

Oh parents ! oh Sisters ! do keep your hearts pure,
 And work to gain heavenly joy :
 Thus Katie one day will your welcome secure
 And " Papa " may then greet his boy,



The Sanctuary Lamp!

Sweet, holy Light, with joyful eyes we gaze
 Upon the wave of thy inspiring rays :
 'Twas with the Twelve the Master did invite
 First thy beams did shine in beauty bright,
 And thou hast ever proved since then
 A gentle solace to the hearts of men :
 The weary traveller wandering lonely on,
 When God's bright orb of day is gone,
 Is cheered as through the chancel window gleams
 The mellow lustre of thy radiant beams,
 His heart is moved to fond devotion's prayer,
 He knows the sacramental God is there,
 That there bright seraphs chant angelic lays
 And vie with man the Sacred Heart to praise.
 Oh precious light ! the air thou dost consume
 Is fragrant with the choicest lilies' bloom,