

It is only right, with all the

powers of our heart and

mind, to praise You Father

and Your Only-Begotten

Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear Father, by Your

wondrous condescension of

Loving-Kindness toward us,

Your servants, You gave up

Your Son.

Dear Jesus You paid the

debt of Adam for us to

the Eternal Father by Your

Blood poured forth in

Loving-Kindness.

You cleared away the

darkness of sin by Your

magnificent and radiant

Resurrection.

You broke the bonds of

death and rose from the

grave as a Conqueror.

You reconciled Heaven and

earth. Our life had no hope

of Eternal Happiness before

You redeemed us.

Your Resurrection has

washed away our sins,

restored our innocence and

brought us joy.

How inestimable is the

tenderness of Your Love!

We pray You, Lord, to

preserve Your servants in

the peaceful enjoyment of

this Easter happiness.

We ask this through Jesus

Christ Our Lord, Who

lives and reigns with God

The Father, in the unity of

the Holy Spirit, forever and

ever. Amen.

Jesus said unto her, I am

the resurrection, and the

life: he that believeth in me,

though he were dead, yet

shall he live.

1 In the end of the

sabbath, as it began to

dawn toward the first day

of the week, came Mary

Magdalene and the other

Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 And, behold, there was

a great earthquake: for the

angel of the Lord

descended from heaven, and

came and rolled back the

stone from the door, and

sat upon it.

3 His countenance was

like lightning, and his

raiment white as snow:

4 And for fear of him the

keepers did shake, and

became as dead men.

5 And the angel answered

and said unto the women,

Fear not ye: for I know

that ye seek Jesus, which

was crucified.

6 He is not here: for he is

risen, as he said. Come, see

the place where the Lord

lay.

7 And go quickly, and tell

his disciples that he is risen

from the dead; and, behold,

he goeth before you into

Galilee; there shall ye see

him: lo, I have told you.

8 And they departed

quickly from the sepulchre

with fear and great joy;

and did run to bring his

disciples word.

9 And as they went to

tell his disciples, behold,

Jesus met them, saying,

All hail. And they came and

held him by the feet, and

worshipped him.

1 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and

when faces called flowers

float out of the ground

and breathing is wishing

and wishing is having -

but keeping is downward

and doubting and never

- it's april

(yes, april; my darling)

it's spring!

yes the pretty birds frolic

as spry as can fly

yes the little fish gambol

as glad as can be

(yes the mountains

are dancing together)

when every leaf opens

without any sound

and wishing is having

and having is giving -

but keeping is doting

and nothing and nonsense,

- alive; we're alive, dear:

it's (kiss me now) spring!

now the pretty birds hover

so she and so he

now the little fish quiver

so you and so i

(now the mountains are

dancing, the mountains)

when more than was lost

has been found

has been found

and having is giving

and giving is living -

but keeping is darkness

and winter and cringing

- it's spring

(all our night becomes day)

o, it's spring!

all the pretty birds dive

to the heart of the sky

all the little fish climb

through the mind of the

sea

(all the mountains are

dancing; are dancing)

sweet spring is your

time is my time is our

time for springtime

is lovetime

and viva sweet love

(all the merry little birds

are

flying in the

floating in the

very spirits singing in

are winging in the

blossoming)

lovers go and lovers come

awandering awondering

but any two are perfectly

alone there's nobody

else alive

(such a sky and such a sun

i never knew and neither

did you

and everybody

never breathed

quite so many kinds

of yes)

not a tree can count

his leaves

each herself by opening

but shining who by

Thousands mean

only one amazing thing

(secretly adoring shyly

tiny winging

darting floating

merry in the blossoming

always joyful selves

are singing)

sweet spring is your

time is my time is our

time for springtime

is lovetime

and viva sweet love