

GLORY BE TO THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD
LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

From "The Irish Catholic."

O Little Sister of the Poor,
Going about from door to door
Gathering from each sacred store,
To feed the Master's flock.

I see you with your gentle eyes
Trying to look so worldly-wise,
Like some sweet seraph from the skies
Sent on a mission here.

I meet you wheresoe'er I go,
Mid summer rain and winter's snow,
Whether the winds blow high or low,
True to your calling high.

I doff my hat when you pass by,
As if the Lord were very nigh,
Because within your soft dark eye
I see His image fair.

Dear Sister of the Poor ; I know
Within thy bosom like the snow
He reigns and makes thy heaven below
Thy loving Lord and King.

Thy mission, little Sister fair.
Makes desert bloom with flowers rare ;
Where'er thou comest, pain and care
Are lost in heavenly rest.

O Little Sisters of the Poor,
We are thy brother evermore,
We give thee from our little store
Our offerings and our love.

Because of thy glad mission, free
To all God's poor from sea to sea ;