

MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

Let fol - ly praise that fan - cy loves, I praise and love that Child

Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word, Whose hand no deed de - filed.

I praise Him most, I love Him best, All praise and love is His:.....

While Him I love, in Him I live, And can - not live a - miss. A - men.

1 **L**ET folly praise that fancy loves,
I praise and love that Child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no
word,
Whose hand no deed defiled.
I praise Him most, I love Him best,
All praise and love is His;
While Him I love, in Him I live,
And cannot live amiss.

2 Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme, 4
Man's most desired light.
To love Him life, to leave Him death,
To live in Him delight.
He mine by gift, I His by debt,
Thus each to other due,
First Friend He was, best Friend He is,
All times will try Him true.

3 Though young yet wise, though small yet
strong,
Though man yet God He is;
As wise He knows, as strong He can,
As God He loves to bless:
His knowledge rules, His strength defends,
His love doth cherish all;
His birth our joy, His life our light,
His death our end of thrall.

Alas, He weeps, He sighs, He pants!
Yet do His angels sing;
Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs,
Doth bud a joyful spring.
Almighty Babe, whose tender arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die.

Robert Southwell, 1560-1595