The world itself keeps Easter Day

J. S. B. Hodges (1830 - 1915)

1. The world itself keeps Easter Day, And Easter larks are singing: And

Easter flowers are blooming gay, And Easter buds are springing: Alleluia, Alleluia; The Lord of all things lives anew, And all His works are rising too. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!
2. There stood three Maries by the tomb
   On Easter morning early,
   When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
   And dew was white and pearly;
   Alleluia, Alleluia.
   With loving but with erring mind,
   They came the Prince of Life to find:
   Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

3. But earlier still the angel sped
   His news of comfort giving;
   And “why,” he said, “among the dead
   “Thus seek ye for the living?”
   Alleluia, Alleluia:
   “Go tell them all and make them blest,
   “Tell Peter first, and then the rest.”
   Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

4. But one, and one alone, remained
   With love that could not vary;
   And thus a joy past joy she gained,
   That sometime sinner Mary:
   Alleluia, Alleluia;
   The first the dear, dear form to see,
   Of Him who hung upon the tree:
   Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

5. The Church is keeping Easter Day,
   And Easter hymns are sounding,
   And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
   The holy Font surrounding;
   Alleluia, Alleluia;
   The Lord hath risen, as all things tell,
   Good Christians, see ye rise as well:
   Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!