



EASTER.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.



touch the inward harp-strings, Lord!
 Let them vibrate for Thee
 In holy strains of Easter-song,
 And joyful melody.
 'Tis said, "Our sweetest songs are those
 That tell of saddest thought." *
 Ah! yes, too oft poetic themes
 With mournful tones are fraught.

II.

But now "the Winter time is past," †
 Behold white flowers of Spring:
 And list! for "Alleluja" notes
 Through angel-choirs ring.
 The mourning mother hears again,
 "O Queen of Heaven rejoice!"
 Once more she sees that Face divine,
 And hears her Son's sweet voice.

III.

O holy time of purest joy,
 And of celestial calm!
 Bright emblem of that glorious day,
 Whose fair light is the Lamb.
 Ye loved ones who have lately gone,
 Rejoice, be glad to-day!
 And send soft rays of Easter peace
 To us so far away.