

[HYMN]

Sancta Maria! turn thine eyes
Upon the sinner's sacrifice
Of fervent prayer and humble love,
From thy holy throne above.
At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!
In joy and wo—in good and ill—
Mother of God, be with me still!
When my hours flew gently by,
And no storms were in the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy love did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when clouds of Fate o'er cast
All my Present and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!