

PROMISE

By BRO. MAURICE M. O'MOORE, O. P.

Lips of mine—O promise me!
Speak true words or silent be.
When ill-temper burns to smite,
Guard your portals, guard them tight.
Let not mockery or pride
Move you ever to deride.
Speak you never aught amiss
Lips of mine—
O! promise this!

Eyes of mine—O promise me!
Only what is good to see;
Not to wander—not to stray
Where the foolish fancies play,
And should frowning envy plead
For a lodging—pay no heed.
Look you not on aught amiss—
Eyes of mine—
O! promise this!

Ears of mine—O promise me!
Hearken not when flattery
Tries with blandishments to win—
Do not let him enter in;
And when idle gossip knocks
At your doors, make fast the locks.
Hearken not to aught amiss—
Ears of mine—
O! promise this!