

Hail, O Star That Pointest  
9th Century latin.  
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.