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JONA

Church-S

PRICE.—THREE

MRS C

From the L

THE LAST PRA

OF

O Domine Deus
O care mi Jesu,
In dura catena,
Desidero te
Languoribus, gem
Ad me, implore,

It was the holy twil
in the
And thro' the golden
tales
The peasant's cheer
hill and glen—
The City's voice stole
of men;
And as N ature's sembl
respiendent cy
Faded fire, from a
sky;
For to that face the g
had set,
And the last time h
coronet!
Oh, who can paint th
spirit stole,
As her pall lips g
controls
While she look'd from
her lingering
The footsteps of ca
years;
Where Pleasure's l
voices hung
Their rich and echo
amongst
When there came n
to dim her ey
When there trown'd
ing's festal sk
Perchance at that
visions came,
The trance that t
mysterious
When she listened t
the Idol One,
Who shone in her
sure's sun:
Perchance the walk
sloped kiss an
The warm tear on
upon the bro
But they came lik
light of all h
As a blue from Apr
bosom shed!
And this, as star ca
heaven,
Were her deep tho
numbers giv
There were the offe
long held sw
And now—the nigh
feelings wa
It was the last, dim
to rest,
And the blue twil
mountain's
And thus as in her
grew strong
Pour'd her meek,
mournful so
The shades of even
ous earth;
The viewless win
breezy mirth
The gentle moon
round,
In the silence of
the ground,
And in the free,
prison bar,
Seem borne thy so
ling star:
I see the blue s
chasten'd lig
And the gem-lit
brow of nig
Oh, must I leave
like spring—
While Joy should
ness from li
Are the songs of
voice which
The chaunt of you
guiler's tou
Shall I drink no m
or bird,
Or the scented gal
are stirred?
Shall the pulse of
shrink from
As the bud-like th
chilling bre
I have pass'd the
and hopes a
And turn to the
holy One!
Tho' the rose of
date hath b
And one by one th
are broken
Yet c my spirit
an bend
In humble suppli
friend!
Thou who hast c
early days
Give me the eag
count to T
I loos my foolish
tears—
How brief the go
years!
I give my heart t
deep me n
The winds, who
dim cypres
The birds, the str
away,
And in the light o
fold of cla