

Feast of the Assumption.

"Arise my love and come!
The winter now is past,
Thine exile pains are o'er
Fly home my dove at last!

"Arise, like morning's dawn
All beautiful and fair,
Leave in thy tomb the scent
Of fragrant lilies there!"

It rang through azure skies,
It glided o'er the sea,
That glad celestial voice
Of wondrous melody.

The glorious angels gaze
Upon her radiant face,
"O who is she that comes
Up from the desert place?" *

Into the golden light
Earth's gentle dove has flown
Far o'er seraphic choirs
Is placed her queenly throne.

No joy so pure as hers,
No stars so brightly shine
As those, which, like to gems
Her royal brow entwine.

O may the holy Church
With joy to-day o'erglow,
For still that glorious Queen
Remembers all below.

Sweeter than harps of gold,
That e'er vibrate above,
Sounds to the Sacred Heart
The pleading of her love.

Look down, O Mother chaste,
Most amiable and mild;
List to a song of praise,
'Tis only from thy child

ENFANT DE MARIE.

"Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful
one and come!"

* Canticles VIII.