

Easter Lilies
Myra Plantz(1856-1914)
Ira Sankey, 1901.

In grief's passion, deep and holy,
Mary's eyes with tears were wet,
Caring not for morning's splendor,
Since her star of hope had set,
While before her stood the Master,
Slowly, through a mist of tears,
Showing her the risen Savior
Heals all hearts and calms all fears.

Still He stands within the garden,
Where we lay our loved ones now,
Saying softly to each mourner,
"Dear one, O why weepest thou?"
For since He has made His pillow
In the shadow of the tomb,
It should be the holy portal
Where our sweetest flowers bloom.

This is why we bring our lilies,
Pure and white this Easter day,
For our Lily of the Valley
Takes from death its gloom away;
And as bursts the budding blossom
From earth's prison, cold and dim,
So we break our earthly fetters,
And arise complete with Him.