

O Mother blest, whom God bestows
on sinners and on just,
what joy, what hope thou givest those
who in thy mercy trust.

*Thou art clement, thou art chaste,
Mary, thou art fair:
of all mother sweetest, best;
none with thee compare.*

O heavenly mother, mistress sweet!
It never yet was told
that suppliant sinner left thy feet
unpitied, unconsoled.

O mother pitiful and mild,
cease not to pray for me;
for I do love thee as a child,
and sigh for love of thee.

Most powerful mother, we all know
thy Son denies thee nought;
thou askest, wishest it, and lo!
His power thy will hath wrought.

O mother blest, for me obtain
ungrateful though I be,
to love that God Who first could deign
to show such love for me.