



The Grandeurs of Mary

What is this grandeur I see up in heaven,
A splendor that looks like a splendor divine?
What creature so near the Creator is throned?
O Mary! those marvellous glories are thine.

But who would have thought that a creature could live
With the fires of the Godhead so awfully nigh?
Oh who could have dreamed, mighty Mother of God!
That even God's power could have raised thee so high?

What name can we give to a queenship so grand?
What thought can we think of a glory like this?
Saints and angels lie far in the distance, remote
From the golden excess of thine unmated bliss.

Thy Person, thy Soul, thy most beautiful Form,
Thine Office, thy Name, thy most singular Grace,—
God hath made for them, Mother! a world by itself,
A shrine all alone, a most worshipful place.

Thy sinless Conception, thy jubilant Birth,
Thy Crib and thy Cross, thine Assumption and Crown,
They have raised thee on high to the right hand of Him
Whom the spells of thy love to thy bosom drew down.

I am blind with thy glory; in all God's wide world
I find nothing like thee for glory and power:
I can hardly believe that thou grewest on earth,
In the green fields of Judah, a scarce-noticed flower.

O Mary, what ravishing pageants I see,
What wonders and works center round thee in heaven,
What creations of grace fall like light from thy hands,
What Creator-like powers to thy prudence are given!

Inexhaustible wonder! the treasures of God
Seem to multiply under thy marvellous hand,
And the power of thy Son seems to gain and to grow,
When He deigns to obey thy maternal command.

Ten thousand magnificent greatnesses blend
Their vast oceans of light at the foot of thy throne;
Ten thousand unspeakable majesties grace
The royalty vested in Mary alone.

But look what a wonder there is up in God!
One love, like a special Perfection, we see;
And the chief of thy grandeurs, great Mother, is there,—
In the love the Eternal Himself has for thee.

—Father Faber