TO OUR LADY

We have colored your cloak with gold
And crowned you with every star,
And the silver crescent of the moon
We have strewed where your white feet are,
As you look on this world of ours,
Compts, and lakes, and towers.

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

You are good to us, O Great Queen,
Good are 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!

Then when your Son comes by
You will tell Him, as of old,
"These are the boys We know,
I, in my cloak of gold,
You at the Breaking of Bread—
These are the troops You feel."

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