

## THE MYSTIC WEAVER

Today I wandered in the world,  
And saw within each joyous thing,  
The sky, the birds, the bud unfurled,  
Sweet tokens of the dewey Spring!

For lo, when with her wonted mirth  
Across the valleys she had come,  
Full naked did she find the earth  
Atremble in the April sun!

"O ho, old friend," aloud cried she,  
"Too grasping is the Winter cold;  
Have cheer, I'll make a garb for thee  
Far finer than the purest gold!"

Then sat she to her living loom,  
And singing with the sound of brooks,  
The eve, the night, the morn, the noon,  
She worked among the sylvan nooks.

And deftly from her fingertips,  
There flowed a woof of wondrous size  
Filled with the forms of snowy ships,  
And painted birds and butterflies!

A girdle wove she of bright green,  
And traced within its velvet folds  
The glancing water's silver sheen,  
Blue violets and marigolds!

Then springing up when she was through  
Her voice rang out in laughter clear;  
"Here, Earth," she cried, "now this must do,  
Until I come again next year!"

—Bro. Gregory Herold, O. P.