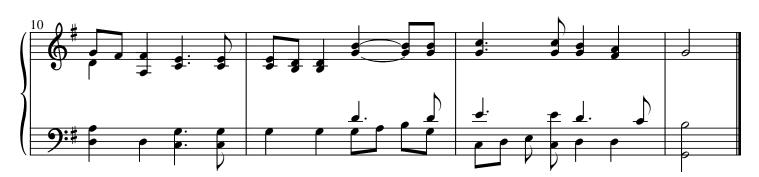
Lord of life, and King of glory







Lord of life and King of glory, Who didst deign a child to be, Cradled on a mother's bosom, Throned upon a mother's knee: For the children Thou hast given We must answer unto Thee!

Since the day the blessèd mother Thee, the world's Redeemer, bore, Thou hast crowned us with an honor Women never knew before; And that we may bear it meetly We must seek Thine aid the more. Grant us, then, pure hearts and patient, That in all we do or say Little souls our deeds may copy, And be never led astray; Little feet our steps may follow In a safe and narrow way.

When our growing sons and daughters Look on life with eager eyes, Grant us then a deeper insight And new powers of sacrifice: Hope to trust them, faith to guide them, Love that nothing good denies. May we keep our holy calling Stainless in its fair renown, That when all the work is over And we lay the burdens down, Then the children Thou hast given Still may be our joy and crown.

Christian Burke

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