Hymn to the Virgin.

 Ave. Maria! maiden mild!

 Listen to a maiden's prayer!

 Thou canst hear though from the wild,

 Thou canst save amid despair.

 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,

 Though banished, outcast, and reviled—

 Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;

 Mother, hear a suppliant child!

 Ave Maria!

 Ave Maria! undefiled!

 The flinty couch we now must share

 Shall seem with down of eider piled,

 If thy protection hover there.

 The murky cavern's heavy air

 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;

 Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,

 Mother, list a suppliant child!

 Ave Maria!

 Ave. Maria! stainless styled!

 Foul demons of the earth and air,

 From this their wonted haunt exiled,

 Shall flee before thy presence fair.

 We bow us to our lot of care,

 Beneath thy guidance reconciled:

 Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,

 And for a father hear a child!

 Ave Maria!