

Pro Gente Anglicana

I

IN great cathedral cities,
In cloisters old and dim,
Wherever worth or wit is,
We raise the choral hymn.
To GOD'S eternal Mother
We lift our hearts of flame ;
We join with one another
To bless Her holy name.

II

O hear us, blessed Mary!
Thy graces send as dew,
As kisses fond and faery
Our spirits to renew!
O bid our sinful nation,
The broken from the rod,
By Thine initiation
Soar subtly up to GOD!

III

Bewitched by sins and errors,
By heresies defiled ;
Avert the avenging terrors
Of Thine insulted Child!
Schismatic from His Vicar,
Despoilers of His flock :
O Strike the saving liquor
From out the barren rock!

IV

Acknowledge our contrition!
Accept our sighs and tears!
Let English inanity
Be lost in happier years!
On this stagnated water
Evoke Thy glowing tide!
Our Church Thy worthy daughter,
And His accepted Bride!

Amen.