



## AVE MARIS STELLA

A HYMN OF THE SOUL

*By B. F. De Costa*

The stream runs fast, the spent sun hides  
    Behind the hills, and beams pale,  
While ocean-ward our light barque glides,  
    Afar to voyage, alone to sail :  
Blest Virgin, hear the Vesper prayer  
    The voyager lifts to Thee,  
And tender show a Mother's care,  
    Mary, Star of the Sea.

No more we drift where green banks tell,  
    Beneath the fragrant forest trees,  
Of violet and asphodel ;  
    The Rocks ! Chill blows the mist-born breeze :  
Blest Virgin, hear the Vesper prayer  
    The voyager lifts to Thee,  
As on, mid twilight shade we fare,  
    Mary, Star of the Sea.

And now new strength the current knows,  
    Round unseen reefs wild eddies whirl,  
And' gainst the tide that sullen flows  
    The foaming surges angry curl :