

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

When shall triumphing love their griefs allay,
And quell the greedy ghouls that round them
throng?

How long, O Lord, shall selfishness and pride
Hover like mists o'er this terrestrial ball?
Scatter them with thy glorious breath aside,
And let thy splendor on our spirits fall.
Oh! Sun divine! in glory glorified,
Dissolve these chains that now our souls enthrall.