

Mary's Song

by Rev. Andrew P. Carrozza

With rays of admiration
she adores her baby boy.
"Of all the wonders in this world,
you are my greatest joy.
You are so sweet, so precious!"
says the Virgin, mild and meek,
with a kiss upon his forehead,
a caress upon his cheek.
With tender voice she softly sings
her little child to sleep.
Her heart, though filled with dreams for him,
holds sorrows oh so deep.
"They'll never love you as I do;
they will not understand.
They'll never fathom who you are
or all that you have planned.
Why will some hate you so much
that they'll want to see you die?
Why will they find you such a threat?
My boy, do you know why?
Is it because you'll love them,
or because you'll cure their sick?
Perhaps it's that you'll raise the dead.
(They'll say it's just a trick!)
Some will refuse to follow you;
they'll say that you're insane!
You'll bring them God's forgiveness
but this gift they will disdain.
Is it because you'll challenge them
to be the best they can,
to realize that they're sacred,
that for them God has a plan?
They'll not be used to being loved,
they won't know what to do.
For hating comes so easily
but loving's something new.
And so they'll feel too threatened;
they would have to change their ways.
No, that would be too difficult,
and so their hatred stays.

Then they will call you evil:
'He's Beelzebul!' they'll cry.
'Crucify him! Make him suffer!
Lift him to the sky!'
They'll mock you, whip you, spit at you
and drag you through the town.
'If you're so great, then save yourself!
From that cross, then, come down!
You call yourself a God!' they'll taunt,
'How can you be our Lord?
What God dies on a cross? You fool!
You're nothing but a fraud!'
In borrowed tomb they'll lay you down:
'This stone will end his threat!
Now that he's dead, the world is safe!
His name they'll all forget!'
And then they'll sigh contentedly,
they'll think they've saved the day!
They'll not imagine that you'll rise
to wipe their sins away.
Oh, how I shudder when I think
of what you will endure.
This pain is so immense for me,
For you, it's even more!
But rest you now, my little child;
my baby, do not fear!
Sleep on, and let me hold you close;
my arms will hold you near.
There's time before you have to bear
the cross, the nails, the sword.
For now, just be my little boy
before you are their Lord."

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