COR AD COR

Come unto Me.
Why tremble, child,
    When Love Eternal speaks
    To Thee?
I know full well
The moments wild
    When thou preferred dark sin
    To Me.
Rememb'rest thou
    That darkest hour—
    The Blood that washed
    The Torture Tree?
What? Doubtest thou
    Its cleansing power?
    That it can not heal
    Even thee?
Oh foolish soul,
    I see thy grief.
    Let sweet contrition
    Purify
That sin-stained heart.
    Behold relief
    At hand. Awaiting thee
    Am I!
Oh wav'ring mind,
    Couldst thou but know
    How this Heart bleeds for love
    Of thee!
Canst thou not hear Me
    Whispering low:
    "Dear Child, Loved Soul,
    Come unto Me?"

—Bartholomew Reilly, O. P.