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1869-1870 Cooper Morris Unfinished Letter

MS 1994

SIDE TWO

3 Upon this First Day of the week,
Is shed an Easter light:
And parting times come back to us,
Which said, "Let all be bright."
Our hearts we will lift up to Heaven,
In search of Christmas joy,
Where our lowly Lord, our Risen Lord,
Gives gifts without alloy.

4 All praise she gives, in that bright Home,
To Him of lowly birth,
The Lord, who said, "My peace I give",
"Peace", e'en to those" on earth".—
There, she we love, has entered in—
Who loved us, every one:
Who served her Lord, who shares His joy,
Who heard Him say "Well done"!

5 And the hidden, heavenly treasures
Are open to her sight,
Beholding Christ, our Christmas Joy,
In the Resurrection light!—
One of ourselves, new-born in Heaven!
It seemeth "a span long"
The threescore years & ten, to her
Who joins the Angels' song.

6 Of the troubles of her soul, she sees
In goodly fruit they bore;
But the anguish,— 'tis remembered
"No more, no more, no more":
No thus in Heaven! What thanks we give
For Christ' Nativity!
Redeemed, with children's children
Led from captivity!