

Pro Gentibus

IN the choir's delicious dim
Fragrance let us lift the hymn
Fiery as the Seraphim—
Ave, blessed Mary!

Send the sweet and solemn strain
Through the far enchanted fane,
Till the skies ring back again
Ave, blessed Mary!

Purest lips of grace and youth
Invoke Thy royal ruth,
Conjure by the Word of Truth—
Ave, blessed Mary!

Maiden bodies vowed to Thee,
Souls of stainless chastity,
Cry Thy worship ardently—
Ave, blessed Mary!

As from heaven the lightnings hurled
Let our song be lashed and curled
Round the shoulders of the world!
Ave, blessed Mary!

Let the joys thereof assuage
Heathen horrors in their rage
Grisly war on Thee that wage—
Ave, blessed Mary!

Let Thy foes be brought to shame.
Turn their hearts to holy flame

To the glory of Thy name—
Ave, blessed Mary!

Crown our arms with water crossed!
Bring to perfect Pentecost
All the legions of the lost!
Ave, blessed Mary!
Amen.