

*She enters in the sacred place.
The preacher's lips the Gospel trace.
No matter, on her knees she falls,
With look profound and sweet she calls,
On Mary of the sacred place.*

*O Mother of the holy Child,
With visage sweet, triumphant, mild,
Heal, heal the little one now lying.
On pallet, lone, and sick, and dying:—
O Mother of the holy Child!*

*You have, O Mary, Son, your own,
The other pity, all alone!
In Jesus' Name, to me incline,
Let suffer now no longer, mine!—
You have, O Mary, Son, your own!*

*And sweetly now the Virgin smiled.
O woman, healed is thy dear child,
A Voice celestial murmured low.
The infant Jesus caught its flow:
Forever healed, is thy dear child.*

*The act of grace was instant.—Joy
The mother led to seek her boy.
And rapidly her cloak she pinned,
To brave the storm of snow and wind:
The act of grace was instant joy.*

*The curtain quickly back she drew.
The infant smiled his welcome through,
Just like the infant Jesus there,
Where she had knelt in earnest prayer:
The infant smiled his welcome through.*

*And the night wind moan, in every branch,
And the dying embers, while flames launch.*

