## AN EASTER SONG

Sing out my soul; let joy be thine,
Christ has triumphed. Death's grim power
Is broken by the Word Divine.
Sing out the praises of the hour.
Ring out, sweet chimes, the story told
By angels, who hosannas sing;
Stay, fleeting bird, thy pinions fold,
And listen while my soul doth sing.

Across the ocean, wold and lea,
Come gladsome tidings—God is King.
Borne on zephyrs, to you and me,
Death's at best but an earthly thing.
Freed are we from its blighting ban,
Christ is risen and all is well;
Angels sing to the God—made—man
All nature too, hosannas tell.

Sing, sing, my soul, your Christ is here—
The Christ who died on Calvary—
And Christian, stem the blighting tear,
For He is here to comfort thee.
Sing to thy God; sing out aloud,
Forgive the lance, each nail and thorn,
Forgive the Passion, cross and shroud—
Sing, sing, my soul, 'tis Easter Morn.
JOHN S. ORMSBY.

The writer of the above Easter song, John S. Ormsby, was a well-known Niagara Falls newspaperman, the father of the Rev. Basil A. Ormsby, former assistant pastor at Holy Trinity church of Dunkirk.