

Queen of clemency,  
Whom stars do crown.  
Thou pure above Angels  
Dost Son behold,  
Sitt'st at his right hand,  
Attired in gold.  
Mother of grace, hope  
To the dismay'd :  
Bright star of the sea,  
In shipwreck, aid.  
Grant Heaven-gate open,  
That by thee blest,  
We thy Son may see  
In blissful rest.

v. Thy name, Mary ! is oil poured out.

r. Thy servants have exceedingly loved thee.

*Let us pray.*

O holy Mary ! Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, Queen of heaven, and Mistress of the world, who neither forsakest nor despisest any, behold me mercifully with an eye of pity and obtain for me of thy beloved Son, pardon of all my sins ; that I, who, with devout affection, do now celebrate thy Immaculate Conception, may hereatfer enjoy the reward of eternal bliss ; through the grace and