

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

The day, the happy day is dawning,
The glorious feast of Mary's chiefest praise,
That brightens like a second morning,
The clouded evening of these latter days.

High up, the realms of angels ringeth
With hymns of triumph to its mortal Queen,
While earth its song of welcome singeth
In every shady grove and valley green.

Hail, Queen, whose life is just beginning,
Thrice welcome, Mother of a fallen race!
The sinless come to save the sinning,
Thyself the chosen aqueduct of grace!

Immaculate! O dear exemption!
A spotless soul for God, entire and free,
Redeemed with such a choice redemption,
Angel nor saint can share the praise with thee.

O Virgin brighter than the brightest,
'Mid all the beauteous throngs that shine above:
O maiden whiter than the whitest
Of lily flowers in Eden's sacred grove!

Chief miracle of God's compassion,
Choice mirror of His burning holiness,
Whose heart His mercy deigned to fashion
Far more than Eve's sad ruin to redress.

Earth's cities! let your bells be reeling,
And all your temple-gates wide open fling,
With banners flying, cannon pealing,
The blessed Queen of our Redemption sing.

See! Mary comes! O jubilation!
She comes with love to cheer a guilty race;
O triumph, triumph, all creations!
O Christians! triumph in redeeming grace.

F. W. FABER