

Our Lady of Aberdeen

Our Lady of Good Succour,
In the city by the sea,
Where the Don flows down the valley
To greet the silver Dee,
The ashes of faith still smoulder
Where the fire of the faith has been:
Bring the old faith back to Scotland
Our Lady of Aberdeen.

Our Lady of Good Succour,
In the country saints have trod,
While martyrs and brave confessors
Who gave their lives for God,
O hear the prayer of Columba,
Of Margaret, Saint and Queen:
Bring the old faith back to Scotland
Our Lady of Aberdeen.

Our Lady of Good Succour,
The love of God grows cold
In a country that has forgotten
The saving truths of old;
But a brighter dawn is breaking
And a fairer hope is seen:
Bring the old faith back to Scotland
Our Lady of Aberdeen.

Our Lady of Good succour,
In the happy days of old
Men deck'd thy gracious image
With silver and with gold;
Though darker days succeeded
Thou still art Scotland's Queen,
Come back, come back to Scotland,
Our Lady of Aberdeen.

D Chisholm. (1898).