

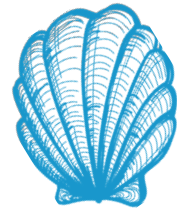
A Summertime Prayer

*Soft and blue are thy robes, my Mother,
Azure and clear as an angel's eyes -
Let me hide in them, oh, my Mother -
Radiant Queen of the summer skies!
Softly piled on the far horizon
Smoky white clouds drifting here and there,
These the border on your blue mantle -
Mother most holy . . . Virgin most fair!
Deep and blue and wide is the ocean -
Deep as the call of its peace to me;
Jeweled and shining . . .
Thy veil, my Mother?
Thy silvered veil, oh Star of the sea?*



Song in Late Summer By: Edith M. Stoney Press, 1946.
Robert, Cyril. Mary Immaculate: God's Mother and Mine. Poughkeepsie, NY: Marist

*Mary
Star of
the Sea,
Pray for us!*



*You rule over the surging sea; when its waves
mount up, you still them. — Psalm 89:9*

PRAYER IN A BOX