



MAY, 1901.

LIKE a well-known bard of Erin,
 We are "waiting for the May,*"
 With our Lady's silvery shining
 From the star-land far away.

Waiting for the snow-white blossoms
 And the wild bird's melody;
 Watching for bright summer sunshine,
 O'er the mount, and vale, and sea.

Waiting for most precious graces,
 Ever flowing from her love,
 When each fervent whispered "Ave!"
 Wafts, like incense, far above.

Mourners now are waiting, praying
 For her soothing May-time balm;
 Hearts with wistful, restless longings,
 Need most sweet celestial calm.

Sinful souls should often murmur,
 "Clement, loving, sweet thou art!"
 Plead for us, O sinner's Refuge,
 Lady of the Sacred Heart!"

Many lovers of her beauty
 Wait, O lovely May, for thee!
 O how varied are the accents,
 Like to royal psalmody!

See, it comes, like early morning,
 Lighting up her image fair,
 Bless it O most holy Mother,
 May it be a month of prayer.

Fervent with thy mystic sweetness,
 Thrilling with thy Blessed name,
 Yes! we all await the May-time,
 Like the bard of world-wide game.