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THE MOTHER OF THE LORD

MAIDEN dream of mother love,
 Broods thy gentle eyes above;
 Maiden hands with mother grasp
 Hold thy Child in tender clasp.
 Love and glory in thy face,
 Blend with woman's shrinking grace.
 Yet through thine heart must pass the word,

Thee, beloved of thine adored,
 Mary, mother of the Lord!
 Deep and dark the cross's shade
 On thy loving heart is laid,
 On thy sweet and pensive lips
 Rapture glows through grief's eclipse;

Stilled with mystery's silent spell,
 Thrilled with thoughts no speech can tell;
 Past the sense of human sadness,
 Past the dream of human gladness;
 On thy breast the Living Word,
 In thine arms the babe adored—
 Mary, mother of the Lord: