

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 !