

The Two Marys

THEY journey sadly, slowly on,
The day has scarce begun,
Above the hills the rose of dawn
Is heralding the sun,
While down in still Gethsemane
The shadows have not moved,
They go, by loss oppressed, to see
The grave of One they loved.

The eyes of Mary Magdalene,
With heavy grief are filled ;
The tender eyes that oft have seen
The strife of passion stilled.
And nevermore that tender voice
Will whisper " God forgives ;"
How can the earth at dawn rejoice
Since He no longer lives ?