

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

*Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia*

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## MARY'S SORROW

Ah! they would have been kind to her, the few  
Who followed Him: but to that mighty woe  
Could gentle word or soothing gesture go?  
Was there a balm to heal the pain she knew?  
Nay, Sorrow's sword had pierced her through and through.  
She heard each hammer stroke, and every blow  
Fell on the mother heart that loved Him so.  
How, Holy Mary, could they comfort you?

This was the culmination of her pain.  
How often, ah, how often she had kissed  
His baby hands, and pictured there the stain  
Of bleeding wounds! And often through a mist  
Of tears, she held Him close to her and saw Him slain.  
Ah! they would try to comfort her—in vain.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*