

^v
H

ail, holy Queen ,* Mother most merciful; Our life our sweetness,

and our hope, we greet thee. To thee we cry, poor banished child-

ren of E-va. To thee we raise our sighs, mourning and weeping

in this vale of tears. Turn then thine eyes, O Most gracious advocate,

Turn then thine eyes most loving and most merciful, upon us sinners.

Show Jesus, the most blessed fruit of thy virginal womb, to us when this lonely

ex-ile is ended. O cle-ment, O loving, O most sweet Vir-gin Mary.