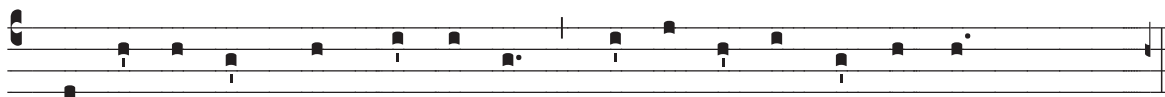


A Prayer to the Virgin in the Time of Contagion



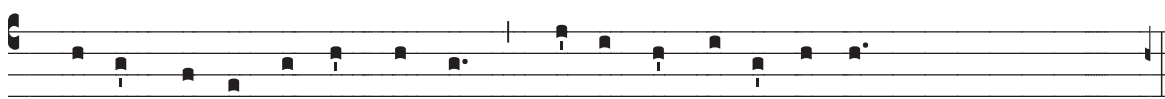
Stel-la cæ-li ex-tir-pá-vit, quæ la-cta-vit Dó-mi-num.



Mor-tis pestem quam plan-tá-vit primus pa-rens hó-mi-num.



I-psa stel-la nunc di-gné-tur sí-de-ra com-pé-sce-re,



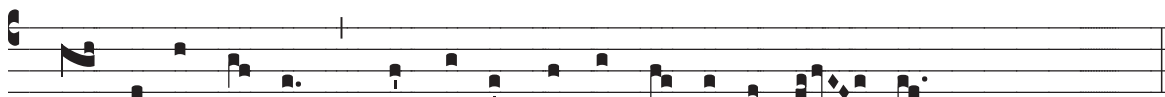
Quo-rum bel-la ple-bem cæ-dunt di-ræ mor-tis úl-ce-re.



O pi-ís-si-ma stel-la ma-ris, a pe-ste suc-cúr-re no-bis.



Au-di nos, Dó-mi-na, nam fí-li-us tu-us ni-hil ne-gans te ho-nó-rat.



Sal-va nos Je-su, pro qui-bus vir-go ma-ter te o-rat.

The star of heaven, who nursed the Lord,
has uprooted the pestilence of death, which mankind's first parent planted.
May that star now deign to rein in the constellations,
whose conflicts strike down the people with the grievous wound of death.
O most holy Star of the Sea, save us from the pestilence.
Hear us, O Lady, for thy Son honors thee, denying thee nothing.
Save us, O Jesus, for whom thy virgin mother begs Thee.