1 All ye weary, all ye wanderers, All ye bowed with grief and care,
   Turn ye to the blessed Mother,
   Turn ye, turn ye, one and all; For the Blessed consolation.
   In your pain and loneliness;
   Ask her prayers; she waits to aid you, Waits to comfort and to bless.
   All ye who would obey yet falter, Ye who strive yet faint and fall,
   Ye who dare not face your Maker,
   Back to faith and hope and love,
   Christ, your Saviour, gave ye to her, In her care to live and die.
   Ye who've given up the battle, Ye who bear sin's deepest scar,
   She will be your turn to her as guiding star;
   Ask her to aid you,等着 to comfort and to bless.
   All ye who would obey yet falter, Ye who strive yet faint and fall,
   Ye who dare not face your Maker,
   Back to faith and hope and love,
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