

Blackfriars

Those less sensitive, less sound, have a criterion that is not so exacting. Let them listen to the chant in ideal conditions as sung by Benedictines at the Abbey of Quarr.

DOM ALPHEGE SHEBBEARE, O.S.B.



AWAKENING

WINDS that till this day have blown unheeded—
Familiar places meaningless before—
Solemn organ-chords till now unnoticed—
What is it that you have done to me ?
What is it that you make me feel ?

Are you the faint perfume of falling flowers
Fading from once-trodden gardens ?
Are you the music of young swelling buds—
Wafted from the Gardens of Perfect Joy ?

Ah, Lord—so long to wander nigh !
Dimly to see ! So faintly thus to taste !
Scarce hearing ! But with what passionate desire !

DOM THOMAS SYMONS.

