



## OUR LADY'S ASSUMPTION.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



THREE solemn days her lovely corse hath lain  
 In the dark tomb. Her sweet eyes closed in sleep.  
 [Like August pansies bowed by twilight rain],  
 Her ev'ry limb composed in slumber deep.

The virgin breast where Jesus oft reclined,  
 The lips He pressed—the hands He joyed to hold—  
 The feet that followed His—unflagging, kind,  
 Are quiet now—are pulseless, pale and cold!

But hark! a burst of angel-song is heard!  
 The Day hath dawned—the Sleeper opes her eyes!  
 She bursts her prison-house; like some glad bird  
 Darts up triumphant to the glorious skies!

The sinless Heart within her throbs and thrills,  
 The roses bloom on cheek and lip afresh;  
 Immortal vigor all her being fills,  
 Shining thro' hands, and feet, and deathless flesh!

O, Earth! so full of sorrow, pain and sin,  
 Our Mother quits thy shades forevermore!  
 Her Son, our Saviour, bids her enter in  
 That bright Abode, where death shall be no more!

There she awaits us at Life's golden Source,  
 To crown our life—our death. Her empty tomb  
 Th' Apostles search in vain. Where slept her corse,  
 Naught save these great white lilies fills the gloom!