




## To the Blessed Mother


 H ! what shall I call thee, my mother,  
 That men have not named thee before,  
 To add to thy titles another  
 Enriching thy litany's store ?  
 By the care thou didst give the Most Holy,  
 When forced o'er the desert to roam,  
 By the rev'rence of Joseph, the lowly,  
 Be Queen of the Catholic home !

Thou knowest not, woman, thy power,  
 If striving to widen the sway,  
 Thou barterest modesty's dower  
 To mingle a voice in the fray !  
 When men with their laurels have decked thee,  
 What gain, if the conscience cries : " Cease !"  
 Thy children no longer respect thee,  
 Thy husband seeks elsewhere for peace ?

Though fame should be thine for the asking,  
 Oh say, would the guerdon be great,  
 If while in its flattery basking,  
 The Bridegroom should whisper : " Too late"  
 And pass to the feast in His beauty,  
 Whilst thou in the darkness should stand  
 Unfaithful to promptings of duty,  
 The lamp still untrimmed in thy hand