

" A wreath of virtues let it be
 Of souls untouched by care
 And she will smile far more on them
 Than she would on jewels rare "
 Whereon bright Angels swiftly sped
 To earth's unlovely shore
 And each a pure soul's virtues rare
 To heaven in triumph bore.

Those clients fair they formed in prayer
 Beside their Mother's shrine
 And from each heart those Angels part
 All virtue most sublime
 Some bore up 'neath their spotless wings
 The gem of Purity
 Whilst others pressed close to their breast
 The rose of Charity

And with those flowers a wreath they made
 Wherewith to crown their queen,
 And at her feet with homage meet
 They laid their offering.
 And Mary's smile was all the while
 Upon this gift so rare,
 And near her throne her Son divine
 In all her joy did share.

And on those souls His blood He shed
 That they might ever be
 In Mary's heart from care apart
 Through all eternity.
 And nothing of their queen's delight
 Those pure souls ever told;
 But Mary had their virtues sweet
 Beneath her mantle's fold.

O' let us too place gems so rare
 In Mary's crown that day
 With Angels bright let us unite
 And sing our festal lay.