Easter

by George Herbert

Rise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him mayst rise:
That, as his death calcined[1] thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold and, much more, just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The cross taught all wood to resound his name,
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or, since all music is but three parts[2] vied
And multiplied,

O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art
I got me flowers to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, & th' East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

—from *The Temple* (1633)

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[1] "calcined" means reduced to lime or some other substance. In this case it means "reduced to our common factor," i.e., dust, of which we all are made.

[2] "three parts": most chords have only three different notes that are repeated, "multiplied," at different octaves in different voices or instruments.