CANTATE MARIAE: MEDITATIONS IN SONG

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Cantate Mariae: Meditations in Song by David Bearne

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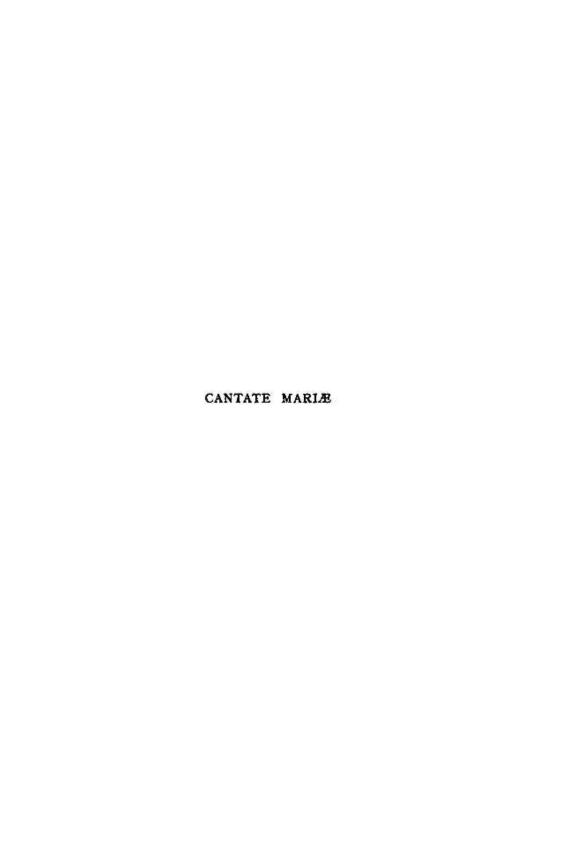
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DAVID BEARNE

CANTATE MARIAE: MEDITATIONS IN SONG





Cantate Mariæ

MEDITATIONS IN SONG

BY

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

LONDON:

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1905

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To Mary 3mmaculate.

1.

What is the melody that I can bring to thee,
Queen of Creation, Empress of Heaven?
O for the psalm of a Seraph to sing to thee,
O for the song of the Angel-Seven
Who stand in the marvellous mystery,
And chant of thy glorious history,
While garlands unfading they weave and they fling
to thee,
Rose-wreaths white as the snow wind-driven.

11.

Thy beauty so God-like, how shall man measure it?

O measureless mine of manifold gold!

Immaculate purity, how doth God treasure it,

His one white lily from earth's dark mould;

O great and magnificent verity

Of thy spotless, ineffable chastity,

How may the Cherubim tell of the pleasure it

Gives to the Godhead, and glory untold!

B

111.

Might of God's Mother! creation hath bowed to it,
Nature hath owned its unceasing sway;
Legions of Lucifer's angels have cowed to it,
The terrible army in battle array;
O earth, without measure or dysphony,
Sing on in unending symphony!
Let the light of the noon and the night shout aloud to it,
The midnight moon and the dawning day!

IV.

Let the riches of earth, sea, and sky, be unrolled to thee,
Mother of Loveliness, Light, and Song!

Though the splendours of Paradise God doth unfold to
thee,
Earth's beauty and grace to thee belong;
We bind, and we bring, and we give to thee
All things in a sweet captivity,

The wealth of the ends of the world is all told to thee, And all to thy majesty hasten and throng.

Regina Sæculorum.

I.

STREW sweetness for the passing of the Queen!

By the high hedgerows white with bridal bloom

Woven of whitethorn; and the arras green

Broidered with amber of the April loom,—

Our Lady passeth, and will pass!

Ah, nay;

Falls the fruit blossom, fades the meadow grass, But Mary passeth not as doth the May.

11.

Touch the white torches with a flake of flame,
Sing honeyed psalmody from prime till noon,
Make stream and meadow murmur Mary's name
Till floats upon the blue the May-night moon!
The month is setting, and will set:

Ab, pray

The Moon of May be far from waning yet, And Mary pass not with the passing May.