27 THE VIRGIN MOTHER.—II.

"Thou art the Exaltation of Jerusalem, thou art the great Glory of Israel, thou art the great Rejoicing of our nation."—Judith xv. 9.

Lingua mea die trophæa.

O my tongue, the praise and honours Of the Mother-Maid rehearse, Whose divine and gracious Offspring Frees us from the olden curse.

Lost are we in loving wonder
While her bliss we contemplate,
Happy, as a stainless mother,
Blessed in her Virgin state.

Eve's transgression closed the portals Of earth's Paradise to man; But at Mary's meek obedience Heaven to ope its gates began.

We, through Eve, received the sentence With eternal vengeance rife; But the Way, that came through Mary, Leads to everlasting Life.

O thou ever pure, yet fruitful, Parent, yet for ever Maid, Gentle Mother, like the palm-tree Thou hast Fruit of Life displayed.

Now, through thee, on earth arising Shines the new and heavenly Light, Driving back the clouds and shadows Of the black and ancient night.

Now the rich are weak and empty,
As thou said'st in song of old,
And the poor are filled with plenty,
As thy prophecy foretold.

Mother, yet a stainless Virgin, He Who deigned thy Son to be Is the King of Kings, and Maker Of the sky and earth and sea.

Bless we now that King Victorious Who doth thee for Mother own, Born of thee for our Salvation, He our Health and Peace alone.

May He then to thee conform us,
May He give a heart like thine,
Hating sin, and loving Jesus,
Filled with purity divine. Amen.

HYMNS

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Common of B.V. Mary.

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O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE.

Darmstätter Gesangbuch.







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- 8 Mother, yet a stainless Virgin, He, Who deign'd thy Son to be, Is the King of kings, and Maker Of the sky, and earth, and sea.
- 9 Bless we now that King victorious, Who did thee for mother own, Born of thee for our salvation, He our Health and Peace alone.
- 10 May He then to thee conform us, May He give a heart like thine, Hating sin, and loving Jesus, Fill'd with purity Divine.

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Vicar of S. Peter's, Follostore:

Editor of the Music of "The Children's Service Book."

The Church triumphant, and the Church below, In songs of praise their present Union show; Their Joys are full; our Expectation long; In Life we differ, but we join in Song.

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