

Provocatio Ad Mariam

By George Sylvester Viereck

O Mary! Mother Mary! have mercy on my pain,
And quench the fire of hot desire that flames in every vein!

O Mary! Mother Mary! commend me to thy Son,
And tell Him that I perish before my course is run.

Poor helpless creatures we that walk where night and darkness frown,
And so not mine the fault, not mine the might that drags me down.

O Mary! Mother Mary! heed thou my suppliant plea
And say to God the Father a word of grace for me.

Before him lies the mighty book in which with iron pen
Are graven deep, while angels weep, the shameful sins of men.

O Mary! Mother Mary! think of thine own sweet Child,
For whom thine eyes shed tears of blood, O Virgin undefiled.

I too am nailed unto the cross—unto a cross of ill;
The nails that hold me are the joys for which I hunger still.

Give me no sop of gall, but pour the wine thy Son hath blessed,
Wash off the stains of sin, and quench the fire within my breast!

The incense cloud shall rise for thee, the sacred tapers burn,
If thou upon my sore distress a favouring eye wilt turn!

But Mary, Mother Mary, heeds neither prayer nor vow,
Only my heart's wild beating breaks on the stillness now.

O Mary! Mother Mary, hear! the tides of ruin swell;
My feet are sinking in the sands about the mouth of hell!