On this earth we know a place, which today all faithful seek; Here we find our Lady’s Icon with two slashes on her cheek. Mary’s gaze is sad and anxious, she begs us to come in pray’r, To entrust our selves to her maternal care.

Madonna, O black Madonna, What a blessing to be your child; Enfold me in your arms loving, Madonna, O black Madonna!

In her arms we find sweet peace and protection from all harm, For her children know her Heart, which is loving, full of charm. Let us offer her our hearts and ask that she guard us well, And this joyous hymn of praise our love will tell.

Madonna, O black Madonna...
In this age we look for shelter, for nowhere can we find peace; Why not go to our dear Mother, who will all our needs appease. So we beg you, O Madonna, turn your eyes upon us all, And please hearken to our singing as we call.

Madonna, O black Madonna...