

Daily for Thee, and to share in the sorrow, the tears of
Thy Mother ;
So may my penance avail, if God shall have pity, to
win me
Pardon, at last, for my sins, and Jesu ! hereafter, to see
Thee
Yet once again, in Thy glory, the glory Thy dying hath
won Thee.

“ Mary ! ” — The Voice that she loved ? Ah, surely :
she turned her, and answered
“ Master ! ” Then low at His Feet, in the dew-laden
grass, in the dawning,
Knelt she, and wept in her joy, for had she not found
Him, the Master,
Risen again from the death ? The dawning grew bright,
and the morning
Banished the shadows of night ; the sorrow, the burden,
the anguish,
Fled as she gazed on her Lord. He spoke, and she
answered Him, “ Master ! ”

So, through the night of our life we wander, the breeze
of the dawning—
Dawn that hath lingered so long !—blows chill on our
face, and the shadows
Deepen about us, and we, grown faint with our watching
and waiting,
Long for the morning, and sigh ; the burden that lieth
upon us
Beareth us down, and we yearn for the joy that shall
come when the darkness
Fleeth at last, and the Dear One who died for us, rose
for us, loves us,
Cares for us, pities us ever shall hasten His coming, and
gladden,
Lighten our sorrowful eyes with the sight of His Face,
in His Glory ;
Then shall we kneel at His Feet, as the Magdalen knelt
in the dawning,
Then shall He call us by name, and each one shall
answer Him, “ Master ! ”