

Mary, the Mother of the Lord

Standing in the temple door,
 Sunshine, streaming to the floor,
 Falls across thy stainless veil,
 Lingers on thy forehead pale,
 Thee nor sun nor star can brighten,
 Thee no mortal flame enlighten,
 All the light of highest heaven
 To thine inmost soul is given ;
 Thee beloved, by Thine adored —
 Mary, Mother of the Lord !

Maiden dream of mother love
 Broods thy drooping eyes above,
 Maiden hands with mother grasp
 Hold thy doves in tender clasp,
 Awe and glory in thy face
 Veil the woman's shrinking grace,
 Calm as angels wrapt in prayer
 Blessed more than seraphs are,
 Yet a woman, fair and weak,
 Bringing up thine offerings meek,
 Love fulfilling Law's behest,
 Sacrifices on thy breast,
 On thy lips, Love's sweetest word —
 Mary " Mother " of the Lord !

Judah's crown thy forehead wears,
 Judah's curse thy sad heart bears ;
 Through thy soul the sword is driven
 When thy keenest joy is given ;
 Deep and dark the Cross's shade
 On thy dark, deep eyes is laid ;
 On thy sweet and pensive lips
 Rapture glows through grief's eclipse,
 Stilled with mystery's silent spell,
 Thrilled with thoughts no speech may tell.
 Past the sense of human sadness,
 Past the dreams of human gladness,
 On thy heart the Living Word,
 In thy home the Babe adored :
 Hail ! thou Mother of the Lord.

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