

Ostara Carol

French

1. cheer- up friends and neigh- bours Now's Os- ta- ra- tide
 2. Out - from snow- drifts chil- ly, Roused from drow- sy hours

Pause from end- less la- bours. Wo- rries put a- side
 Blue- Bell wakes, and li- ly, She- calls out Her flowers

Folk- shoud rise from Sad- ness E- vil folly- strife,
 In - to life She rais- es All - the sleep- ing buds

When- Os - ta - ra's god- ness Brings the Earth to life.
 mead- ows weave his prais- es And- the spang- led woods.

verse 3.

All her truth and beauty
 All her joyousness
 Are our pride and duty
 Bearing Her impress
 Look! the Earth waits breathless
 After winter's strife
 Ostara shows folk deathless
 Spring leads death to life.

verse 4.

Ours the more and less is
 But, changeless all the days
 Ostara wakes and blesses
 like the sunlight rays
 All the folk have risen
 And the bluebells ring
 White from winter's prison
 Burst the flowers of Spring

Adapted from the French

Easter Carol "Nous Attons, ma mie"
 -from the English translation in
 the Oxford Book of Carols.

Anna Stockinger 2007.