

## St. Joseph.

A vision fair before mine eyes  
In simplest grandeur e'er doth rise,  
Which neither art nor skill can paint  
Whene'er thy name is breath'd, sweet Saint.  
Whole volumes does it tell to me  
Of what the pre-elect should be ;  
And pictures as in mirror bright,  
The upward tension of thy flight  
I' tells how ev'ry thought, desire,  
Was all aglow with Heav'nly fire,  
Tho'knowing naught of fortune's smile,  
Yet all unmoved thy heart the while.  
For e'er beneath thy wond'ring gaze,  
Dwelt He Whom highest angels praise,  
So gentle, patient, humble, meek,  
That thou no purer joy couldst seek.  
In his loved name all sweetness dwells,  
A joy no sound of music tells,  
A name that fills with bliss untold,  
A name that warms the heart most cold.  
Sweet name of Jesus, blessed sound,  
In which true good alone is found.  
Dear Joseph, saint of all most dear  
My humble prayer, oh ! deign to hear.  
Imprint within my heart's recess  
Let ev'ry fibre bear the press  
Of that sweet name, whose sound is love,  
Ecstatic joy to all above.]  
May its loved tones my exile cheer,  
At death's dread hour dispel all fear.

*(Annals of St. Joseph.)*