

Easter Wings

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,¹
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor:

With thee
O let me rise
As larks,² harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin;
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory;
For, if I imp³ my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.