

## IV.

Ne'er shall wily serpent ever roaming  
 Like a wild beast in the shady gloaming,  
 With undying hatred for us foaming,  
     E'er mislead our Lady's chosen band.  
 Vain his stratagems of deadly seeming,  
 Weak his satelites before her gleaming,  
 Swift they fly like clouds in sunlight beaming,  
     Low they writhe beneath our Queen's command.

## V.

O let Mary's clients still remember  
 All the favors of her goodness tender;  
 Songs of praise, and sighs of longing send her \*  
     With unfailing ardor day by day.  
 See her gently soothe the sick and dying,  
 Calm the wild winds to a soft low sighing,  
 Still the crested waves when onward flying  
     By her mild voice murmured far away.

## VI.

Angry flames that rise with deadly seething,  
 By our Lady's spirit o'er them breathing,  
 Sink to soft light in their cheerful wreathing;  
     Ne'er to Carmel shall they hurtful be.  
 Mother of our Lord and Saviour holy!  
 Blessed Virgin, spotless, meek and lowly!  
 Let harmonious voices, (not mine solely,)  
     Render thanks and heart-felt love to thee.

## VII.

May these gifts—sweet themes of joyful singing—  
 Be received from thee, like angels winging  
 From the King, His gracious pardon bringing  
     To our contrite hearts that need the grace.  
 Mother! to our humble prayers inclining,  
 (See how trustfully they're round thee twining)  
 In His Paradise, so calmly shining,  
     Show to us thy Jesus' Sacred Face! †

\* "Ad te aspiramus." Salve.

† "Nobis post hoc exilium ostende."