

Like the dawning of the morning
on the mountains' golden heights,
like the breaking of the moonbeams
on the gloom of cloudy nights,
like a secret told by angels,
getting known upon the earth,
is the Mother's expectation,
of Messiah's speedy birth.

Thou wert happy, blessed Mother,
with the very bliss of Heaven,
since the angel's salutation
in thy raptured ear was given;
since the Ave of the midnight
when thou wert anointed Queen,
like a river overflowing,
hath the grace within thee been,

Thou hast waited Child of David!
And thy waiting is o'er!
Thou hast seen Him, Blessed Mother!
and wilt see Him evermore!
O, His human face and features,
they were passing sweet to see:
thou beholdest them this moment,
Mother, show them now to me!