

TO OUR MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

All hail to Thee, our gracious Queen,
High throned in heavenly realms serene, —
On Thee, an erring race—we lean,
Sweet Mother Mary !

Of Thee the burning Seraphs sing,
Fair Mother of the heavenly King !
While Saints and Angels' voices sing
To praise Thee, Mother Mary !

Who with the tongue or with the pen,
Amongst the fallen race of men,
Can sound Thy praise to earth again--
O radiant Mother Mary !

Thy glories all the stars outshine,
All bright and clear with rays, benign, —
Christ found in Thee a fitting shrine
On earth, sweet Mother Mary !

To Thee the herald Angel came
High Heaven's favor to proclaim
Telling how all should bless Thy name,
For ever more, sweet Mary !

Refuge of Sinners! grant that we,
Our souls from sinful bondage free,—
May walk with Jesus and with Thee,—
Our own sweet Mother Mary !

J. A. S