

## **SING OF MARY**

*Glory & Praise 432*

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 labour 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.

Joyful Mother, full of gladness,  
In your arms your Lord was borne.  
Mournful Mother, full of sadness,  
All your heart with pain was torn.  
Glorious Mother, now rewarded  
With a crown at Jesus' hand,  
Age to age your name recorded  
Shall be blest in ev'ry land.

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 reechoes  
Unto earth's remotest ends.