

OUR PASSION-FLOWER

In sunny France, one April day,
Three hundred years ago,
God's Holy Church, in grief's array,
Was chanting sad and low;

For 'twas that Friday called the " Good ",
When Life was crucified,
And sinners bowed before the rood
Whereon their Savior died.

Then God in mercy gave to earth
A Passion Flower fair ...
A virgin soul of wondrous worth,
A Pearl beyond compare!

In Calvary's soil that flower grew,
Close by the Blood-stained Tree,
And from the piercé Heart it drew
The glow of charity.

Borne by the Master's zeal divine
Across the deep she sped,
To make Christ's blessed Faith outshine
On souls in error dead.

Lord Jesus, deign our prayers to hear,
What Mary asks, canst Thou withhold? ...
That Mother Marguerite's name so dear
Be mid Thy saints enrolled.