



## IF THOU WERT THERE

O H ! Lord, if Thou wert standing here  
 And I could bear the sight—  
 Could feel Thy presence, oh ! so near,  
 And view Thy robes of light ;  
 And then if Thou shouldst say to me :  
 “ I am the Lord thy God,  
 Who once the road to Calvary  
 For thy redemption trod ”—  
 What should I do ? No more, sweet Lord !  
 Than I would fain do now :  
 Body and soul with one accord  
 Adoringly to bow ;  
 And, clinging to Thy garment's hem,  
 Thy radiant Wounds to kiss—  
 Deeming a monarch's diadem  
 Mere dross compared to this.  
 No other proof I ask, dear Lord !  
 Than Thine own words of yore :  
 “ This is My Body, this My Blood ”—  
 Oh ! who could wish for more ?  
 Where gleams the ruddy altar light  
 Within its cup of gold,  
 Another Thabor dear and bright,  
 Awe-stricken, I behold.  
 For Thou art here ; and I may dare  
 To come before Thy face  
 And offer Thee my worthless prayer  
 In this Thy dwelling place.  
 Sweet Jesus, warm my frozen heart,  
 My love for Thee increase ;  
 And say to me, ere I depart :  
 “ My child, go thou in peace. ”  
 ANGELIQUE DE LANDE, *in the Ave Maria.*