

The sons of St. Alphonsus guard thy shrine,
O Good St. Anne, thy pilgrims they receive
Who come to seek that potent help of thine,
And speak consoling words to those who grieve
O'er sin, while they, as priests of God impart
A holy peace that heals the contrite heart.

And daily here the praise of God is sung,
Here thousands come to bless his holy name ;
From distant shores the faithful, old and young,
Proclaim with joy, St. Anne, thy glorious fame.
They leave the busy scenes of worldly strife,
Confess their sins, receive the Bread of Life.

How oft the erring child of sin, for years.
Astray from virtue's path hath here obtained
The grace of true repentance, and in tears
Hath severed bonds by which he was enchained
In crime, but now by assistance freed,
To him a Mother thou hast proved indeed.

How often have the sick, the blind, the lame
Obtained a cure by thy maternal aid,
Of all their ills, as led by faith, they came