



THE GLORY OF EASTER

MORN.

R. J. COLEMAN.

*From Orient skies the sun of Easter
flashes
And lights the Cross on Calva-
ry's summit dim.
Put off, my soul, that penitential
ashes
And join the Paschal hymn !
Melodious echoes of the sweet evan-
gel
Of redeemed from death by Love,
the King,
Chanted of old by choiring saint
and angel,
The winds of April bring.
"Awake ! awake ! The Crucified
is risen !
The darkness dies ; the shades of
sin depart.
The Lord of Life hath vanquished
Death's dark prison
And broken Death's grim dart."
So may our prayers, like fragrant
incense blending,
Waft to His throne love's breath
divinely sweet,
And may our hearts, like lilies low-
ly bending,
Find favor at His feet !*

J. S. (1894)