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Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Sweet Bondage

Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.

What time the Almighty Lord became
In mortal flesh so small,
He forged the chain of tenderness
That holds the world in thrall.

Not the tremendous Love that poured
Its wealth on Calvary;—
Not that transcendent sacrifice
For weak humanity:—

Not the triumphant Love that winged
The horror that is Death;—
Not Love of so sweet comforting
Has power to quicken breath

As Love enshrined in helplessness,
Our own—a God withal;
Ah, thus He forged the tenderness
That holds our hearts in thrall !