



THE QUEEN  
- OF -  
PURGATORY

O turn to Jesus, Mother turn  
And call Him by his tenderest names,  
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn  
This hour amid the cleansing flames.

Ah ! they have fought a gallant fight  
In death's cold arms they persevered  
And after life's uncheery night  
The harbor of their rest is neared.

In pains beyond all earthly pains,  
Favorites of Jesus ! there they lie,  
Letting the fire wipe out their stains  
And worshiping God's purity.

Spouses of Christ they are, for He  
Was wedded to them by His Blood ;  
And angels o'er their destiny  
In wondering adoration blend.

They are the children of Thy tears  
Then hasten, Mother, to their aid ;  
In pity think each hour appears  
An age while glory is delayed.

O Mary, let thy Son no more  
His lingering Spouses thus expect ;  
God's children to their God restore,  
And to the Spirit His elect.