

## II.

'Twas then that God saw how this blossom so lovely,  
 Might droop 'neath the breath of the hot desert air,  
 And forth from all men, He then called, dear St. Joseph,  
 To cherish and watch o'er this flow'ret so fair.

## III.

Thou chosen protector of Israel's lily,  
 Thou guardian strong of her heaven-born Son.  
 How great must have been thy life's virtues and graces,  
 How spotless the soul which that rare favor won!

## IV.

To thee 'twas first given to taste the great blessing,  
 Of dying in arms of that Mother and Child;  
 From thence we have called thee dread Death's strong, true  
 patron.  
 And plead for thy presence so gentle and mild.

## V.

Come then with thy Foster-Son and His sweet Mother,  
 Obtain this great boon for us now at their feet!—  
 Assured we will then be in Hope's last fond refuge,  
 Death's terrors our souls will triumphantly meet.

## VI.

A galaxy holy, with Jesus and Mary,  
 Thou shinest, blest saint, as a soft, gleaming star;  
 Through Life's vale of shadows, through Death's awful  
 portals,  
 Thy beams guide us safe to the dear shores afar.

