
FORTY-FIFTH WEEK.

TO MY LADY OF PAIN.

Go Rose, to my lady of pain,
Go speak to my love;
With the dew of the morn on your leaves,
A message from blue skies above.
Go tell her red rose, earth wrought you
In sorrow and toil,
And now to this sweetness has brought you
So fair—yet a child of the soil.
Go tell her her life's as your own,
Perfected through pain,
Distilling from sorrow new beauty;
Through mist of tears Heavenly gain.
Go Rose, God's benison with you;
Go Rose, with my kiss on your leaves