

## 13. Stella Matutina.

(Birthday Hymn to Our Lady.)

Words S.N.D.

Music S.N.D.

Who is this co-meth o - ver the moun-tains Fair and sweet as the morn-ing light.

Shed-ding pure and beau-ti-ful ra-diance, O'er the earth that was - wrapt in night

Now the Day-spring in - deed is nigh, Th' Morn-ing Star hath ri sen on high.

## Chorus

How shall we wel - come thee, beau - ti - ful Mo - ther? How shall we

greet thee new - - ly born! Joy to thee! Praise to thee!

Love to thee! Thanks to thee! Hail to thy ri sing, sweet Star of the Morn!

2.  
Wild and waste lay our desolate Garden,  
Stripped of blossom and leaf and fruit,  
Lo! at last, in the golden Autumn  
Sprang the Lily from Jesse's root.  
Hope and beauty came back to Earth  
Once again in our Lady's Birth.  
*1<sup>st</sup> Chorus*—How shall we welcome thee, &c.

3.  
Angels cluster around thy cradle  
Smiling into thy little face,  
Whispering now as they whisper later,  
"The Lord is with thee, O full of grace!"  
We too, Mary, would hail thee thus,  
More than to Angels thou art to us.  
*Chorus*—What shall we sing to thee, beautiful Mother?  
What sweet song to thee, newly born?  
Joy to thee, &c.

4.  
Spotless Daughter of God the Father,  
Mother to be of God the Son,  
Fairest Bride of the Holy Spirit,  
Beautiful Shrine of the Three-in-One;  
Oh! we thank Him that He has given  
So dear a Queen unto Earth and Heaven.  
*1<sup>st</sup> Chorus*—How shall we welcome thee, &c.

5.  
All the Church is glad in thy coming—  
None more glad, O Mary, than we,  
Who by more than a common title  
Now and ever belong to thee—  
Light our pathway where'er we are,  
We will follow, dear Morning Star.  
*1<sup>st</sup> Chorus*—How shall we welcome thee &c.

6.  
O we cannot go empty-handed  
On her birthday to Babe so sweet—  
Yet we have but our love to offer,  
Printing a kiss on her little feet,  
Open thy baby hand and take  
Our hearts at least for thy birthday's sake.  
*Chorus*—What shall we give to thee, beautiful Mother?  
What shall we wish thee, newly born?  
Joy to thee, &c.

7.  
Bless us all with thy birthday blessing  
As we gather around thy throne,  
Lay thy hand with a tenderer pressure  
On this home which is all thine own—  
While we are here, and when we are far,  
Light up our way, dear Morning Star.  
*1<sup>st</sup> Chorus*—How shall we welcome thee, &c.

"Quibus te laudibus efferam nescio."  
(to same air)

1.  
How to praise Thee, O Mary, we know not,  
Fair and spotless alone Thou art;  
But we pour sweet titles upon Thee,  
As they rise from our loving heart;  
When they reach Thee beyond the skies,  
Turn to us Thy merciful eyes.  
*Chorus*—  
What shall we call Thee, O beautiful Mother?  
Lily of Israel, Rose without thorn—  
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee! Love to Thee! Thanks to Thee!  
Light of Thy people! sweet Star of the Morn!

2.  
Bright Thou art as the sun in its rising,  
Fair Thou art as the moon at night,  
Strong Thou art as a battle army,  
Tower of hope to all who fight.  
Thou art sweetness, and hope, and life,  
Health in sickness, and help in strife.  
*Chorus*—  
Hark to us calling Thee, pitiful Mother,  
Help of Thy people distressed, forlorn—  
Think of us, speak to us, fight for us, plead for us  
Shine on our pathway, bright Star of the Morn!

3.  
Lifted high as the palm and cedar,  
Blooming low as flow'r of field,  
Eastern Gate to the Sun of justice,  
Garden enclosed and fountain sealed.  
Glorious things are said of Thee,  
City of God, so fair to see.  
*1<sup>st</sup> Chorus repeated.*

4.  
Ark of refuge from storm and shipwreck,  
Beacon-light on the distant hill,  
Oil poured out on the troubled waters,  
Haven safe where the winds are still,  
Wheresoever our barque may be,  
Star of the Morn, we look to Thee.  
*2<sup>nd</sup> Chorus repeated.*

5.  
Queen art Thou of the shining angels,  
Queen art Thou of the happy saints,  
Mother and Queen of exiled children,  
Send us help when our courage faints.  
Spotless Mother and Queen Divine,  
All the love of our hearts is Thine!  
*Chorus*—  
Watch over Thy children, our Queen and our Mother,  
We to Thy service our lives have sworn,  
Think of us, speak for us, stoop to us, cling to us,  
Shine on us ever, dear Star of the Morn!