

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.