

Cadences. For many days no woman hath gone by,
Her gold hair knowing, as of old,
The wind's caresses and the sun's kind gold ;
— Perchance even she hath thought it best to die
Because all things are sad things to behold.

(EASTER MORNING)

She cometh now, with the sun's splendid shine
On face and limbs and hair !
Ye who are watching, have ye seen so fair
A Lady ever as this one is of mine ?
Have ye beheld her likeness anywhere ?

See, as she cometh unrestrained and fleet
Past the thrush-haunted trees,
How glad the lilies are that touch her knees !
How glad the grasses underneath her feet !
And how even I am yet more glad than these !

EASTER—SONG

MAIDENS, awake ! For Christ is born
again !
And let your feet disdain
The paths whereby of late they have been led.
Now Death itself is dead,
And Love hath birth,
And all things mournful find no place on earth.

This morn ye all must go another way
Than ye went yesterday.
Not with sad faces shall ye silent go
Where He hath suffered so ;