

Vigil

THE race of day is duly run,
And men, the children of the sun,
Turn them to sleep; but I awake
For Mary's sake—for Mary's sake.
And while these eyes outwatch the stars
My soul runs through the golden bars.

O clusters that with warp and woof
Make up Fate's web, I stand aloof.
The child of Mary stands apart
Both from the terror and the dart.
No fear, no evil can engage
The knight of Mary's pilgrimage.

So in this still and solemn hour
Of vigil we proclaim Thy power.
Thy benediction, like a balm,
Unite our ardour with our calm,
And ere the black night pale to grey,
Discover Thy diviner day!

Amen.