



Under the frost-bound earth,  
 Sweet flowers wait;  
 Cold winds and wintry skies  
 Keep them back late:

Yet warmer suns and rain  
 Springtime will bring;  
 And from the bare brown earth,  
 New life will spring.

Ne'er hath the promise failed—  
 Spring will appear.  
 This we have learned to know,  
 And feel no fear.

Earth springs from death to life,  
 Nothing left out,  
 O unbelieving heart,  
 Why shouldst thou doubt?

Easter in England.