

**S. TERESA OF
JESUS, POEM IN
FOUR CANTOS**

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S. Teresa of Jesus, poem in four cantos by Cassie M. O'Hara

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CASSIE M. O'HARA

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JESUS, POEM IN
FOUR CANTOS**

S. TERESA OF JESUS.

Poem in Four Cantos.

*To which was awarded the Prize in the Literary Competition,
held October, 1882, in honour of the Tercentenary of the
Saint's Death at Salamanca.*

BY

CASSIE M. O'HARA.



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S. TERESA OF JESUS.



INTRODUCTION.

DESCEND ! fair Spirit of the Art divine !
Of sweet, immortal Poesy !
Breathe o'er my numbers, as they shape and
twine
The soul of grace and melody !
Descend ! with rainbow wreaths of rose and
gold ;
With flow'rs that Eden pathways throng,
Thy hands unclasp ; thy fragrant wings unfold
And strew their jewels through my song !
O come ! with glowing fancies from the clime
Where fair, mysterious Carmel smiles

More lovely now than in the far-off time
When Prophets trod its blue defiles !
More lovely in its Christian grace and light,
Its Virgins, Doctors' countless train,
In her, whose fame hath crowned its mystic
height,
The Seraph-Saint, of sunny Spain.

O come ! with visions of the great and grand ;
With thoughts more fair than morning
beams ;
With spirit-flashes from th' Orient land,
And music of Castilian streams.
And let my numbers, swelling as they soar
In incense-wreaths of pray'r and praise,
Image the fruitful cloud that rose of yore
Before the Prophet's seaward gaze !

CANTO I.

S. TERESA, HER BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

CITY of Knights ! Avila fair,
For thy proud chivalry once famed,
High-sounding deeds thy records bear,
And hero-hearts thy blood have claimed,
Thy beauty wak'd the Minstrel's tone,
And Art, and Genius, deck'd thy name,
Until thy graceful tow'rs shone
Bath'd in the golden light of fame !

But oh ! thine olden diadem,
Thy clust'ring wreaths of earth-won bay,
Pale in the splendour of the gem
That crowns thine Altar-throne to-day.

A fairer light is on thy brow ;
A greater, higher name is thine,
As wond'ring Christian nations bow,
City of Saints, before thy shrine.

From stranger-land and clime afar,
From northern hill and sunny sea,
Led on by Faith's unerring star,
The pilgrim peoples throng to thee.
And fancy, scorning time, and earth,
Charms back the long gone age again,
When bloom'd by d'Ahumada's hearth
The fairest lily-bud in Spain!

* * * * *

Avila's groves are hushed in light,
The pearly touches of the day
Have wreathed the long arcades in white
Where two young children love to pray.
A grave-eyed boy, a sister fair,
Beneath the bloomy boughs they kneel,

And ages yet shall bless that pray'r,
That garden glade in old Castile !

A child in years, though great in grace ;
A blossom ripening in the dawn,
E'en now Teresa's footsteps trace
The path that leads to God alone !
To God alone ! the things of sense
May weave no snare upon *her* way,
The King, in all His loveliness,
Hath charm'd her gen'rous heart for aye !

All gifts are His, the love that thrills
Like music in her mother's voice ;
The Faith her bright young spirit fills,
And bids it evermore rejoice.
His beauty lies on flower and stream,
His glances silver fount and sea ;
All Nature's but a shadowed dream
Of His more fair reality !

The golden zone, the bloomy sod
 Show forth the wonders of His love,
But saintly hearts yearn for their God,
 His own most precious gifts above.
And ardent-souled Teresa prays
 To see the beauty of His Face,
And weeps that clinging life delays
 The joy of His divine embrace.

With childhood's eager love, she cries,
 "Is there no way, my God, to Thee?
No star-path through the fair blue skies,
 No wings of morning dove for me?
Ah, yes! the crescent flag still waves,
 And glitters yet the Moslem sword;
Whoe'er its crimson greeting braves
 Shall soon behold Thy beauty, Lord!"

The future saint of pray'r and praise,
 The victim-spouse of suff'ring love,
The seraph-guide in mystic ways
 E'en now her burning zeal would prove.