

On Easter Day

*This morning I heard a robin sing,
And a meadowlark flew on joyous wing
To the budding branch of a nearby tree
And added his notes to the rhapsody!*

*So it must have been . . . on that joyous day
When the rock on the tomb was rolled away
As Christ arose; and the voice was clear,
"He has risen, He is not here."*

*So justice triumphs, though wrongs prevail
For some short time along life's trail.
Truth and its merits find new birth,
Even as green buds stir the earth.*

*The robin sings and the glad notes rise
On echoed strains to eternal skies,
And listeners pause in their busy day
To hear spring come, on its merry way.*



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