

Easter Morning  
Myra Plantz(1856-1914)  
John Calkin, 1867.

From the sea the mist floats slowly,  
While night's tapers, faint and holy,  
Fade beyond the dawning gray;  
Birds within the nest are waking;  
Far above the East is breaking,  
Promise of returning day.

Seraphim who saw unfolding  
Earth's first morn are now beholding  
That which will all ages thrill  
They who sang in heavenly places  
At His birth, and hid their faces  
From His shame, with awe are still.

For behold where they have laid Him  
Empty is the tomb they made Him  
Death lies conquered at His feet.  
See, He waits to greet the morning,  
Fairest thing the earth adorning,  
All love's sacrifice complete.

Miracle of love that giveth  
Life from death, because He liveth;  
O, the crown of victory;  
That, while angels fall before Him,  
Human hearts can best adore Him!  
He is risen, soul, for thee!