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Mater Christi.

MOTHER of Christ, Mother of Christ,
What shall I ask of Thee?
I do not sigh for the wealth of earth,
For the joys that fade and flee.
Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This do I long to see,
The bliss untold which thine arms enfold,
The Treasure upon thy knee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
The world will bid Him flee,
Too busy to heed His gentle voice,
Too blind His charms to see.
Then, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
Come with thy Babe to me,
Tho' the world be cold my heart shall hold
A shelter for Him and thee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
What shall I do for thee?
I will love thy Son with the whole of my
My only King shall He be. [strength,
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This will I do for thee,
Of all that are dear or cherished here,
None shall be dear as He.