



## A MAY-WREATH FOR OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

### I.

**G**LORIOUS Queen of holy Carmel!  
 Robed like May-time skies of blue,  
 And a soft veil round thee folded,  
 White as snowy clouds its hue,  
 From afar an "Enfant" sends thee  
 Roses that in Erin bloom ;  
 Varied in their mystic beauty,  
 Sweet, celestial, their perfume.

### II.

See their fair buds, dearest Mother !  
 Twine them round thy virgin brow ;  
 Joyful mysteries of thy pure heart,  
 We are contemplating now.  
 Yet, amidst our stainless garland,  
 Crimson flow'rets we entwine,  
 Like the precious Blood of Jesus,  
 Emblems of His woe and thine.

### III.

Then these rare "tea-roses"—softly  
 Tinged, as with a ray of gold.  
 After shadows comes the sun-light,  
 After pain, thy bliss untold,  
 Not in far famed Sharon only,  
 Where the rippling sapphire sea  
 Murmurs 'neath o'ershading palm-trees  
 With a soothing melody.

### IV.

Blow these fragrant summer roses  
 Where all nature seems to smile,  
 But in mossy dells and woodlands  
 Of our sainted western isle.  
 Breathing of thy joys and sorrows  
 And the glorious light above ;  
 Culled amidst St. Patrick's shamrocks,  
 Twined for thee with Irish love.

