



## Buried with Christ.

BY DAVID BEARNE, S. J.

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I seek for my soul's hiding  
My dead Love's garden tomb,  
And there in hope abiding  
'Mid that thrice sacred gloom,  
I breathe the breath that sootheth,  
Of cassia and of myrrh,  
Tho' He, my Love, nor moveth,  
Nor may His cold limbs stir.

O sweet my soul's concealing  
In this low hallowed calm ;  
His wounds my wounds are healing  
With His own priceless balm ;  
The snowy shroud is folding  
His calm and pallid Face,  
Yet His dear Arms are holding  
My soul in their embrace.

The hours are swiftly gliding,  
And day must now be done :—  
Is not my soul abiding  
With its beloved One ?  
The dusk to midnight creepeth,  
And oft I'm to cry,  
" He is not dead, but sleeth,  
His waking draweth nigh."

