



❖ "EASTER" ❖

BY WILLIAM GARVIN HUME.

WHAT shall we bring unto Thee, mighty God,
 As Thou dost rise triumphant from the tomb ?
 Not myrrh and frankincense, and rich spikenard,
 Or spices such as Mary brought
 When at the sepulchre she sought.

Not dead, O Lord, but gloriously risen
 Do we behold Thee on this Easter morn ;
 And breaking through sin's dark and gloomy prison,
 We greet Thee, Lord, our risen King—
 What shall we bring ? What shall be bring ?

What need to bring Thee lilies pure and white,
 Unless our hearts be free from ev'ry stain !
 Or roses with the dew of morning bright,
 If deeper than the roses' hue,
 Our hearts are stained all through and through !

Our hearts, alone, we bring to Thee today—
 O plant therein the roses of Thy love :
 This boon of Thee, O Christ, we humbly pray—
 That gardens fair our hearts may be
 Of Easter lilies of Purity.