

A SONG OF EASTER

Sing, children, sing!
And the lily censers swing;
Sing that life and joy are waking
And that Death no more is king.
Sing the happy, happy tumult
Of the slowly brightening Spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!
Winter wild has taken wing.
Fill the air with the sweet tidings
Till the frosty echoes ring!

Along the eaves the icicles
No longer glittering cling,
And the crocus in the garden
Lifts its bright face to the sun,
And in the meadows softly
The brooks begin to run,
And the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the Spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

— CELIA THAXTER.