

Where are you not, we have naught, Nothing good in deed or thought, Nothing free from taint of ill.



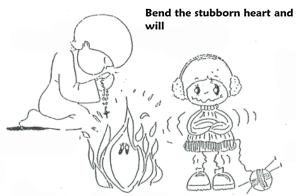
On the faithful, who adore and confess you, evermore in your sevenfold gift descend.



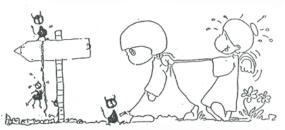


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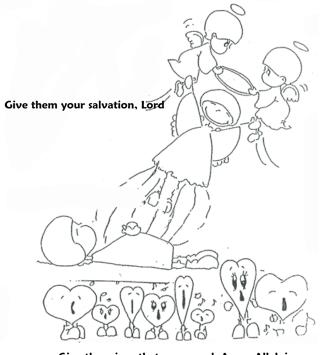
Give them virtue's sure reward



Melt the frozen warm the chill;



Guide the steps that go astray



Give them joys that never end. Amen Alleluia.