ETERNAL SPRING



- 2. Yet woman's love, too true and brave for guards or night to scare, last at the Cross, first at the grave, found not that Blossom there; so often lag our steps behind the Lord's preventing grace, so often fail our hearts to find the beauty of his face.
- 3. To Angels' sleepless eyes alone did Heaven the boon accord, their hands had rolled away the stone and decked their rising Lord; and still within the solemn shade of Death they sat and shone, to point where lately he was laid, and tell how he was gone.
- 4. Not selfishly their souls enjoyed the secret which they knew, grateful they wait by Christ employed to comfort others too: words long forgotten to recall, Faith drooping to revive, and tell his followers where all may see his face alive.
- 5. O Love! which lightens life's distress,
 Love, death cannot destroy;O grave! whose very emptiness
 to Faith is full of joy:
 let but that Love our hearts supply
 from Heaven's Eternal Spring,
 then Grave, where is thy victory?
 and Death, where is thy sting?

- 6. The shade and gloom of life are fled this Resurrection Day, henceforth in Christ are no more dead, the grave has no more prey; in Christ we live, in Christ we sleep, in Christ we wake and rise; and the sad tears Death makes us weep he wipes from all our eyes.
- 7. And every bird, and every tree, and every opening flower, proclaim his glorious victory, his Resurrection-power: the folds are glad, the fields rejoice, with vernal verdure spread, the little hills lift up their voice, and shout that Death is dead.
- 8. Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake! and seek thy risen Lord, joy in his Resurrection take, and comfort in his Word; and let thy life, thro' all its ways, one long thanksgiving be, its theme of joy, its song of praise, 'Christ died and rose for me.'

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