

(26)

Sing of Mary

1 Sing of Mary meek and lowly,
Virgin-mother pure and mild,
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.

2 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.

3 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.

Amazing Grace

(21)

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

Tw'as grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, Who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder,
 Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made;
 I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
 Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Refrain: Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to
 Thee,
 How great Thou art, How great Thou art.
 Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
 How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

When through the woods, and forest glades I
 wander,
 And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
 When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur
 And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing;
 Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
 That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing,
 He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
 And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.
 Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,
 And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"
 How Great Thou Art (21)

Immaculate Mary

1 Immaculate Mary, your praises we sing.
 You reign now in splendor with Jesus our
 King.

Refrain:
 Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!
 Ave, Ave, Maria!

2 In heaven the blessed your glory proclaim;
 On earth we your children invoke your fair
 name. [Refrain]

3 We pray for our Mother, the Church upon
 earth,
 And bless, Holy Mary, the land of our birth.
 [Refrain]

(24)

Holy God We Praise Thy Name

1. Holy God, we praise thy name!
Lord of all, we bow before thee!
All on Earth thy sceptre claim,
All in Heav'n above adore thee;
Infinite thy vast domain,
Everlasting is thy reign.

2. Hark! the loud celestial hymn
Angel choirs above are raising!
Cherubim and seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heav'ns with sweet accord;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

3. Lo! the apostolic train
Join thy sacred name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow,
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the Church the song goes on.

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4. Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name thee,
Though in essence only one,
Undivided God we claim thee;
And adoring bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

5. Thou art King of glory, Christ!
Son of God, yet born of Mary;
For us sinners sacrificed,
And to death a tributary;
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast opened Heav'n to faith.

6. From thy high celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that thou shalt come
On the dreadful doomsday morning,
When thy voice shall shake the earth,
And the startled dead come forth.

7. Spare thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin today;
Never let us be confounded!
Lo! I put my trust in thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me.