

Beth Nielsen Chapman

"Hymn To Mary"

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Holy Mary
Draw through my heart
the sweetest arrow
of thy grace

Lift my sorrows
deepening shadow
so that I may
see Your face

I know I will
not be forsaken
Gently held in
Your embrace

Blessed Spirit
whispering softly
Cool the fires
of my shame

Even as I
run from your arms
My soul keeps calling
out Your name

You were always
right here inside each
tear of joy
every drop of rain.

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