

Recovery from Sickness

O THOU whose mystic Motherhood was fain
To journey with us through the Land of Pain,
Let not delight quench that which sorrow fanned.
O journey with us through the Pleasant Land!

Arise, O soul! be thy devotion's dower
Keener and gladder every glad keen hour!
The rays of praise outglitter and outrun
The candid brilliance of the choral sun.

Hear us, O Mary, blessed Queen of GOD!
Bless Thou the wreath as Thou hast blessed the rod!
Endow us from Thy star-embattled coast
With the perfections of the HOLY GHOST!

Amen.