

Ye who own the faith of Jesus (complete words by VSSC); tune EH 568 simplified for processional use

Quavers are unequal, but how unequal is a matter of taste

Ye who own the faith of Je sus sing the wond ers that were done When the love of God the

Fath er o'er our sins the vic't ry won When he made the Vir gin Ma ry moth er of his on ly

Son Hail Ma ry hail Ma ry hail Ma ry full of grace.

Blessed were the chosen people  
Out of whom the Lord did come ;  
Blessed was the land of promise  
Fashion'd for his earthly home:  
But more blessed far the Mother,  
She who bare him in her womb.

Wherefore let all faithful people  
Tell the honour of her name,  
Let the Church in her foreshadowed  
Part in her thanksgiving claim ;  
What Christ's Mother sang in gladness  
Let Christ's people sing the same.

As we sing, her prayer is rising,  
For her heart with us is one;  
We with confidence will ask it,  
That the Mother from her Son  
May obtain the full fruition  
Of his work in us begun.

For the King of men and Angels  
Chose her out of all he made,  
And in robes of grace and glory  
Her humility arrayed ;  
With the radiant sun he clothed her,  
At her feet the moon he laid.

Let us weave our supplications,  
She with us and we with her,  
For th' advancement of the faithful,  
For each faithful worshipper,  
For the doubting, for the sinful,  
For each heedless wanderer.

Praise, O Mary, praise the Father,  
Praise thy Saviour and thy Son,  
Praise the everlasting Spirit,  
Who hath made thee Ark and Throne ;  
O'er the Seraphim exalted,  
Lowly praise the Three in One.

Thus prepared, and thus exalted,  
Lowly still, and still unknown,  
Mary waited till the fullness  
Of her destiny was shown,  
Till the Maid became God's Mother,  
And her nursing arms his throne.

May the Mother's intercessions  
On our homes a blessing win,  
That the children all be prosper'd  
Strong and fair and pure within,  
Following our Lord's own'footsteps,  
Firm in faith and free from sin.

So of her that loved and suffered  
Was our better Samuel born ;  
So did Sion's Virgin Daughter  
Laugh Assyria's might to scorn ;  
So did Esther, daring all things,  
Lift again the captives' horn.

For the sick and for the aged,  
For our dear ones far away,  
For the hearts that mourn in secret,  
All who need our prayers to-day,  
For the faithful gone before us,  
May the holy Virgin pray.