



THE ALLELUIA OF THE PASCH.

Alleluia ! the bells are ringing,
Up, high up, in the golden dawn ;
Alleluia ! the choirs are singing,
Passiontide and its shadows gone.

Alleluia ! the birds are thrilling
Over the eggs in their new made nests.
Field and meadow and garden filling
With the joy o'erflowing their feathered breasts.

The world of nature round us rises,
Clad in resurrection green ;
The world of grace all heav'n surprises
With risen glories, earth unseen !

Alleluia ! chants the river
To the hill and mountain, sky and sea
Evermore and still forever
Float the echoes back to me ;

Echoes of an angel chorus
(White robed in garden gloom),
Shouting to the welkin o'er us.
" Christ hath risen from the tomb ! "

All my heart springs up in greeting
To the rapture of that word
" Alleluia ! (glad repeating) :
" Hail ! thrice hail, Thou Risen Lord ! "

Eleanor C. Donnelly, in Catholic World.