

O purest of creatures!
Sweet mother, sweet maid;
the one spotless womb
wherein Jesus was laid.
Dark night hath come down
on us, mother, and we
look out for thy shining,
sweet star of the sea.

Deep night hath come down on
this rough-spoken world.
And the banners of darkness
are boldly unfurled;
and the tempest-tosed Church,
all her eyes are on thee.
They look to thy shining,
sweet star of the sea.

He gazed on thy soul,
it was spotless and fair;
for the empire of sin,
it had never been there;
none ever had owned thee,
dear mother, but He,
and He blessed thy clear shining,
sweet star of the sea.

Earth gave Him one lodging;
'twas deep in thy breast,
and God found a home where
the sinner finds rest,
His home and His hiding-place,
both were in thee;
He was won by thy shining,
sweet star of the sea.

Oh, blissful and calm
was the wonderful rest
that thou gavest thy God
in thy virginal breast;
for the heaven He left
He found heaven in thee,
and He shone in thy shining,
sweet star of the sea.