



OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



I.

MONTH of fading beauty! when the trees
 Are tinted with autumnal red and gold,
 A minor chord, low breathing like the breeze,
 Is sighing of Our Lady's pains untold.
 O pure heart, crimsoned with a Passion hue,
 And golden in thy precious suffering love!
 More brightly shining to the spirit view
 Than silvery harvest-moon so far above.

II.

O waves of tears that surged within her breast!
 O sorrow, deeper than the boundless sea!
 To what shall I compare thee, Mother blest?
 Wilt thou find comfort in my sympathy?
 Why didst thou suffer? That through bitter pain,
 And mourning shadows o'er thy spirit cast,
 A glorious queenly throne thou mightest gain,
 A diadem of star-gems wear at last.

III.

Why didst thou suffer? That the fount of tears
 From realms of a deep and nameless woe,
 Might fill thee with compassion for our fears,
 And pains and sorrows here so far below.
 Why didst thou suffer? That the melody
 Of thy sweet, patient heart before the throne
 Might ever as a voice of pleading be,
 When, from the desert, thou, fair dove, hadst flown.

IV.

And now in this calm evening of the year,
 When glowing summer-tide has passed away,
 We come to watch with thee, our Mother dear,
 In prayer and patient suffering day by day.
 We come and gaze with longing, hopeful eyes
 Upward, O queen of Dolours, unto thee!
 There, far beyond those deep blue, sun-lit skies,
 We trust, one day, in peace and joy to be.