

Maiden yet a mother,
daughter of thy Son,
high beyond all other,
lowlier is none;
thou the consummation
planned by God's decree,
when our lost creation's
nobler rose in thee!

Thus His place prepared,
He Who all things made
'mid His creatures tarried,
in thy bosom laid;
there His love He nourished,
warmth that gave increase
to the root whence flourished
our eternal peace.

Noon on Sion's mountain
is thy charity;
hope its living fountain
finds, on earth, in thee:
lady, such thy power,
He, Who grace would buy
not as of thy dower,
without wings would fly.