LOVE’S NEW SPRINGTIME
Sr. Grace Marie Heinrich, SCTJM

A barren vine now yields a bud,
Dry wood to wick now turns
The fruitless branch of Judah’s line
With nascent life now burns.

The vine brings forth a single flow’r
As white as virgin snow
She bears the seed of Hope within
In human hearts to sow.

Through desert sands new waters run,
To cleanse souls gone astray
It cuts a path in hardened ground
Preparing Love a way

A virgin womb with Love expands
Preparing space within
For Life to blossom forth again
In hearts near death in sin.

The Morning Star brings forth the Sun
Whose light transforms the night
His warming rays dispel the chill
That bound the earth in fright

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