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.

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