



## SALVE REGINA.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



OW oft is my spirit silent  
 When fain I would sing of thee,  
 Awaiting His inspiration  
 To pour forth sweet melody!  
 To-day there are gentle murmurs  
 That echo a well-loved strain;  
 The sighing of exiled children,  
 Who pray in a land of pain.

O "Salve!" most tender "Mater,"  
 Thou beautiful holy Queen!  
 Afar in the azure heavens,  
 And robed with celestial sheen.  
 "O vita, O spes, dulcedo!"  
 Our voices in anguish cry,  
 In whispering like the night-wind,  
 Low breathing a plaintive sigh.

Look down with thine eyes of mercy  
 On us in this "vale of tears,"  
 O, soothe every pain and sorrow,  
 And calm all our anxious tears.  
 When exile on earth is over,  
 And fades the last weary day,  
 O, show us the Saviour Jesus,\*  
 And lead to His rest away.

No pleadings of wistful mourning  
 Shall waft to thy listening ear,  
 But songs full of praise and gladness  
 To Christ and His Mother dear.  
 O, "Salve Regina pia!"  
 At morning and restful eve,  
 "O, clemens, O, dulcis Virgo!"  
 Our prayers in thy love receive.

\* "Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui  
 nobis post hoc exilium ostende."

"Salve Regina."