

BLACKFRIARS

A LAUD OF RARE MOTHERHOOD

Ode for May Day.

*Quoniam apud te est Fons Vitae:
et in lumine tuo videbimus Lumen.*
(Ps. xxxv.)

O Mary, bear me, knit in one,
Within thy womb, to Christ thy Son;
Thou fair-appointed trysting-place
Of God and Man, Abode of Grace!
Nor for heaven shall I yearn,
When to Mary I may turn;
Bounded by thy peerless girth,
Finding heaven here on earth.

'A New Thing,' did the Prophet say
God had entered in His plan
For Redemption of our clay,—
'A spotless Maid shall bear a Man';
Nor chastity shall be deflowered,
Winning sweetness sullied, soured;
Should a Woman compass Man,
Earth and Heaven in a span.

Snare, God's amours to entice!
His elected Paradise!
Where He did ecstatic rove
Amid the lilies of thy love;
While, in secret of thy flesh,
He, the Weaver, wove His Son;
Mingling in thy body's mesh,
God and Man were blended One.

The human nature that was thine
Thou gavest Him Who is Divine.
He in His Godhead lets thee share—
Immaculate beyond compare!—
O Maidenhead which giveth Birth,
And Channel of All Grace to earth;
Through whose transmission, even we
Partake of His Divinity.

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The Father to the Son shall give,
The Son to thee, that we may live,
The fruitful showers of heavenly grace,
To irrigate this desert place.
If we find favour in thy sight,
Those waters shall dispel our plight:
So, fair Shekinah of our God,
Rain down upon our parched up sod!

Glorious things were said of thee,
O Maiden Shoot from Jesse's Rod;
Taintless in virginity,
Laden with the living God:—
' Earthly love thy love shall raise—
Thou the road and thou the end—
Heavenly Love's unclouded ways
Openly to apprehend.'

Thou art Heaven; Thou art Earth,
Ark of God and eke of Man;
Thou the sum of all our worth;
Thou art more than dream dare scan:
Mother of the world at large;
Mater Admirabilis;
All creation's boundless marge:
Harbour of eternal bliss!

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