

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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"RABBONI"

On that far dawn of our delight,
When startled Nature hushed to see
The triumph of Divinity,
And stern-faced guardians of Might
Swooned at the sight;

Came Mary, who had sinned and wept
To sanctity; with low-bowed head
And seeking the beloved dead:
When day-light through the garden crept,
And blossoms slept.

A gracious Presence at her side;
The Master ? Nay, her yearning eyes
Did soothe her with this sweet surmise.
"Where hast thou taken Him—" she cried,
"The Crucified ?"

"Mary," He said, and at that word
She knelt, with eager lips to press,—
In agony of tenderness,—
The nail-pierced feet of Christ, her Lord.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*