



TRIUMPH OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

(Souvenir of the Assumption, 1901.)

BEAUTIFUL, this harvest festal day.

"Hail," O Mary, "full of grace!"

Rising to thy regal glory

From a "pathless, desert place."

Through those tranquil, star-gemmed heavens,

With the crescent 'neath thy feet,

And thine aerial path is balmy

With the scent of rose-buds sweet.

White, and gold, and deepest crimson,

Mysteries of a life Divine.

Joys, and pains, and glories, twining

Round the heart of God and thine.

O how precious is this chaplet

Which, in light of faith, I see!

This thy festal coronation,

Triumph of the Rosary!

We, thy children, humbly greet thee;

"Salve!" Advocate above!

Wilt thou not accept fresh roses

From the gardens of our love?

Joys and sorrows intermingle

Light with shadow blends each day.

Lead us to the home celestial

Where all cloudlets pass away.

Beautiful this harvest feast-day!

Thrills melodiously a voice,

And the listening earth and heavens

Echo, "Let us all rejoice!"*

—Enfant de Marie St. Clare's.

* "Gaudemus omnes," etc.—Missa.