

"Dignare me Laudare te, Virgo Sacrata!"



I.

SILENT is the inward music
That like wavelets ebb and flow,
Whispered softly to my spirit
In the twilight long ago.
Soothing me as angel-voices
From the bright land far away ;
And, in tones of wondrous sweetness,
Luring me to watch and pray.
Oft those zephyrs of the night-time
Gently swept each silvery chord
Waking melodies most touching
For the Mother of my Lord.

II.

Now I gaze upon the starlight,
(Emblem of her radiance mild)
But I cannot sing the old songs
Of her beauty undefiled,
Blessed Mother, Queen of Carmel!
O could I conceive of thee
Canticles of praise and rapture
Beautiful in imagery !
Like the poet's aspirations *
To a songster of the sky,
Longing for those notes melodious
In his own poetic sigh.

III.

So my spirit now is pining
For some lofty poesy ;
Not to have the world listening,
But for love and praise of thee,
Holy Spirit ! thine the heart-strings ;
And if silent now they seem
Thou canst touch with blessed finger
Some soft chord and holy theme :
Some high thoughts and tender feelings
For the Mother—Queen above,
Breathing in low inspirations
From thee, Spirit of God's love !

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

*Shelley—"To a Skylark."