

In Time of Trouble

O QUEEN, deliver me from the infernal kings !
O shield me in your span, ye everlasting wings !
I kneel at Mary's shrine ; the incense fumes ascend
To bring my spirit through to GOD'S appointed end.

Though in the valley of the shade of death I be,
I fear not ; for Thy rod and staff they comfort me.
I imprecate the aid of Mary, Mother mild !
The asp and dragon bow before Her Holy Child.

The heathen did uprise ; the folk of fear and doubt.
Great bulls of Bashan did encompass me about.
The lions roared for prey ; the eagles screamed for food :
All these were stilled before thy crowned Motherhood.

Therefore, though men devise ill counsels and vain
things,
Thou wilt deliver me from the infernal kings ;
And when the pilgrimage of me Thy knight is done,
Thy favour shall present my spirit to Thy Son.

Amen.