

# GOOD FRIDAY

NELL HANSON

They have made a tomb of Thy Day, Lord;  
They have carven woe on the gate;  
    With solemn tread,  
    And abaséd head,  
They are chanting the dirge of Thy fate.

Outside in the warm spring sunlight  
The children laugh at their play;  
    Free fountains leap;  
    And old tired men sleep;  
And the sad world makes holiday.

They have made a tomb of Love's Day, Lord,  
Who should chant it with banners unfurled—  
    A white-robed throng  
    In triumphant song  
Of a God Who so loved a World.