

Poem #1

Beautiful maiden,
Delight of God,
Come to my soul,
With quickened step.

In my cruel bitterness,
Amidst sorrow and pain,
Thou art my comfort,
Grant me valor.

Like a wilting leaf,
From the tree of God,
I linger so far,
From the tree Minor.

O blessed tree,
Beloved of God,
Away from thy shade,
I am in want of thy love.

Such a frail vessel,
In a sea of storms,
Thus fares my soul,
Without oars and light.

On a foreign willow,
Hanging my lyre,
I am now captive,
And begin to weep.

But far in the distance,
In centuries beyond,
I see Francis and his children,
That to us come.

Bringing great joy,
Peace and good happiness,
For in so much sadness,
My home is now found.

O day of gladness,
Of such holy glee!
Oh! Come and do hasten,
For I am sighing for thee!

I ask thee, Mother,
Help in my strife,
Console me in my sorrow,
And relieve me in my pain.

Save, then, thy house,
Which was founded by thee,
Where hidden reside,
Both love and peace.

O Stigmatized Father,
Francis of Assisi,
Be thou my advocate,
In the fatal hour.

Watch over your daughters,
Who, weeping and sad,
Beseeching thee lovingly,
For strength and fervor.

A thousand times cursed,
Be he who loves not Francis,
General of Christ,
My father and my beloved.

But I, in this land,
Of so much pain,
Where tears are my drink,
For happiness I hope not.

When the end is come,
Of these mortal days,
Then my troubles gone,
Happiness shall dawn.

And hence from heaven,
In holy concern,
Over the holy observance,
I shall care.

Through the centuries,
Good daughters shall I have,
Who zealous and loving,
Will serve their God.