

# **HOLLY AND EASTER-LILIES**

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Holly and Easter-Lilies by Alfred Lambourne

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**ALFRED LAMBOURNE**

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EASTER-LILIES**



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ALFRED LAMBOURNE.  
REVISED, 1906.



**One of a limited Memorial Edition  
of the poem, Holly and Easter-Lilies.  
In attest my signature, inscriptum in  
meo sanguine, in hoc anno MCMVII.**

*John Keats*





To  
WILHELMINA MARIE



**H**OU who hast gone and left me to  
the years  
Grief-dazed and weak, who of my  
works didst choose

To love this book the most, through falling tears,  
I write these lines, to seek no more the Muse.  
Again for me has come the Easter-time,  
But no glad hymn finds echo in my breast;  
So aches my heart these words I scarce may  
rhyme

And Love, black-winged, stands by a silent guest.  
Yes, bright and fair around me is the spring,  
There shines the bloom thine eyes shall look on  
never.

I watch, and saddened thoughts to all things bring,  
And learn how Death, sweet Love from Hope  
can sever:

O, wife the pledge thou wearest on the ring—  
In the Hereafter, speak that word—“*Forever.*”



## HOLLY AND EASTER LILIES.

### I.



ULL on the morn doth rise the  
Easter-Hymn;  
Glad words of praise this time  
auspicious hail;

Of that event beyond the years grown dim,  
Sweet living voices sing the wondrous tale.  
The world's great miracle anew they tell  
In joyous accents, pure and silver clear;  
The tidings marvelous, exultant swell,  
With words of promise, fill the listening ear.  
Hark! how the thoughts inspiring buoyant rise,  
As unto tribes and peoples countless sung;  
The message told to all beneath the skies,  
In ancient speech or fresh-created tongue—  
The hymn that One Belovèd glorifies  
All kindred nations, distant tribes among.