

THE VOICE
OF THE
PRECIOUS BLOOD

You were not redeemed with corruptible gold or silver,.... but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled.

1 PET. 1. 18, 19.

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MATINS AT THE MONASTERY OF THE
PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Surge, amica mea, et veni.

Arise, my dove, my well beloved !
The convent bell has just now rung,
Announcing by its mellow chime
The solemn hour of grace has come—

The hour of union strong and sweet
Which here my ever-yearning heart
Delights to spend with virgin souls
Sequestered from the world apart.

'Tis midnight hour, arise and come,
For sinners roam while nature sleeps ;
Repair their base ingratitude ;
Thy Spouse a lonely vigil keeps.

It is the hour when I incline
More lovingly to whispered vows,
The hour when I more gently call
The soul that watches : " My sweet spouse."

The hour of love ! The holy hour
Of which I am the jealous king ;