

Matter to life, and life to spirit, 'till  
The upper heights are gained, and then at last ;  
The apex of the temple, which is God.

So rolled the years, 'till the appointed time  
That time foretold by sages of the past  
When the sun crossed the girdle of the world,  
Feast of the Passover, the Easter Dawn.  
Three nights before the dawning of that day  
I lay upon the sand and watched the stars,  
And there above the highest temple shone  
In fiery points, the figure of a lamb.

Was it an earthly mist that slowly rose  
From humid rice fields, or a darkness sent  
By power invisible to prepare the way ;  
That darkest hour that comes before the dawn.  
Slowly it rose, the shadow creeping on,  
First blotting out the landscape from my view,  
Then hiding with its undulating folds  
The mighty temples and the mystic sign  
That strove in vain to pierce the gloom, and then  
The eddying mists wreaths closed and all was still.

A whisper as of wind that smote the mist,  
And through the riven veil there shone the sun.  
As like the sea when crossed the Jewish host,  
So stood the walls of night, the light between,  
And standing in that light I saw a cross  
Surmounted by a serpent, and beneath,  
Nailed to the cross, there hung a dying man,  
Uplifted from the earth, the Son of God.

Again I heard the murmur of a wind  
That smote the walls of mist and swept them back  
And through the widening gateways of the night,  
In fast increasing splendour broke the dawn.

Fair Easter Dawn that shed its light of love  
Upon an empty cross and empty tomb.