

Poem #3

To our beneficent motherland,
To the saving Church,
Grant to us thy glory access,
Mary of Good Success.

From heaven itself thou comest,
To this choir of thy love,
And dost thy garden consecrate,
With such singular favor.

Our own Abbess thou didst,
Offer thyself to be,
O Virgin Immaculate!
When here thou didst appear.

The keys of this cloister,
Affectionately thou didst request,
So as to have thus well secure,
The home thou didst bequest.

So, since we are thy sheep,
Of Good Success so loved,
Receive thus our grievances,
And grant us a life of love.

[Poem #1]

[Poem #2]

[Poem #3]