

In Partu

O THOU whose Son hath mastered the dread King,
The curse of Eve, the serpent of desire!
Aid Thou thy servant in her travailing!
Ease Thou the dolour dire!

O Thou whose life brought Light into the Light,
Be with us now to comfort and console
That this Thy servant, through Thy maiden might,
Achieve the goodly goal!

Or, if Thy pleasure be to take from earth
Thy servant to Thy holy house above,
That Thou mayst hold her, safe in happier birth,
In Thine especial love:—

Or, if Thy pleasure be to take the child
To join Thy choir of innocents in Heaven,
We do assure Thee, Virgin undefiled,
The gift is freely given.

But if Thou wilt let both live merrily,
Two sparks of light in this our glamour dim!
Still let Thy servant grow more like to Thee,
The child more like to Him.

Amen.