

A rhyme, a rhyme, for Easter time

George Benjamin Lissant (1827? - 1899)

1. A rhyme, a rhyme, for Eas-ter time Come sing with mirth and glee; Come youth and age, with

sire and sage, And join in har - mo - ny! For Christ hath burst His pri-son gate, Whose

bars be - fore Him fell, A - loft He fares, and with Him bears The keys of Death and Hell!

2. No powers of night can keep His soul
Its prison bournes within;
Corruption foul can ne'er control
His form unstained by sin.
His three days o'er, He comes once more
To tread the hallowed sod
By Sion's gate, where hellish hate
Had slain the Son of God.

3. And so, through Him who conquered Death,
May we, too, upward press
From death of sin sweet life to win
Of truth and holiness!
And, like the Saints returning home
With Christ, we pray that we
May to God's holy City come
And true Mount Sion see!

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)