



To  
An Altar Boy

To be Christ's page at the altar,  
To serve Him freely there,  
Where even the angels falter,  
Bowed low in reverent prayer.  
To touch the throne most holy,  
To hand the gifts for the feast,  
To see Him meekly, lowly,  
Descend at the word of the priest.

To hear man's poor petition,  
To sound the silver bell,  
When He in sweet submission,  
Comes down with us to dwell.

No grander mission surely  
Could saints or men enjoy;  
No heart should love more purely,  
Than yours my altar boy.

God bless you, lad, forever,  
And keep you in His care,  
And guard you that you never  
Belie the robes you wear.

For white bespeaks untainted  
A heart both tried and true;  
And red tells love the sainted  
And holy martyrs knew.

Throughout life, then, endeavor  
God's graces to employ;  
And be in heart forever  
A holy altar boy.