

Maire Brennan

"No Scenes Of Stately Majesty"

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No scenes of stately majesty
For the King of kings
No nights aglow with candle flame
For the King of love
No flags of empire hung in shame
For Calvery
No flower's perfume the lonely way
That led Him to a borrowed tomb
For Easter day

No wreaths upon the ground were laid
For the King of kings
Only a crown of thorns remained
Where he gave his love
A message scrolled in irony
"King of the Jews"
Lay trampled where they turned away
And no-one knew that it was
The first Easter day

Yet nature's finest colours blazed
For the King of kings
And stars in jewelled clusters say
"Worship Heaven's King"
Two thousand springtimes more have bloomed
Is that enough?
Oh how can I be satisfied
Until He hears the whole world
Sing of Easter love

Two thousand springtimes more have bloomed
Is that enough?
Oh how can I be satisfied
Until He hears the whole world
Sing of Easter love

My prayer shall be a fragrance sweet
For the King of kings
My love: the flowers at his feet
For the King of love
My vigil is to watch and pray
Until He comes

My highest tribute: to obey
And live to know the power of
That first Easter day

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