

She is mighty to deliver. Call her, trust her lovingly.

When the tempest rages round thee, She will calm the troubled sea.

Gifts of heaven she has given, Noble Lady, to our race.

She, the Queen, who decks her subjects With the light of God's own grace

Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies Who for us her Maker bore.

For the curse of old inflicted, Peace and blessing to restore.

Sing in songs of peace unending, Sing the world's majestic Queen.

Weary not nor faint in telling. All the gifts she gives to men