



## THE ANNUNCIATION.



I.  
**W**ITHIN her quiet room she knelt,  
 That Maiden, ah! so fair;  
 Her soul in far-off regions dwelt,  
 Alone with God—in prayer.  
 And incense rose with ev'ry breath  
 From that pure home in Nazareth,  
 The incense of a stainless heart  
 Ne'er touched by sin's envenom'd dart.

II.  
 She knelt amid the gathering gloom  
 Of eventide, and still her prayer  
 Rose up and on and filled the room  
 With fragrance as of flowers rare.  
 Ah! could we know how Mary prayed!  
 The thoughts, the hopes of that sweet Maid,  
 The lowliness, the love intense,  
 Forgetfulness of things of sense.

III.  
 And still she knelt, all unaware  
 Of time, or day or night,  
 Until a wondrous Presence there  
 Filled all the room with light,  
 And as his salutation fell  
 On Mary's ears, it broke the spell,  
 Yet shrank her humble soul with fear  
 Such words of reverence to hear.

IV.  
 "Hail, full of grace!" the most high God  
 With love hath looked on thee  
 And thou who lowly ways hast trod  
 Shalt most exalted be.  
 And fear not, Mary, for a Son  
 Thou shalt bring forth, the Chosen One  
 To lead His people from their shame  
 And JESUS thou shalt call His name.