

But where there be  
Full many flowers shall ye wend joyfully.

*Easter-  
Song.*

Moreover, too, ye must be clad in white,  
As if the ended night  
Were but your bridal-morn's foreshadowing.  
And ye must also sing  
In angel-wise :  
So shall ye be most worthy in His eyes.

Maidens, arise ! I know where many flowers  
Have grown these many hours  
To make more perfect this glad Easter-day ;  
Where tall white lilies sway  
On slender stem,  
Waiting for you to come and garner them ;

Where banks of mayflowers are, all pink and  
white,  
Which will Him well delight ;  
And yellow buttercups, and growing grass  
Through which the Spring winds pass ;  
And mosses wet,  
Well strown with many a new-born violet.

All these and every other flower are here.  
Will ye not draw anear  
And gather them for Him, and in His name,  
Whom all men now proclaim  
Their living King ?  
Behold how all these wait your harvesting !