

The Buds Are Bursting on the Trees

Mabel Osgood, 1885.

R. H. Clouston, Jr.

The buds are bursting on the trees,
The earth awakes again;
The birds are singing out their glees,
For Christ again doth reign.

Refrain

Awake, and alleluias sing!
For death is slain and Christ is king.
Awake, awake, and let the chorus swell,
With voice and harp and Easter bell.

Come, let us all sweet blossoms bring
The risen Lord to greet,
And make our hearts an offering,
And lay them at His feet.

Refrain

No longer death and hopeless gloom
Shall grieve our souls distressed;
For Christ has trodden, through the tomb,
A pathway for the blest.

Refrain