

## De Aqua in Sanguinem

As twin doves flutt'ring in the wind

Across the waves of Galilee

So did her lovely mantle send

All gaze unto her jubilee.

As stars above that shine serene

Her twinkling eyes of leafy green

Reflecting joy all evergreen.

The bridegroom and his wife so fair

They hastened to their wedding scene

Their stride cues shouts that split the air

And glasses clink, they raise a toast

To that new bond that rises there.

When dusk to twilight rose sun's ghost

The Virgin, she the Christ did bear

"The fruit of vine is spent almost"

From stream to vine through fervent prayer

Like blood that sold for thrice ten piece

Condemning death, that traitor's snare

That leads us all to heavn'ly peace.

The sacrifice stained Calvary

Our wretched sins it has deceased.