

## St. Agnes

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O little maid, so fair, so mild  
 So like a lily undefiled.  
     My heart goes out to thee.  
 The halo round thy radiant face  
 Is born of prayer, and love and grace  
     And spotless purity.

O tiny winsome Bride of Christ,  
 Ne'er for one moment sin-enticed,  
     What power still is thine!  
 Who is there bears thy beauteous name,  
 But feels her inmost heart aflame  
     To share thy love divine.

Thine eyes aglow, like glimm'ring star  
 That led the faithful Magi far,  
     Dispel the gloom of sin,  
 And flood the soul with strength untold  
 To spurn the world, as thou, of old  
     Its lurings and its din.

Where thou art loved, O Pure as Snow,  
 There host- of Christ's sweet lilies blow,  
     With hearts of virgin gold—  
 Like thee their tender lives exhale,  
 A tender beauty, fragrant, frail.  
     A sweetness manifold.

O Agnes! little Lamb of God!  
 No saintlier maiden ever trod  
     The streets of pagan Rome  
 Obtain that soon, I, too, may sing  
 The glorious praises of my King  
     In Heaven's starry dome.

—Percy Vernon.