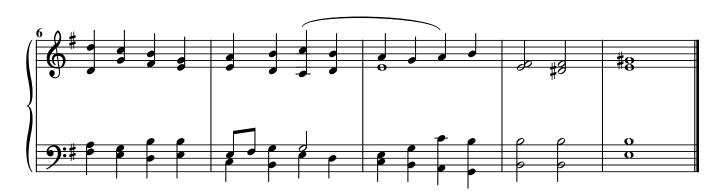


**Resurrection Morning** 





On the resurrection morning, Soul and 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, Wrapped in sleep.

For a while the wearied body Lies with feet toward the morn; Till the last and brightest Easter Day be born.

But the soul in contemplation, Utters earnest prayer and strong, **Bursting at the resurrection** Into song.

Soul and body reunited Thenceforth nothing shall divide, Waking up in Christ's own likeness Satisfied.

O the beauty, O the gladness Of that resurrection day, Which shall not through endless ages Pass away!

On that happy Easter morning All the graves their dead restore, Father, mother, sister, brother, Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last, By Thy cross, through death and judgment, Holding fast.

Sabine Baring-Gould