

MAPLE LEAVES AND SNOWFLAKES

MATER DOLOROSA.

MOTHER OF SORROWS! make my heart
Dissolve in pity's tears
And in thy dolours bear a part,
Tho' thick the mist of years
Is hung 'twixt this eve and the day
The last sword to thy soul found way.

DOLOR I.

Recall, my soul, the Temple grand;
Behold the Holy Parents stand,
While Mary, Virgin Mother mild,
Presents to Heav'n her Infant Child.
But mark, a hoary sage draws nigh
With rev'rence to the company,
And in prophetic voice and words
Foretells her sorrow in her Lord's.

DOLOR II.

Now change the scene to that dread night
Whose shadows hid the weary "Flight."
Again we see the Mother fair
Who clasps her Son with tender care,