends the dark doors a - way, And thro' the breach-es of the grave Strides forth in - to the day.

CHORUS



24 *ff* Glo-ry to God! our glad lips cry, All glo-ry be to God most High! Glo-ry to God! our



31 glad lips cry, All glo-ry be to God, to God most High! God most High!

2. Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered He has lain;
But He has mastered death, is risen,
And death wears now the chain.
The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
No tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All glory be to God most High!