



BALLAD OF THE TWO MARYS.

BY REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

AWAKE ! it is near the dawning !
I have heard the cock's shrill cry,
And the stars their golden grains dissolve
In the cup of the azure sky !
Awake, my sister, and come with me !
From your tear-wet pillow arise ;
Take spices to sweeten the chamber of death,
And the couch where our Master lies :
Then come away while the skies are gray,
And the bird of dawn upflies.

In vain she idly weepeth
Whose joys like manna decay,
And the star of whose hope hath waned and
paled
In the dawning's bath of gray.
The purest and dearest of earth lies dead,
Who God-like spake and wrought ;
The Master hath gone the way that He
said,—

But a woman's love dies not ;
His image we'll cherish till memory perish—
He never can be forgot.

Oh, He was fair of the fairest !
The loveliest soul was He !
What is the rose that in Sharon blows,
Or the lily upon the lea ;
Or what is the sheen of the morning star,
In the morning's fragrant breath,
When He who loved us has gone afar ?—
They have done my Lord to death !
The blood of my slain Lamb flows amain,
My hurt Dove quivereth !

How snowy the walls of yon temple,
Whose flowers the dawn makes gold !
But whiter and fairer that bruised shrine
That lieth so lone and cold ;
And sweet is the garden's odorous round,
With its thousand flowers in bloom ;
But sweeter His breath, ere He went to His
death,

Who lieth in yonder tomb.
But did He not say that, ere break of day,
He should sunder its frosty gloom ?

O sister, what awful music—
What trembling of sky and ground !
Zion's Herald.

The heavens and the earth might have
passed away
In that depth of thunderous sound.
O sister ! what lustre, surpassing far
The sun's meridian ray !
A vision rare ! sits an angel there,
Where the stone is rolled away !
What splendour and grace ! O'er his daz-
zling face
The vivid lightnings play !

And see you not, dear sister,
Where his snow-white robe is spread,
The Roman guard, with their swords and
spears,
Are fallen down as dead ?
Like a conquering king in his majesty
He calmly sits to say :
“ Ye women who loved Him, approach and
see
Where once your Master lay.
Lo ! He is risen, His empty prison
Lies open to the day ! ”

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O joy ! art *Thou* the Master ?
Thou speak'st who came to save !
I deemed Thee but the keeper of
This garden and this grave.
“ Mary ! ” Thou say'st. . . . Haste, sister,
haste !
The blissful word proclaim !
The tomb He breaks, and thereby makes
The Cross a glorious shame !
Such wondrous love the earth shall prove,
Such power shall heaven acclaim !

O Prince of Peace ! my Saviour !
O glorious Morning Star !
The gates of hope to our lost race
Thy rising shall unbar.
The alien hosts shall press to kiss
Thy flowing vesture's hem,
Whose royal dress is righteousness
And love Thy diadem !
Thy chant we'll raise, mid endless days,
Monarch of Bethlehem !