Lily of the field,
Mary whom roses screen,
Let your joy imbue me
And again renew me
On the day of grace which crowns you queen.

Virgin wreathed in rays,
Maid of maidens mild,
Let your goodness alter
Those whose fingers falter
As they twine your shrine in moss and sprays.

Lady, guiding true,
What if undefiled
Fervently I render
Witness to your splendour,
Will you give what long I begged of you?