



MY LENTEN LADY

I have not seen my lady
For many a weary year,
But I would twine a Lenten wreath
To set upon her hair.
Her hair that's blowing in the wind,
The wind so wild and wet,
The throbbing, piercing wind of springs
My heart cannot forget.

I have not seen my lady
Down any of your ways,
But I would hymn her in my songs
So worthy of all praise.
Now when the lovely dead rise up
All in a springtime night,
And where the earth was brown there stand
Great lilies clothed in white.

I have not seen my lady
For fasting nor for prayer;
I look upon the rose, and lo!
Its glamour is not there.
No more I look without, within
Dwelleth a better grace,
Out of my darkened heart there blooms
The beauty of thy face.