

Easter Poetry

Hail the Day that Sees Christ Rise

By Thomas Cotterill

Hail the day that sees Christ rise,
To the throne in paradise;
Christ the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven.

Christ, for you high triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
You have conquered death and sin:
Enter, Sovereign, enter in.

See the nail marked hands above,
Signs of God's redeeming love;
Hark, Christ's words our hearts assure,
"I will send a Comforter!"

Christ, for us still intercede;
By your suffering for us plead;
Near yourself prepare a place,
As the first fruits of God's grace.

Now, though parted from our sight,
In the depths of starry night,
May God raise us up again,
Heirs of your eternal reign.



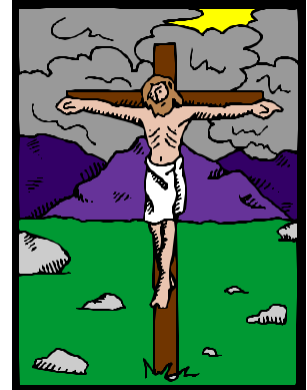
Beneath the Cross of Jesus

By Elizabeth Cecelia Clephane

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

Upon that cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my stricken heart with tears
Two wonders I confess:
The wonders of redeeming love
And my unworthiness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of his face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.



Good Friday

By Christina Georgina Rossetti

Am I a stone and not a sheep

That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy Cross, To
number drop by drop Thy Blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved

Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;

Not so the Sun and Moon

Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon,-
- I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,

But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
And smite a rock.



The Day of Resurrection



By John of Damascus

The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth the song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes in gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed



By Isaac Watts

Alas! and did my Savior bleed, and did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown! and love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut His glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died for man, the creature's sins.

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine—and bathed in its own blood—
While the firm mark of wrath divine His soul in anguish stood.

Thus might I hide my blushing face while his dear cross appears;
Dissolved my heart in thankfulness, and melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—'tis all that I can do.

An Easter Carol

By Christina Georgina Rosetti

Spring bursts to-day,
For Christ is risen and all the earth's at play.

Flash forth, thou Sun,
The rain is over and gone, its work is done.

Winter is past,
Sweet Spring is come at last, is come at last.

Bud, Fig and Vine,
Bud, Olive, fat with fruit and oil and wine.

Break forth this morn
In roses, thou but yesterday a Thorn.

Uplift thy head,
O pure white Lily through the Winter dead.

Beside your dams
Leap and rejoice, you merry-making Lambs.

All Herds and Flocks
Rejoice, all Beasts of thickets and of rocks.

Sing, Creatures, sing,
Angels and Men and Birds and everything.

All notes of Doves
Fill all our world: this is the time of loves.

