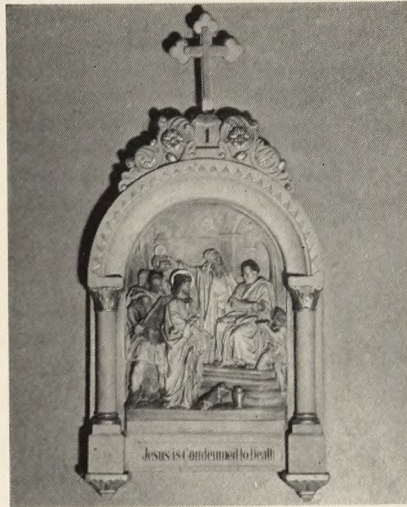
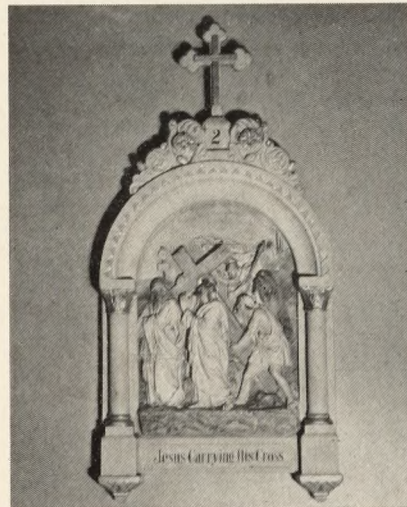


MY PRAYER

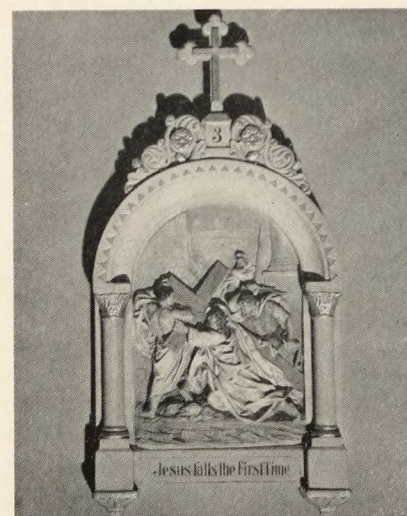
O gentle mother, clasp me tight,
Restrain me from a life of sin,
And, intercede my cause, my fight.
And keep me on the path to light.



The world is wicked, and I am weak,
The flesh is sinful, I am thus.
I need your help, your aid I seek,
To save me from its grip you must.



The world is proud and so am I
And thus I know that I will fall
Unless, O Mother, before I die,
I become as meek, as Christ was all.





ST. JOSEPH

The mid-day sun is in the sky;
Many shadows form within the grove,
Thus in the shaded light I sigh
Of thy pure, self sacrificing love.



O DESERTED SAINT, one thought
alone!



I can see thee, coming home at dusk
Along a darkened, pitted lane,
Plodding, after a long days work:
Weary Joseph, thou didst not complain!

Thou Saint, thru pious toil did trace
Thy path to Heaven paved with grace.
O let thy example, like the mid-day ray
Upon this, a sinners heart, light my way.