

# Maire Brennan, No Scenes Of Stately Majesty

No scenes of stately majesty  
For the King of kings  
No nights aglow with candle flame  
For the King of love  
No flags of empire hung in shame  
For Calvary  
No flower's perfume the lonely way  
That led Him to a borrowed tomb  
For Easter day

No wreaths upon the ground were laid  
For the King of kings  
Only a crown of thorns remained  
Where he gave his love  
A message scrolled in irony  
&quot;King of the Jews&quot;  
Lay trampled where they turned away  
And no-one knew that it was  
The first Easter day

Yet nature's finest colours blazed  
For the King of kings  
And stars in jewelled clusters say  
&quot;Worship Heaven's King&quot;  
Two thousand springtimes more have bloomed  
Is that enough?  
Oh how can I be satisfied  
Until He hears the whole world  
Sing of Easter love

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Is that enough?  
Oh how can I be satisfied  
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My prayer shall be a fragrance sweet  
For the King of kings  
My love: the flowers at his feet  
For the King of love  
My vigil is to watch and pray  
Until He comes  
My highest tribute: to obey  
And live to know the power of  
That first Easter day