

EASTER SONG.

O, little birds, that flutter and sing,
And pine, in a lonely stranger land,
For the potent touch of a magic hand,
Come back, brave birds, she is here, the Spring!

O, delicate flowers that fled in fear,
When the eddying snow whirl thick amain,
The sun has turned to the north again,
Come back, sweet flowers, she is here, she's here!

O, desolate souls that struggled and cried,
'Mid a barren waste of toil and strife,
For the sweeter air of a purer life,
Look up, dear Souls, it is Easter-tide!

~~O, innocent hearts, that plead and pray.~~

O, imocent hearts, that plead and pray,
'Neath a blighting load of shame and sorrow,
For the promised dawn of a brighter morrow,
Look up, poor hearts, it is Easter Day!

Out of the glooms of a woeful night,
Out of the deeps of Sin and Sadness,
Rise to the realms of joy and gladness!
Rise to a Heaven of Peace and Light!

J.H.Temple.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY