



# Easter Morning

By Charlotte Goodman McEwan

It's early on an Easter morn.  
The sun has yet to rise.  
A bird nearby begins to sing,  
And soft clouds fill the skies.

I think of Jesus on the cross  
And in the garden there,  
And how they laid Him in a tomb  
With tenderness and care.

Then on a morning such as this—  
The day was young and new—  
Jesus rose and lived again.  
I know that this is true.