

Our Lady



Upon the sandy shore an empty shell,
 Beyond the shell infinity of sea;
O Saviour, I am like that empty shell,
 Thou art the Sea to me.

A sweeping wave rides up the shore, and lo,
 Each dim recess the coiled shell within
Is searched, is filled, is filled to overflow
 By water crystalline.

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Sweep over me Thy shell, as low I lie;
 I yield me to the purpose of Thy will,
Sweep up, O conquering waves, and purify
 And with Thy fullness fill.