

Sing of Mary

Sing of Mary, pure and lowly, Virgin mother undefiled,
Sing of God's own Son most holy, who became her little child.
Fairest child of fairest mother, God the Lord who came to earth,
Word made flesh, our very brother, takes our nature by his birth.

Sing of Jesus, son of Mary, in the home at Nazareth.
Toil and labor cannot weary, love enduring unto death.
Constant was the love he gave her, though he went forth from her side,
Forth to preach, and heal, and suffer, till on Calvary he died.

Glory be to God the Father, Glory be to God the Son;
Glory be to God the Spirit, Glory to the Three in One.
From the heart of blessed Mary, from all saints the song ascends,
And the church the strain re-echoes unto earth's remotest end.

Roland F. Palmer