

SAINT ANNE.

O Anne ! thou hast lived through those long dreary years,
 When childlessness hung o'er thy home like a blight ;
 But angels, dear mother, were counting thy tears,
 And thy patience, like Job's, had been dear in God's sight.

Thou wert meek when they scorned thee, thy rest was in prayer ;
 Thy sorrow was sharp, yet its sharpness was sweet ;
 When those that were round thee gave way to despair,
 Thy faith was more certain, thy trust more complete.

Oh ! the vision of thee, in thy lone mountain home,
 With thy calm broken heart, so heart-breaking to see,
 In those dark after-years to thy Daughter might come,
 And the great Queen of sorrows learn something from thee.

But joy comes at length to all hearts that believed,
 And the sighs of the saints must at last end in song ;
 The best gifts of God fall to those who have grieved,
 And His love is the stronger for waiting so long.

Oh blest be the day when old earth bore its fruit,
 The fairest of daughters it ever had seen,
 In the village that lies at the white mountain-foot,
 And the angels sang songs to the young Nazarene !

Mid the carols of shepherds, the bleating of sheep,
 The joy of that birth, blessed Anne, came to thee,
 When the fruits were grown golden, the grapes blushing deep,
 In the fields and the orchards of green Galilee.

Since creation, was ever such gladness as thine,
 To whom God's chosen Mother as daughter was given ?
 O her beautiful eyes, dearest Anne, how they shine,
 And the sound of her voice is like music from Heaven !

Why was it thy heart did not break with excess
 Of a joy that was harder than sorrow to bear ?
 Perchance had thine earlier sorrows been less,
 Thou couldst not have lived with a vision so fair.

Like a presence of God, in thy home's hallowed bound,
 Like a pageant of Heaven, all day was she seen ;
 And didst thou not see how the angels thronged round,
 All amazed at she sight of their infantine Queen ?