

TO OUR LADY

We have colored your cloak with gold
And crowned you with every star,
And the silvery ship of the moon
We have moored where your white feet are.
As you look on this world of ours,-
Campus, and lakes, and towers.

You are good to us, O Great Queen,
Good as our mothers are,
And you know us by name, each one,-
Ah, Heavenly Registrar,
Enter our names in the book
Into which your dear Son will look!

For we know that a time will come,
The graduating year,
When thousands and thousands of us
Who dreamed of your beauty here
Will gather before your face
And dream and talk of this place.

Then when your Son comes by,
You will tell Him, as of old,
'These are the boys we knew,
I, in my cloak of gold.
You at the breaking of Bread-
These are the troops You fed.'

And a shout shall split the skies
As the ranks send up His Name,
A golden hour in heaven
When your sons, O Notre Dame,
Kneel to their Leader down,
There by the hem of your gown.