

Easter Carol

William Barton, 1912.

Louis Falk.

Long ago on Easter day,
As the morn was breaking,
Where the buried Savior lay,
Friends whose hearts were aching
Came with spices rich and rare,
Brought for love's adorning,
And they met their Savior there,
On that Easter morning!

Angels moved the stone and said,
"This is not His prison;
Seek Him not among the dead,
For your Lord is risen!"
Then the green-clad, spring-freed earth
Sang to Heav'n its story,
Glorious as the songs at birth
Of His risen glory!

Here we come this Easter day,
Our dear Savior meeting;
Meet us, Jesus, in the way,
With Thine Easter greeting.
Not with spices, but with song
Voicing glad endeavor,
Come we hailing Him who rose,
And who lives forever!