

THE HEART OF MARY.



ERE in thy Garden of Roses,
 Maid, let me linger with thee ;
 Here, where the Lover reposes,
 Love in His pryncedom of Three !
 Here, thou most wonderful Maiden—
 Mother, and Maiden, and Spouse !
 Here, in thy garden o'erladen
 With roses of love-breathing vows.

Here let me lie in thy Garden—
 Eden made perfect in plan,
 Needing no angel for warden,
 Filled with the Godhead of Man !
 Here, where no Serpent may enter ;
 Here, where the footfall of Sin
 Never can tarnish this centre
 Of loveliness Love lieth in.

Maid, thou art hearted with sweetness !
 Maid, thou art' lovely fair !
 Builed of liliē completeness ;
 Crowned with a sunlight of hair ;
 And for the eyes of thee, blossom
 Of heavens the heavens above ;
 God for the breath of thy bosom ;
 And for the heart of thee, Love !

And for the drops of it, roses,
 Wonderful Maid, in whose blood
 Fullness of Godhead reposes,
 Blossoming out of each bud !
 Every drop of thy sweetness
 Budding and blowing with Him,
 Maiden of matchless completeness,
 Body of Godhead, and limb !