

Of lovely promise, man's sere hope,  
 And bade to new-born gladness ope  
 Our winter-worn humanity,  
     Piercing with life sin's frosty sod,  
 When heaven first lightened forth in thee,  
     Thou very spring-tide smile of God.

Hark! over earth I hear them move,—  
 The music-sandalled feet of Love,  
 Still treading time to every beat  
 Of God's wide heart, with echo sweet.  
     The grass that grows,  
     The bird that sings,  
     The breeze that blows,  
     The woods, the springs,  
 The deep-toned rivers, opening flowers,—  
 Those rhythm-beats of the sun and showers  
 At sweet accordance,—all have caught  
     The key-note of the lovely time ;  
 And every heart-string of my thought  
     Resounds it in some spirit-rhyme.

O Mary Mother! O Queen of May!  
 O Spring from heaven! O Dawn of Day!  
 O heart-outbreathing of God's own breath!  
 O sweet Word-Echo of all Love saith!  
     O all-completeness  
     Of God's creation!  
     O full of sweetness!  
     O constellation  
 Of all God's graces! O beauteous Wonder,  
 Whom heavens on heavens veil faces under!  
 To silence swooning before thy throne,  
     No more I hymn thee with lips defiled.  
 Yet, Mary Mother, thy name alone  
     Plead for me ever—I am thy child.