

# AVE MARIA GRATIA PLENA

*Oscar Wilde*

Was this His coming! I had hoped to see  
A scene of wondrous glory, as was told  
Of some great God who in a rain of gold  
Broke open bars and fell on Danae:  
Or a dread vision as when Semele  
Sickening for love and unappeased desire  
Prayed to see God's clear body, and the fire  
Caught her brown limbs and slew her utterly:  
With such glad dreams I sought this holy place,  
And now with wondering eyes and heart I stand  
Before this supreme mystery of Love:  
Some kneeling girl with passionless pale face,  
An angel with a lily in his hand,  
And over both the white wings of a Dove.