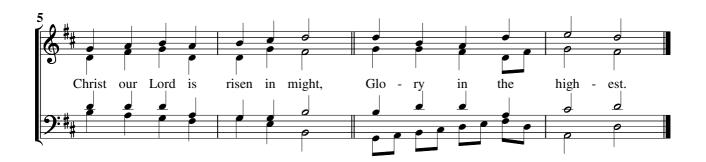
Easter flowers are blooming bright

Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley (1825 - 1889)





2. Angels carolled this sweet lay, When in manger rude He lay; Now once more cast grief away, Glory in the highest.

- 3. He, then born to grief and pain, Now to glory born again, Callest forth our gladdest strains, Glory in the highest.
- 4. As He riseth, rise we too,
 Tune we heart and voice anew,
 Offer homage glad and true,
 Glory in the highest.