

AMPHORA

IV

FROM winter's bleak and bitter prison
Up-surges the delighted spring.
The tomb is broke; the LORD is risen.
Hail! Thou anointed King!

Now, O Thou pitiful and pallid,
Who to the cross didst cleave and cling,
Thy tears to life from death have rallied
Thy SON, the Holy King!

Eater of flesh and soul and spirit,
The Lord of Hell on dropping wing
His doom of dolour doth inherit
From our anointed King.

See! headlong where he reels and plunges
To the abyss, a noisome thing!
He falls! Our sin Thy SON expunges!
Thy SON, the Holy King!

Then, O thou mildest maiden mother,
Thou feedest us! our crowns we fling
Here at Thy feet, who art no other
Than Lady of our King.