

Sacrament of Penance

THRICE blest and four times blest is he who goes
With bleeding feet about this world of woes,
And prostrate casts his aching diadem
Before Thy shrine, O mild and mystic Rose!
Him all the stars and all the sky begem,
For Thou art all the radiance of them.

The lean scourged body and the tortured brain
Glow with the light of Thy celestial rain.
Thou art the secret of the pure keen pleasure
Whose fountain springs from the abyss of pain.
Thee do we praise in many a merry measure
Who art of GOD most high the single treasure.

He hath ten jewels in His holy House ;
All these be mystic, clear and luminous ;
But only Thou art worthy of the throne,
O Mother and O daughter and O spouse
Of Him that reigns above, triune, alone,
And joins Thine equal splendour with His own !

Amen.