ELECTA

When cares press heavy on the heart,
   And all is gloom around,
Where shall we fix the heavy eye,
   In all this mortal bond?
What emblem has the mourner here?
What love to warm, what light to cheer?

Thine, true Electa, thine which tells
   Of His distress and thine!
The cross upon whose rugged limbs
   Ye both did bleed and pine!
The cross by heavenly wisdom given
   To raise our thoughts from earth to heaven.

Dying, as Jesus died, upon the tree—
   Was ever worthier sacrifice than hers?
Sacred the Cross, the nail, the thorn; for He
   Who suffered has redeemed them from
   the curse;
Just as she passed to bless eternity
   She pled forgiveness to her murderers.