

Mary immaculate, star of the morning,  
chosen before the creation began,  
chosen to bring, for thy bridal adorning,  
rescue to woman and rescue to man.

Here, in an orbit of shadow and sadness  
veiling thy splendour, thy course thou hast run;  
now thou art throned in all glory and gladness,  
crowned by the hand of thy Saviour and Son.

Sinners, we honour thy sinless perfection,  
fallen and weak, for thy pity we plead;  
grant us the shield of thine sovereign protection,  
measure thine aid by the depth of our need.

Frail is our nature, and strict our probation,  
watchful the foe that would lure us to wrong,  
succour our souls in the hour of temptation,  
Mary immaculate tender and strong.

Bend from thy throne at the voices of our crying;  
bend to this earth which thy footsteps have trod;  
stretch out thine arms to us living and dying,  
Mary immaculate, mother of God.