

O Flower of earth and Heaven, celestial Queen,
Mother and hope of troubled hearts that fear
And mourn, walking in ways most drear;
Chosen of God, whose meek and humble mien
And wounded heart the ransomed earth hath seen
With awe and strange surprise, that one so dear
To the Lord God so lowly should appear,
And one so pure endure a grief so keen!
Mother most gentle, hear they children's prayer,
And plead our cause before the Most High God;
To thy Most Holy Son our sorrows bear,
That He, whose feet the path to Calvary trod,
May look with pity on our grief and care,
And comfort us who smart beneath His rod!