

Of One that is so fair and bright, *velut maris stella*,
brighter than the day is light, *parens et puealla*;
I cry to Thee to turn to me, Lady, pray thy Son for me, *tam pia*,
that I may come to thee, *Maria*.

In sorrow, counsel thou art best, *felix fecundata*:
for all the weary thou art rest, *mater honorata*:
beseech Him in thy mildest mood, Who for us did shed His blood, *in cruce*,
that we may come to Him *in luce*.

All this world was forlorn, *Eva peccatrice*,
till our Saviour Lord was born *de te genetrice*:
with thy ave sin went away, dark night went and in came day *salutis*.
The well of healing sprang from thee, *virtutis*.

Lady, flower of everything, *rosa sine spina*,
thou bore Jesus, heaven's King, *gratia divina*.
Of all I say thou bore the prize, Lady, Queen of Paradise, *electa*;
maiden mild, Mother es *effecta*.