

VIERGE CONSOLATRICE

OH Mary, listen, know that yesternight
There winged to Thee across the paths of light
A spirit child ; wilt softly let him lie
In Thy blue robe all seamless to the hem,
There hidden from the silver blossomed sky
And that great sun, a yellow flower on high,
Until his eyes accustomed grow to them.

He never knew the forest hushed at noon,
Or saw the wonder of the moth-white moon,
All strange to him the widely coloured seas,
Of these then, Mary, let him quietly dream,
And hear the winds that sing among the trees,