

And lo, I sing their first thanksgiving-lay
 O, blessed thought! to make your love descend
 To all posterity without an end:
 To consecrate
 Your riches to a better fate,
 And make the poor, the innocent,
 The heirs forever of your testament.
 Therefore shall spotless hands, uplifted e'er
 Call down a blessing, with resistless prayer,
 For your soul's rest,
 And glory, with such increase blest,
 That it may grow as grows the seed
 Of virtue, sown by you, in this your noblest deed!

VI

Creighton! sacred is the name!
 'Tis hallowed virtue of the sainted dead;
 Their wealth, that buys our children spirit-bread;
 Their Christian charity most wisely spent
 In rearing this, their living monument,—
 This sanctuary of Loyola's priests,
 Where faith and wisdom shall prepare their feasts
 Rich and unending, for our little ones,
 Long as below our bluff-crowned river runs:—
 And Creighton, herald of our city's name,
 Shall be a name,—holy in Christian fame.

VII.

O, Christian fame! in life though lowliest,
 Vaunting no title to the world's renown,
 Thou springest from the tomb, the holiest