



The Assumption.

THROW open the heavenly portals ;
Smile angels your sweetest to-day,
And fill the whole air with rejoicing ;
Strew with lilies the mystical way,
Your Queen from the earth's dreary darkness
Has turned towards the welcoming light,
For Jesus has beckoned his mother
Away from the world's weary night.

She has come !—How the melody lingers
On the hush of the perfumed air,
And the flowers of paradise tremble
In their greeting to one so fair,
All her sorrows and sadness are over—
Her anguished—pierced heart is at rest,
And joy from her pure eyes is smiling
As her fair head reclines on Christ's breast.

Oh the agony suffered at Calvary !
Oh, the parting endured on earth's shore,
Only render the present more brilliant,
But away where the shadows are falling—
Away in the glimmering light—
The children of earth are wailing,
They are calling her back to the night.