

Hail, O Star That Pointest
Words: 9th Century latin.
Music: 18th Century melody.

Hail, O star that pointest
Towards the port of Heaven,
Thou to whom as maiden
God for Son was given.

When the salutation
Gabriel had spoken,
Peace was shed upon us,
Eva's bonds were broken.

Bound by Satan's fetters,
Health and vision needing,
God will aid and light us
At thy gentle pleading.

Jesu's tender mother,
Make thy supplication
Unto Him Who chose thee
At His incarnation;

That, O matchless maiden,
Passing meek and lowly,
Thy dear Son may make us
Blameless, chaste and holy.

So, as now we journey
Aid our weak endeavor,
Till we gaze on Jesus,
And rejoice forever.

Father, Son and Spirit,
Three in One confessing,
Give we equal glory,
Equal praise and blessing.