

Malcolm Guite

An Easter Triolet

We won't give up our love, it is a given
And given things can always live again.
The stone is rolled away, the rocks are riven
We won't give up our love, it is a given
The grave is made the very gate of heaven
We sowed in tears, but here's the golden grain:
We won't give up our love, it is a given
And here's a given thing that lives again.