



TO THE DIVINE "PRISONER OF LOVE."

Exitus matutini et vespere delectabis.—Psalms LXIV, 9.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



HERE was light in my spirit at early morn,
 Illuming the sky with its gleaming;
 And into that radiance soon faded away
 Bright visions of earthly dreaming.

How soft through the sanctuary's mystical shade
 It shone o'er the pathway before me;
 With lustre as fair as the silvery rays
 From the Altar-lamp beaming o'er me.

Ah! Yes, there was light in the early morn,
 And gladness untainted with sorrow;
 That came from the Heart of the "Prisoner of love,"
 No thrill from earth's joys did it borrow.

O sacred, O beautiful Heart of our Lord!
 What thanks shall my spirit render
 For e'en the remembrance of that bright beam,
 Illuring to love so tender?

O Star of the Altar! though darksome clouds
 Oft veiled thee with mournful shading,
 Yet still dost thou shine with a golden ray
 Of love everlasting—unfading.

When evening has come wilt thou gladden my soul,
 And still all its pain and repining?
 Wilt thou rise o'er the shadowy vale of death,
 And light up the night with thy shining?