

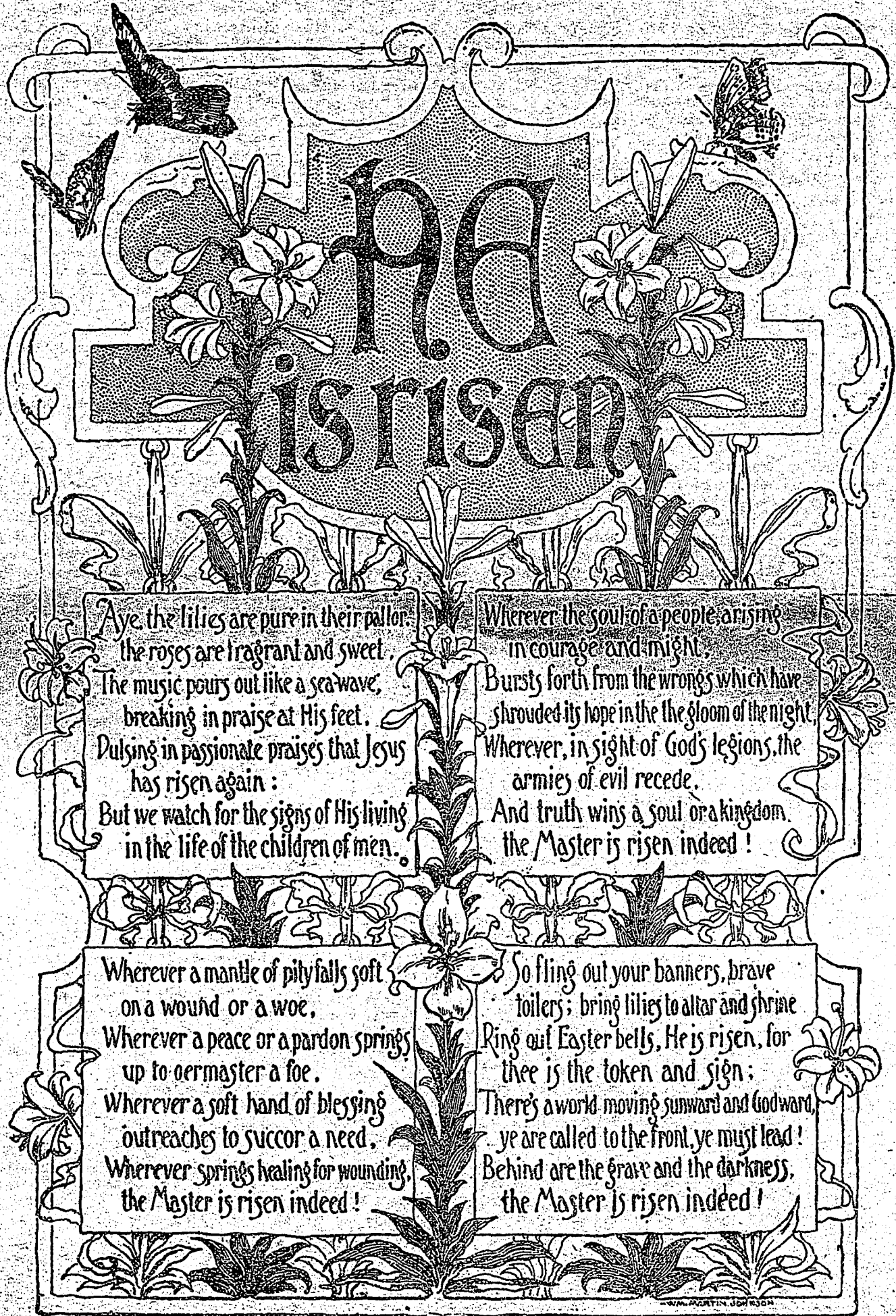
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Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor,
the roses are fragrant and sweet,
The music pours out like a sea-wave,
breaking in praise at His feet,
Dulcine in passionate praises that Jesus
has risen again:
But we watch for the signs of His living
in the life of the children of men.

Wherever the soul of a people arising
in courage and might,
Bursts forth from the wrongs which have
shrouded its hope in the gloom of the night,
Wherever, in sight of God's legions, the
armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom,
the Master is risen indeed!

Wherever a mantle of pity falls soft
on a wound or a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs
up to oermaster a foe,
Wherever a soft hand of blessing
outreaches to succor a need,
Wherever springs healing for wounding,
the Master is risen indeed!

So fling out your banners, brave
toilers; bring lilies to altar and shrine
Ring out Easter bells, He is risen, for
there is the token and sign;
There's a world moving sunward and Godward,
ye are called to the front, ye must lead!
Behind are the grave and the darkness,
the Master is risen indeed!