

On the Resurrection Morning

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Soul & Body meet again,
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.
Here awhile they must be parted
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting, in a holy stillness
Fast-asleep.

x x x

O the beauty! O the gladness
Of that Resurrection Day,
Which shall never, thro' long ages
Pass away.
On that happy Easter Morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child & Mother
Meet once more

S. Baring Gould

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(later versions conclude verse 1 'wrest in sleep'; verse 2 line 3 'which shall not, through endless ages') - see p.16 Membership Notes, final paragraph.