

An Easter Thought

Thou canst not die: for, were the whole world riven,
The richest memory of Thy life would be
Not in the sad farewell on Calvary given,
Nor agony of dark Gethsemane.

Death is o'ercome ! Our songs on high ascending
To Heaven's great vault in thankful outbursts
ring,
With choirs celestial in glad chorus blending,
Proclaim the Conqueror—laud the risen King.