

# Mater Dolorosa

By William Sharp

She, brooding ever, dwells amidst the hills;  
Her kingdom is call'd Solitude; her name—  
More terrible than desolating flame—  
Is Silence; and her soul is Pain.  
Day after day some weightier sorrow fills  
Her heart, and each new hour she knows  
The birth of further woes.  
And whoso, journeying, goes  
Unto the land wherein she dwells for aye  
Shall not come thence until have passed away  
For evermore the bright joy of his years.  
She giveth rest, but giveth it with tears,  
Tears that more bitter be  
Than drops of the Dead Sea:  
But never gives she peace to any soul,  
For how could she that rarest gift bestow  
Who well doth know  
That though in dreams she can attain the goal,  
In dreams alone her steps can thither go  
Solitude, Silence, Pain, for all who live  
Within the twilit realms that are her own,  
And even Rest to those who seek her throne,  
But these her gifts alone:  
Peace hath she not and therefore cannot give.