

A · HAPPY · EASTER · TO · YOU.

Depou who diebet to give us life! Full well to there is known The cross, and all the inner strife Of those who were alone, And neath their burden well nigh taint:

Dinds echo in thine own.



# - Seven Songe for Bestertide

--FROM THE POEMS OF-

Roances: Ridley: Havergal.



Christ is Riser of Congress MAR 24 1886 /

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#### SUNDAY.

Advent Song.

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Thou art coming, O my Savior!

Thou art coming, O my King!

In Thy beauty all-resplendent,

In Thy glory all-transcendent;

Well may we rejoice and sing!

Coming! In the opening east,

Herald brightness slowly swells;

Coming! O my glorious Priest,

Hear we not Thy golden bells?







#### MONDAY.

#### Baster Dawn.

Prayer changed to praise this very hour! Yes, heard and answered! sought and found! I breathe a golden atmosphere Of solemn joy, and seem to hear

Within, above, and all around,
The chime of deep cathedral bells,
An early herald peal that tells
A glorious Easter-tide begun;
While yet are sparkling in the sun
Large rain drops of the night storm passed,
And days of Lent are gone at last.







#### GUESDAY.

Christ is Riscn.

Arise, for He is risen to-day,

And shine, for He is glorified;

Put on thy beautiful array,

And keep perpetual Easter-tide.







#### WEDNESDAY.

#### Easter Song.

All the little buds and flowers,
All the merry birds and breezes,
All the sunbeams and the showers
Praise Him in their own sweet way,
What have you to sing to-day?

Bring your happiest songs and sing For your Savior and your King.







## THURSDAY.

## Singing for Jesus.

Singing for Jesus, our Savior and King,
Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love;
All adoration we joyously bring,

Longing to praise as we praise Him above.

Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that he gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.







## FRIDAY.

## An Baster Prayer.

Oh let me know

The power of Thy resurrection,

Oh let me show

Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection;

Oh let me soar

Where Thou my Savior, Christ, art gone before;

In mind and heart

Let me dwell always, only where Thou art.







#### SAMURDAY.

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Ascension Song.

Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!







