

And as oft' mid childhood's playmates  
 When the Chapel bells rang free,  
 Lo! they prayed Saint Anne d'Auray  
 Patroness of Brittany.

Crying in their love imploring,  
 "Mother of our Mother hear!  
 Save thy children from the danger  
 Drawing nearer, and more near,

Thou whose love has never failed us,  
 Stretch thy helping hand to aid,  
 Mother of our Mother, hear us,  
 Be thy wondrous power displayed.

Then they vowed a vow to heaven.  
 If they safely reached the land,  
 There a Chapel to the honor  
 Of the "Good Saint Anne" should stand.

Not in vain the prayer, the promise,  
 Guided by an unseen power,  
 Thro' the seething billows round it  
 Sped the bark to shore that hour.

Morning dawned—the pious Bretons  
 Reared in joy the humble shrine,  
 Sowed the seed whose wondrous beauty  
 Blossoms now in light divine.

Ever since thro' passing seasons  
 As the centuries rolled away,  
 Have the feet of pilgrims hastened  
 To the Chapel of Beaupré.

There she rules a Queen whose kingdom  
 Is the loyal human heart,  
 There the Mother of our Mother  
 Gives us in her love a part.

From the storms that sweep our spirits,  
 From temptations that assail,  
 From the countless ills oppressing  
 Wanderers thro' life's dreary vale.