

1. To Jo - a-chim is born Blessed daughter of the morn.
 From An-na did a-rise Seastar, splendor of the skies.
 The prophet's word now begins to come to pass,
 And to the world shall salvation come at last. O happy Jo-achim!
 O hap - py moth-er Anne! 2. Now the drag-on's neck
 trod upon shall be, When th'Immaculate Virgin earth shall see:
 Brightest star of morn-ing, Rose our land a - dorn - ing.
 O hap-py Jo - a-chim! O hap-py moth-er Anne!
 3. Now Jesse's rod of old has blossomed af-ter a - ges:
 Most wondrous bearing fruit, the promis - es of sag - es.
 Parents of Christ's moth-er, All brilliant shine their prais-es;
 Bright as ne'er an-oth - er, Such mer-its and such grac - es.
 O hap-py Jo - a-chim! O hap-py moth-er Anne!
 4. And now may both Jo - a - chim and An - na,
 And too their most ho - ly child Ma - ri - a,
 Bring us safe - ly by their gra - cious plea