Rosary Group in Main Chapel of House of Studies
TO THE QUEEN OF THE ROSARY

Garlands let us wreathe for thee,
Heaven's Queen!
Roses pink and red and white,
Leafage green
Let us cull with rare delight
For thy rosary!

Roses pink, nor red nor white,
For thy joyous mysteries:
Mingled grief and glory these
Tell aright.
On this earth thy heart's pure joy
Found in sorrow its alloy—
So we choose the blended rose
For thy joyous woes.

Crimson roses typify
Hearts that bleed and pierced lie.
Ruddy roses full of thorns,
These, O Queen of Sorrowing,
For thy heart that ever mourns
With thy dying Son and King,
Let plait, and e'er recall
Bitter was thy chaliced gall!

Roses pure as mountain snow,
Mary, thy bright glories show!
Roses white as ocean foam
For thy blissful coming home!
Snowy roses symbolize
Peace serene beyond the skies!
Roses white, nor pink nor red,
Crown, fair Queen, thy hallowed head!

—Bro. Chrysostom Kearns, O. P.