

Ascencion Solorsano

Where on the height beside the meadow
The ancient church its vigil keeps,
Enfolded in the kindly shadow,
'Tis there a noble woman sleeps,
Whose deeds of mercy were uncourted,
Whose duty found her unafraid,
Whose charities increased and mounted
The more she found them poorly paid.

Born mid the past's bright-burning embers,
She learned the ways of earlier times,
Talked with a vanished folk's last members,
And heard the belfry's pristine chimes,
That lore of earlier horizon,
Caught from her lips, shall not be lost--
Her wisdom science now relies on,
Her knowledge now is history's boast.

Let her be known in near and far land
As one whose act was true as word;
Let mercy grace her with its garland,
And service bless her with reward;
Let all who love the ancient history
That once camped round the Mission spire
Bless her who hath revealed its mystery
And led us to its hidden fire.

John p. Harrington

