

Immaculate Mary!
Our hearts are on fire,
that title so wondrous
fills all our desire.

Ave, ave, ave Maria!
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We pray for God's glory,
may His kingdom come!
We pray for His vicar,
our Father, and Rome.

We pray for our mother
the church upon earth,
and bless, sweetest Lady,
the land of our birth.

For poor, sick, afflicted
thy mercy we crave;
and comfort the dying,
thou light of the grave.

There is no need Mary,
nor ever has been,
which thou canst not succour,
Immaculate Queen.

In grief and temptation,
in joy or in pain,
we'll ask thee, our mother,
nor seek thee in vain.

O bless us, dear Lady,
with blessings from heaven.
And to our petitions
let answer be given.

In death's solemn moment,
our mother, be nigh;
as children of Mary -
help us when we die.

And crown thy sweet mercy
with this special grace,
to behold soon in heaven
God's ravishing face.

To God be all glory
and worship for aye,
and to God's virgin mother
an endless Ave.