

Raccolta #401**A Prayer to be said on the First Sunday of October and
at midday on the 8th day of May:**

- I. O august Queen of Victories, O Virgin-ruler of paradise, at whose powerful name the heavens rejoice and hell trembles for fear, O glorious Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, all of us, thy highly favored children whom thy goodness hath chosen to raise a temple to thee at Pompeii in this our day, here humbly kneeling at thy feet, on this most solemn day of the Feast of thy fresh triumphs on earth over false gods and devils, pour forth with tears the deepest affection of our hearts, and with the confidence of sons we show our miseries to thee.

Ah, from that throne of mercy where thou art seated in queenly state, turn thy pitying gaze upon us, O Mary, and upon our families, upon Italy, upon Europe and upon the universal Church; do thou have compassion upon us by reason of the miseries whereby we are encompassed, and the tribulations that make life bitter for us. See, dear Mother, how many perils to body and soul surround us! O Mother, stay the arm of thine unheeded Son's justice and win the hearts of sinners by thy mercy; for they are our brethren and thy children, for whom the Precious Blood of Jesus was shed and thine own most gentle heart was pierced by the sword of sorrow. Show unto all men this day that thou art indeed the Queen of peace and forgiveness.

(Recite: Hail Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life and sweetness and our hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve, to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn then, oh most gracious Advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us, and after this our exile, show unto us the blessed Fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O Clement, O Loving, O sweet virgin Mary; pray for us oh Holy Mother of God, that we may be worthy of the promises of Christ.)

- II. Too true it is, alas, that we, although we are thy children, have been among the first to begin to crucify Jesus afresh in our hearts by sin and to renew the piercing of thy tender heart. Yes, we confess it, we deserve the sharpest scourges of God's anger. None the less do thou remember how, on Calvary's heights, thou didst gather up the last drops of the Precious Blood and didst receive the final testament of the dying Saviour. And that testament of a God, sealed by the Precious Blood of the God-Man, proclaimed thee our Mother, the Mother of sinners. Wherefore, just as thou art our Mother, so thou art likewise our advocate and our hope; to thee do we sigh, and stretch forth our hands in supplication, crying out for mercy.

Let compassion move thee, good Mother, compassion for us, for our souls, for our families, our relations and our friends, for our departed brethren, and above all, for our enemies and for the many souls who call themselves Christians and who, nevertheless, continue to wound the loving Heart of thy dear Son. We ask this day with tears for mercy, mercy upon the nations that have gone astray, upon the whole of Europe, upon the entire world, that all may return in penitence to thy heart. Have mercy upon them all, O Mother of mercy!

(Recite: Hail Holy Queen)

- III. What will it cost thee, O Mary, to hear our prayer? What will it cost thee to save us? Hath not Jesus placed in thy hands all the treasures of His grace and mercy? Thou sittest, crowned as a queen, at the right hand of thy Son, shining with undying glory, above all the choirs of Angels.

Thy dominion reaches as far as the Heavens, and to thee the earth and all creatures dwelling thereon are subject. Thy dominion reaches even down to the abyss of hell, and thou alone, O Mary, dost save us from the hands of satan. Thou art omnipotent through grace; thou, therefore, canst save us. But if thou sayest that thou art unwilling to help us because we are ungrateful children and undeserving of Thy protection, at least do tell us to whom we must go to be delivered from so many evils. Ah! No, thy motherly heart will not suffer thy children to be lost. The divine Child whom we see upon thy knees and the mystic chaplet in thy hand inspire us with confidence that we shall be heard. We put all our trust in thee; we cast ourselves at thy feet; we surrender ourselves, like helpless children, to the embrace of the tenderest of mothers. Today, yes, this very day, we look to receive from thee the graces for which we sigh.

(Recite: Hail, holy Queen)

IV. Let us ask a blessing from Mary. One last grace do we beg of thee, our Queen, and thou canst not deny it on this most solemn day. Grant unto all of us thy abiding love and, in a special manner, thy maternal blessing. No, we will not rise from before thy feet this day until thou bless us. At this very moment, O Mary, bless the Supreme Pontiff. To the former laurels of thy chaplet, to the ancient triumphs of the Rosary, whence thou art called the Queen of Victories, add this favor also, O Mother: give victory to the cause of religion and peace to human society. Bless our Bishop and priests, especially those who are zealous for the honor of thy sanctuary. Finally bless all who are associated with thy new shrine of Pompeii, and all who cultivate and spread the devotion to thy most holy Rosary.

O blessed Rosary of Mary, sweet chain that binds us to God, bond of love that makes us one with the Angels, tower of salvation amide the attacks of hell, safe harbor in the universal shipwreck, we shall never forget thee. Thou shalt be our consolation in the hour of death's agony, thine shall be the last kiss of our ebbing life. The last whisper of our dying lips shall be thy sweet name, O Queen of the Rosary in the Vale of Pompeii, our dearest Mother, only refuge of sinners, sovereign comforter of the sorrowful. Be thou everywhere blessed now and for ever, on earth and in heaven. Amen.

(Recite: Hail, Holy Queen)

(An indulgence of 7 years. A plenary indulgence on the usual conditions (Apostolic Brief, July 20, 1925; S. P. Ap., March 18, 1932).)