

## **Texts and Translations**

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### ***Conductus: O maria o felix***

O maria o felix puerpera  
mater pia cuius suxit ubera  
qui creavit sidera: munera  
de te fluunt dulcia  
spiritus sancti cratera.

Aqua viva clausa semper ianua  
progressiva stella non occidua  
ficus sed non fatua rigua  
paradisi pascua  
balsamus myrtus oliva,

Ioseph spica humus de qua vipera  
per quam sicca ione perit hedera  
sanans anguis vulnera partica  
funda tu davitica  
pariens cedrum myrica,

Salomonis thronus es eburneus  
visionis electrinus urceus  
david sitim satians puteus  
tu septenus cereus  
donis septenis radians,

Iacob scala fac me celum scandere  
mundi mala carnem satan fugere.  
Tollens eve misere scandala  
pietatis ubere  
gratie fove sub ala.

O Mary, O happy childbearer,  
holy mother who nursed  
the one who created the stars: gifts  
of sweetness flow from you,  
chalice of the holy spirit.

Living water, flowing through a door  
ever shut, star never setting,  
fruitful fig tree, watered  
pasture of paradise,  
balsam, myrtle, olive,

Joseph's ears of corn, earth whence came the worm  
by which the dry gourd of Jonah perished,\*  
staff that heals the serpent's bites,  
you, David's sling,  
shrub bearing a cedar;

You are Solomon's ivory throne,  
vision's amber water jar,

the well that slakes David's thirst,  
you sevenfold waxen light  
shining forth with seven gifts,

Jacob's ladder: make me climb the heavens;  
make me flee the world's evils, the flesh and Satan.  
Removing the obstacles of Eve's misery,  
feed us at thy holy breast  
under the wings of grace.

\*[Jonah 4:6-8]

***Conductus: Pia mater gratie***

Pia mater gratie  
pia vena venie  
pia regis filia  
o regi glorie  
servos tuos hodie  
pie reconcilia.

Holy mother of grace  
holy path of forgiveness,  
holy daughter of the king:  
O reconcile your servants  
to the king of glory  
today in piety.

***Chanson: De la mere au sauveor***

De la mere au sauveor  
Vodrai chançon comencier;  
Nus ne puet estre en dolor  
Qui merci li veut proier  
Marie, virge loiaus,  
Pucele roiaus,  
De cuer vrai,  
Sans delai,  
Virge, je vos proirerai  
Qu'au jugement  
Nos defendez de torment.

On doit bien tel dame amer  
Dont li biens nos puet venir,  
En qui Dex vout reposer  
Et char humaine vestir.  
Dame, qui vos servira  
Paradis avra  
Sanz esmai,  
Bien le croi;  
Por ce doivent cler et lai  
Sanz redouter  
De la mere Dieu chanter.

Marie, de grant renon,  
Fontaine d'umilité,

Ostez nos las de prison  
Et de la desloiauté  
Ou Adans, li desloiaus,  
Li nices, li faus,  
Nos laissa,  
Quant manja  
Le fruit que li desvoia  
Le sauveor,  
Par quoi perdismes s'amor.

Estoile resplendissant,  
Lune sans nule oscurité,  
Soleil grant clarté rendant,  
Marie, de grant biauté,  
Tres douce virge loiaus,  
Precieus vaisseaus,  
Je vos cri  
Et vos pri  
Qu'aiés pitié et merci  
De pecheors,  
Quant ert leur fin et leur jors.

About the mother of the saviour,  
I would like to compose a song.  
No one can be in pain  
who asks her for mercy.  
Mary, loyal virgin,  
royal maid,  
with a true heart,  
without delay,  
virgin, I shall pray  
that you defend us from torment  
at the Judgment.

One should certainly love a lady  
from whom good can come to us,  
in whom God wanted to rest  
and put on human flesh.  
Lady, whoever serves you  
will have paradise  
without fear  
I truly believe;  
that is why clergy and laymen  
should without fear  
sing of the mother of God.  
Mary of great renown,  
fountain of humility,  
remove us, miserable,  
from prison and the disloyalty  
in which Adam, the disloyal,  
the foolish, the false,  
left us,  
when he ate  
the fruit that turned him from  
the saviour  
by which we lost his love.

Shining star,  
moon without darkness,  
sun giving great light,  
Mary of great beauty,  
very sweet, loyal virgin,  
precious vessel,  
I cry to you  
and I pray that you  
have pity and mercy  
on sinners  
when their end and their day comes.

***Conductus: O maria virginei***

O maria virginei flos honoris  
vite via lux fidei pax amoris,

O regina tu laquei tu doloris  
medicina fons olei vas odoris,

tu vulneris medelam reperis  
egris efficeris oleum unctionis.

Post veteris querelam sceleris  
osculum inseris paries unionis.

Spes miseris thesaurus pauperis  
limes itineris radius visionis,

assequeris quicquid petieris  
sola preceteris potior es in donis.

Tu mors inferis predo tu predonis  
vita superis superior es in thronis.

Archa federis thronus salomonis  
vestis poderis tu vellis est gedeonis,

tu generis proles degeneris  
regeneras genus in posteris.  
Ex operis servilis operis  
nos liberas a luto lateris.

Tu liberis post iugum oneris  
spem reseras eterni muneris.

Tartarei catenas carceris  
comminuis. Captivos exseris.

Siderei formam characteris  
restituus a sorde pulveris.

Aculei dolorem conteris  
et mortuis vite spem aperis.

Funerei debitum cineris

nos exuis induisque coronis.

O Mary, flower of virginal honor,  
way of life, light of faith, peace of love,

O queen, remedy for snare and sorrow,  
fount of oil, vessel of fragrance:

you cure our wounds,  
you anoint the sick with holy oil.

After the tumult of the old wicked deed,  
you impart a kiss, o wall of unity.

Hope of the wretched, treasure of the poor,  
path for the wanderer, ray of vision:

you obtain whatever you ask,  
you alone are the powerful giver.

You are the death of hell, you rob the great thief,  
O life of high heaven, you are highly enthroned.

Ark of the covenant, Solomon's throne,  
cloak of modesty, you are Gideon's fleece,

you spring from a fallen people,  
you restore our race and its descendants.

You take us from our slave's labor  
and free us from our unclean clay.

You free us from our burden's yoke  
and offer hope of eternal reward.

You shatter the chains of the prison  
of hell; you set loose the captives.  
You restore the beauty of the ethereal sky  
from the filth of the dust.

You soothe the sorrow of pain  
and open the hope of life to the dead.

You lift from us the debt of death  
and array us in crowns of glory.

***Conductus: Verbum bonum et suave***

Verbum bonum et suave  
personemus illud ave  
per quod christi fit conclave  
virgo mater filia.

Per quod ave salutata  
mox concepit fecundata  
virgo david stirpe nata

inter spinas lilia.

Ave veri salomonis  
mater vellus gedeonis  
cuius magi tribus donis  
laudant puerperium.

Ave solem genuisti,  
ave prolem protulisti.  
Mundo lapsa contulisti  
vitam et imperium.

Ave sponsa verbi summi  
maris portus signum dumi  
aromatum virga fumi  
angelorum domina.

Supplicamur nos emenda  
emendatos nos commenda  
tuo nato ad habenda  
sempiterna gaudia.

Amen dicant omnia.

Let us ever sound that "ave,  
the good and sweet word  
through which Christ dwelt within  
virgin, mother and daughter.

Greeted with that "ave"  
she soon became fertile,  
the virgin of David's lineage,  
a lily among the thorns.  
Hail, true Solomon's  
mother, fleece of Gideon,  
whose childbirth the magi  
honored with three gifts.

Hail, you have borne the sun;  
hail, you have borne a son.  
You brought life and power  
to the fallen world.

Hail, bride of the highest word,  
sea harbor, sign of the burning bush,  
aromatic smoking branch,  
mistress of the angels.

We pray you to put us right,  
and being put right commend us  
to your son, so that we might have  
everlasting joys.

Let all things say "Amen."

***Conductus: Ave salus hominum***

Ave salus hominum  
emundatrix criminum  
ave mundi cura.  
Ave semen regium  
miseris refugium  
ave virgo pura.

Ave fusa celitus  
rore sancti spiritus  
ave dei cella.  
Ave splendor etheris  
radians preceteris  
ave maris stella.

Hail, humanity's salvation,  
absolver of sins:  
hail, healer of the world.  
Hail, seed of the king,  
refuge of the wretched:  
hail, pure virgin.

Hail, heavenly effusion,  
dew of the holy spirit:  
hail, chamber of God.  
Hail, ethereal splendor,  
shining before all else:  
hail, star of the sea.

***Chanson: Mainte chançon ai fait***

Mainte chançon ai fait de grant ordure  
Més, se Dieu plaist, jamés n'en avrai cure.  
En moi a petit eu  
Bien et sens et mesure  
Or me tieng a deceu  
Quant si lonc tens me dure.  
Bien ai mon cuer esmeu,  
Car por chanter l'ai meu  
De la roine pure Par qui somes esleu  
En grant joie et receu Et fors de grant ardure:  
C'est la douce mere Dieu, Qui de dolor nos cure,  
Rendu nos a le bon lieu Ou joie toz jors dure.

Mout fu Marie et precieuse et bele  
Certes, mout fu fine et nete pucele.  
L'angre li fu envoiés  
Qui li dist la novele  
Que Dex seroit alaitiés  
Dou lait de sa mamele.  
Ne fu mie desvoiés  
L'angre, mes bien avoïés,  
Qui li dist: "Damoisele, Ave Marie, or m'oiez:  
Dex c'est a vos avoïés, Car mere vos apele."  
Marie a ses euz baissiés, Quant entent la novele,  
Et puis les a rehauciés, Saint Gabriel apele:

"Amis, di moi coment enfanteroie  
Ne coment fruit en mes flans porteroie,  
Quant nul home ne conois  
Ne nul n'en prenderoie.  
Mout sembleroit grant ennuis  
Se sanz home engendroie."  
"Douce Marie, entent moi: Tu porteras Dieu .IX. mois,  
Ne pas ne t'en esfroie". "Amis, quant vos en iroiz,  
A Dieu de par moi dirois Que je sui toute soie;  
De moi face li douz rois Ses voloirs, je l'otroie.  
S'ancele sui, car c'est drois, Et si en ai grant joie."

I have composed many songs of great filth  
but if it please God, I shall never again care about them.  
In me there has been little  
good or sense or control.  
Now I think I was deceived  
that it lasted so long.  
My heart is certainly stirred,  
for I have begun to sing  
about the pure queen by whom we are chosen  
and received in great joy and kept from burning.  
She is the sweet mother of God who cures our sorrow,  
who brought us to the good place where joy lasts forever.

Mary was very precious and beautiful,  
certainly a pure and spotless maiden.  
The angel was sent to her  
to give her the news  
that God would be fed  
on the milk from her breast.  
The angel was not wrong,  
but very right,  
who said to her: "Young lady, hail, Mary, listen to me:  
God has come to you, for he calls you mother."  
Mary lowered her eyes when she heard the news  
and then raised them and asked St. Gabriel:

"Friend, tell me how I shall give birth  
or bear fruit in my body,  
when I have known no man  
and shall never take one.  
It would be very distressing  
that I could be pregnant without a man."  
"Sweet Mary, listen to me: You will bear God for nine  
do not be afraid." "Friend, when you leave, [months  
tell God for me that I am completely his;  
let the sweet king do his will with me, I grant it.  
I am his handmaid, for that is right, and I have great joy from  
[that."

***Conductus: Ave maria gracia plena***

Ave maria gracia plena dominus tecum.  
Benedicta tu in mulieribus  
et benedictus fructus ventris tui.



Jhesum sancta Maria ora pro nobis.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the lord is with you.  
Blessed are you among women,  
and blessed is the fruit of your womb.  
Mary, pray to Jesus for us.

***Conductus: Beata viscera***

Beata viscera marie virginis  
cuius ad ubera rex magni nominis  
veste sub altera vim celans numinis  
ditavit federa dei et hominis.

Ref: O mira novitas et novum gaudium  
matris integritas post puerperium.

Legis mosaice clausa misteria:  
nux virgo mystice nature nescia  
aqua de silice columpna previa  
prolis dominice signa sunt propria.

Ref: O mira novitas . . .

Solem quam libere dum purus oritur  
in aura cernere visus non patitur.  
Cernat a latere dum repercutitur  
alvus puerpere qua totus clauditur.

Ref: O mira novitas . . .

O blessed body of the virgin Mary,  
in whose womb the king of great name,  
clothed in other form, hiding his godly power,  
has enriched the covenant between God and man.

Ref. O new wonder and new joy:  
the mother's chastity after childbirth.

The closed mysteries of Moses' law --  
the mystic branch's bud defying nature,  
water from a rock, pillars of fire --  
these are obvious signs of a lordly offspring.

Ref. O new wonder . . .

Boldly it may try, but the eye cannot look  
directly at the sun when it rises pure into the heavens.  
But it can be seen reflected sideways,  
being entirely covered in the childbearer's womb.

Ref. O new wonder . . .

***Conductus: Mundum renovavit***

Mundum renovavit deus dum puerpera

clausit intra viscera mare terram aera,  
qui sponte creavit et causa non extera.  
Inflammat nec crematus  
rubus hac et vellera  
gedeonis. Salomonis  
hic prefulgent opera.  
Figura hac quod testatur.  
Qui de morte suscitatur,  
et ad vitam revocatur homo.  
Vicio qui fuscabatur  
iam virtute decoratur homo.

Ergo collaudetur mater, virgo virginum,  
reparatrix hominum, effugatrix criminum,  
cuncta que tuetur que concipit dominum,  
iubilamen et solamen  
letorum et flentium,  
respiramen relevamen  
pressorum labencium.  
Ista nolim impetrare,  
velit post hanc exaltare  
vitam in lucis preclare domo  
quos assumpsit singulare  
facinus mortis amare pomo.

God renewed the world when the childbearer  
enclosed in her womb, with no intervention,  
him who created sea, earth and sky.  
The bush burns, but is not  
consumed; here is the fleece  
of Gideon. Solomon's  
works shine forth here.  
What was prefigured is witnessed.  
Man is brought back from death  
and restored to life.  
Man, once obscured by sin,  
is now clothed in virtue.

Therefore praise her, the mother, virgin of virgins,  
restorer of men, destroyer of sin,  
who guards all things, who conceived the lord:  
joy of the happy,  
consolation of the weeping,  
new breath of the oppressed  
and revival of the fallen.  
I do not strive for mere things,  
for, after this life, Mary wants  
to exalt in light's wondrous home  
all those caught by that one sin  
with death's bitter apple.

**Chanson: Je te pri de cuer**

Je te pri de cuer par amors,  
Haute virge Marie,  
Par ta pitié, par ta douçor,  
Que ton chier fiz deprie,  
Dame, que il n'oblie

Ces chaitis dolens pecheors  
Qui metent leur ame a dolor,  
Ne se conoissent mie;  
Perdu seront sanz nul retor,  
Se tu lor faus d'aie.

Röine, mere au sauveor  
Qui tout a en baillie,  
Qui es de paradis la flor  
Et la rose espanie,  
Par toi, virge Marie,  
Avront merci maint pecheor.  
Dame, qui te sert nuit et jor,  
Sa paine ne pert mie:  
N'avra garde d'entrer el four  
Dont nus ne revient mie.

Haute dame qui es es ciels  
Röine coronée  
Et des angres esperiteus  
Servie et aorée,  
[Dame virge Marie,]  
Vos qui portastes le fiz Dieu,  
Le haut sire, le glorieus,  
Qui t'a grace donée  
De delivrer qui que tu veus;  
Ci ot digne portée.

Dame, qui bien te servira,  
De fin cuer sans faintise,  
Riche guerredon en avra  
Au grant jor dou jüisse:  
Quant cil tendra justise  
Qui en vostre cors s'aombra,  
Ne haut ne bas n'espargnera;  
Si est la chose enprise:  
Selonc que chascun fait avra  
L'en rendra le servise.

I pray you with love from my heart,  
exalted virgin Mary,  
in your pity, your sweetness,  
that you pray your dear son,  
Lady, not to forget  
these grieving captive sinners  
whose souls are in sorrow,  
who do not know themselves;  
they will be lost without recourse,  
if you fail to help them.

Queen, mother of the saviour,  
who has everything in your care,  
flower of paradise,  
full-blown rose,  
through you, virgin Mary,  
many sinners will have mercy.  
Lady, whoever serves you night and day

does not waste his effort;  
he need not worry about entering the furnace  
from which no one ever returns.

Exalted lady who are crowned  
queen in heaven,  
served and adored  
by spiritual angels,  
Lady, virgin Mary,  
you who bore the son of God,  
the high lord, the glorious,  
who gave you the grace  
to save whom you wish;  
his was a worthy birth.

Lady, whoever serves you well,  
with pure heart, without pretence,  
will have a rich reward  
on the great day of Judgment;  
when he will render justice,  
who hid himself in your body,  
and will not spare high nor low.  
The thing is so arranged that  
according to what each has done,  
he will be served.

***Conductus: Salve sancta parens***

Salve sancta parens patrie,  
lux, forma bonorum,  
virtutis speculum,  
recti via, regula morum,  
carnis ab exilio duc nos  
ad regna polorum.

Hail holy mother of the father,  
light and image of goodness,  
virtue's mirror,  
path of rectitude, model of behavior,  
lead us from the exile of the flesh  
to the kingdom of heaven.

***Conductus: Serena virginum***

Serena virginum, lux plena luminum  
templum trinitatis puritatis specialis talamus  
archa nove legis tronus novi regis  
vellus quod rigavit qui nostram portavit  
saccum nostram carnem vestiens.

Nesciens virum deum paris  
o maria mater pia stella maris singularis  
stella cuius radius nubem pressit  
quam impresit eve culpa prius.  
Istud nulla caritas meruit aut castitas  
sed simplex humilitas ancille.

O mamille quarum vene  
fluunt plene mundo lac et mella  
gens misella tollite vas fellitum  
vas mellitum bibite  
ecce lac infantium ecce manna mundo pium  
ecce pie flos marie virginis.

Seminis abrahe stirps inclita  
balsamus mellita calamus condita  
nardus mirra trita.

O pia trahunt nos ad varia  
laquei predonis torrens babilonis  
dalida samsonis hostem mundum  
vas immundum bellica pacifica  
spes reorum lux celorum virgo regia.

O maria cecis via nostra tympanistria  
in hoc salo nos a malo salva stella previa  
ut concordis vocis manus cordis  
plausu leti trino benedicamus domino.

Deo gratias.

Fairest of virgins, light filled with light  
temple of the trinity, chamber of rare purity,  
ark of the new law, throne of the new king,  
fleece which he moistened who wore our  
appearance, clothed in our flesh.

Not knowing man you bore God,  
O Mary, holy mother, matchless sea-star,  
star whose radiance drove off the cloud  
which bore the stamp of Eve's first sin.  
For this no love or purity was worthy  
but only the simple humility of a handmaiden.

O breasts whose streams  
poured forth milk and honey to the world:  
wretched people, put away the bitter jar,  
drink from the honey jar;  
behold the milk of infants, behold the world's holy manna,  
behold the flower of Mary the holy virgin.

Of the seed of Abraham's illustrious line,  
sweet balsam, crushed calamus,  
nard and rubbed myrrh,

o holy one: to sin we are drawn  
by the hunter's snare. Babylon's ruin,  
Samson's Delilah, the devil, the world,  
the unclean vessel, strife: pacify them all,  
o hope of sinners, light of the heavens, virgin queen.

O Mary, path for the blind, our music-maker,  
in this rough sea save us from evil, O guiding star,

that with harmonious voices, hands and hearts  
we may joyfully cry: let us bless the lord.  
Thanks be to God.

**Chanson: De la très douce Marie**

De la très douce marie vueill chanter  
Qui porta le sauveor por enchanter  
Celui qui et nuit et jor nos veut tenter  
Por faire son devis.  
Cil doit bien estre esbaudis,  
Qui sert touz dis  
La fleur de paradis.

Qui la tres douce marie servira  
Et qui de bon cuer merci li proiera,  
Ja li anemis seur li pooir návra;  
De ce sui je touz fiz.  
Cil doit bien . . .

Rose violete, plaine de deport,  
A vos sont tuit mi solas et mi confort,  
La rive es aus pecheors et le droit port,  
Röine, flor de lis.  
Cil doit bien . . .

La char, Dieu, qui fu enclose en vos sains flans  
Et qui en la crois souftri si grans ahans,  
Si fu feru el costré, que li clers sans  
Corut aval son piz.  
Cil doit bien . . .

Or prions la mere Dieu tuit hautement,  
Qu'ele deprit son chier fiz, prochainement  
Qu'aillons tuit en paradis communaument  
Au grant jor dou jüis.  
Cil doit bien . . .

Of the very sweet Mary I wish to sing  
who carried the saviour by enchantment,  
he who night and day wants to tempt you  
to do his will.  
He should be very happy  
who every day serves  
the flower of paradise.

Who will serve the sweet Mary  
and beg her mercy with a good heart,  
over him the enemy will have no power,  
of that I am quite certain.  
He should ...

Rose, violet, full of delight,  
in you are all my solace and comfort,

you are the shore and good harbor for sinners,  
queen, lily flower.  
He should ...

The flesh, God, who was enclosed in your holy womb,  
and who suffered great distress on the cross,  
was wounded on the side, so the bright blood  
ran down his breast.  
He should ...

Now let us pray aloud to the mother of God  
to pray her dear son that soon  
we may all go to paradise together  
on the great day of judgment.  
He should ...

***Conductus: Ave virgo virginum***

Ave virgo virginum verbi carnis cella  
in salutem hominum stillans lac et mella  
peperisti dominum moysi fiscella  
a radio sol exit et luminum  
fontem parit stella.

Ave, plena gratia caput zabalonis  
contrivisti spolia reparans predonis  
celi rorans pluvia vellus gedeonis  
o filio tu nos reconcilia  
mater salomonis.

Virgo tu mosaice rubus visionis  
de te fluxit silice fons redemptionis  
quos redemit calice christus passionis  
o gaudio induit glorifice  
resurrectionis.

Hail, virgin of virgins, chamber of the incarnate word.  
For mankind's salvation you gave birth to the lord,  
distilling milk and honey, O Moses' basket.  
From one ray the sun shines, and a star  
brings forth the fount of light.

Hail, full of grace: you crushed  
the devil's head, and you restored the stolen spoils,  
distilling heaven's rain, you fleece of Gideon.  
O, reconcile us to your son,  
mother of Solomon.

Virgin, you bush of Moses' vision,  
from you, the rock, flows the fount of redemption.  
Christ clothes those redeemed  
by the chalice of his passion with the joy  
of his glorious resurrection.

***Conductus: Mater patris et filia***

Mater patris et filia mulierum letitia

stella maris eximia: audi nostra suspiria.  
Regina poli curie mater misericordie  
in hac valle miserie sis reis porta venie.  
Per tuum virgo filium confer nobis remedium.  
Bone fili prece matris perduc nos ad regna patris.

Mother and daughter of the father, joy of women,  
gleaming star of the sea: hear our sighs.  
Queen of heaven's realm, mother of mercy:  
in this vale of misery be the door to grace for sinners.  
Virgin, bring us relief through your son.  
Good son, lead us to the father's kingdom by your mother's prayer.

***Conductus: Ave nobilis venerabilis***

Ave nobilis venerabilis maria  
amicabilis comes utilis in via  
mentes erige cursum dirige  
per hec in via.  
Mores corrige tuo remige  
lux superna nos gubernata  
per hec maria.

Tu post dominum celi agminum magistra  
virgo virginum lucis luminum ministra,  
cor illuminans et eliminans  
queque vetera,  
fons inebrians stella radians  
super astra celi castra  
nobis resera.

Pulchra facie celi glorie regina  
nobis hodie potum gratie propina  
potens omnium infidelium  
vim extermina.  
Christo credulum munda populum  
mundo clara mundo cara  
mundi domina.

Virgo propera nos refedera superbis  
captos libera daque prospera miseris.  
Cara castitas casta castitas,  
tuis aperi  
celi semitas numquam dimittas  
mentes fessas et oppressas  
mole ponderi.

Mater regie regis glorie solio  
tuos libera pro nobis impera filio  
ut eterna sorte superata morte  
sine termino  
tecum gaudeamus et benedicamus  
celestium terrestrium  
domino.

Deo gracias



Hail noble, honored Mary,  
friendly helpful companion on our way:  
emend our actions, direct our course  
through these difficult paths.  
Correct our deeds by your guidance,  
O supernal light, and steer us  
through these seas.

After only the lord, you are mistress of the heavenly host,  
virgin of virgins, mistress of the light of light,  
illuminating hearts and eliminating  
each ancient wrong,  
ever-flowing fount, star shining  
above the constellations: unlock for us  
the fortress of heaven.

With your lovely face, O queen of heaven's glory,  
proffer us today the cup of grace;  
the power of all the unfaithful  
erase.  
Christ's believing people make clean,  
O light of the world, darling of the world,  
mistress of the world.

Hasten, virgin, to restore the covenant; free the captives  
of the proud, and give prosperity to the wretched.  
Dear chastity, chaste charity,  
open the way to heaven  
for your people; never dismiss  
our weary spirits oppressed  
by heavy burdens.

Mother of the king on the throne of kingly glory,  
free your people, implore your son for us  
that, having vanquished death, our eternal destiny  
may be to rejoice  
endlessly with you, and to bless  
heaven's and earth's  
own lord.

Thanks be to God.