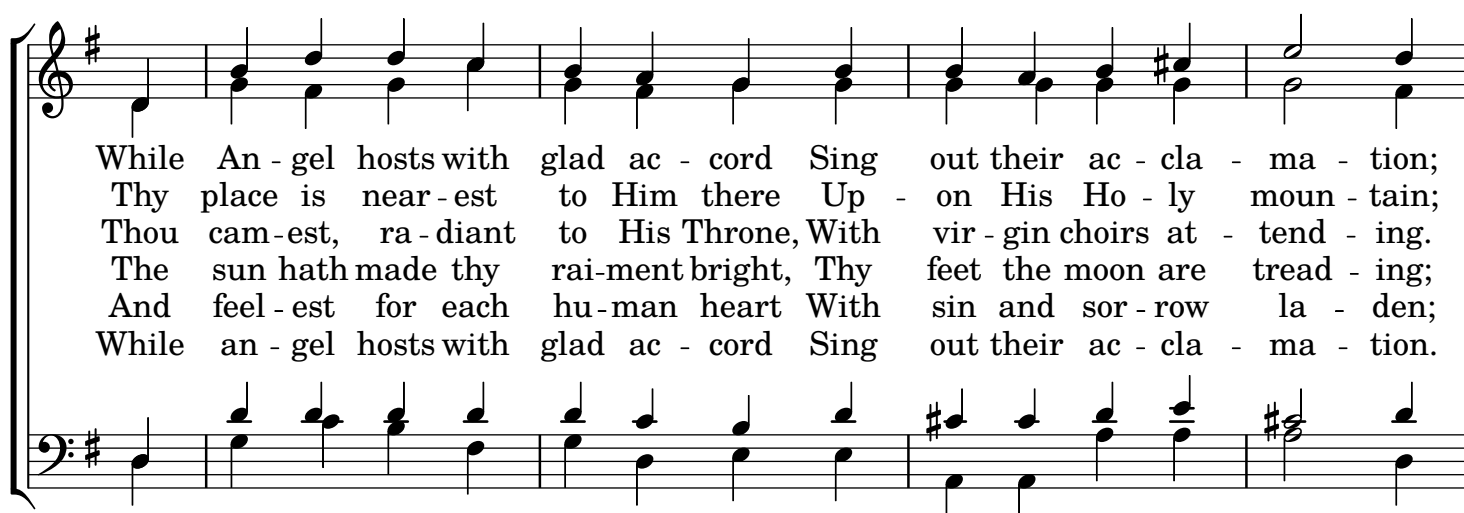
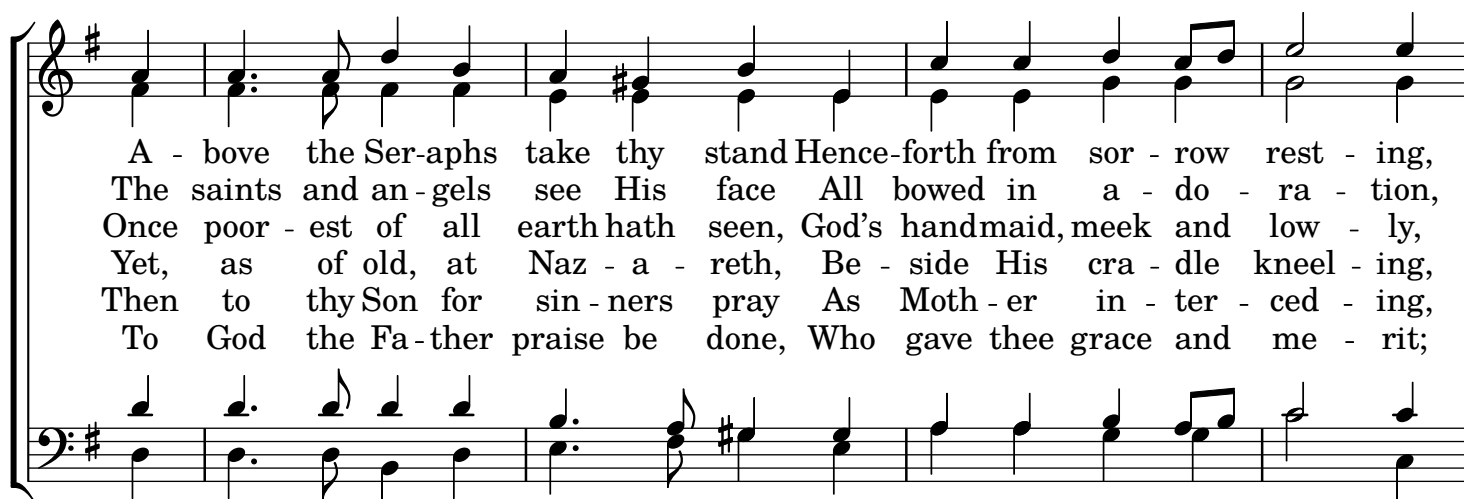


1. A - rise, O Ark of Christ the Lord, To thy cel - es - tial sta - tion,
 2. O Li - ly of the Val - leys fair, O sealed and crys - tal Foun - tain,
 3. He came to thee, a Babe a - lone, From all His pomp de - scend - ing:
 4. That crown with twelve pure stars be-dight, In ray a - round is shedd - ing,
 5. Though rob'd and crown'd, thou low - ly art, O stain-less Moth - er - maid - en,
 6. A - rise, O Ark of Christ the Lord, To thy ce - les - tial sta - tion,



While An - gel hosts with glad ac - cord Sing out their ac - cla - ma - tion;
 Thy place is near - est to Him there Up - on His Ho - ly moun - tain;
 Thou cam - est, ra - dant to His Throne, With vir - gin choirs at - tend - ing.
 The sun hath made thy rai - ment bright, Thy feet the moon are tread - ing;
 And feel - est for each hu - man heart With sin and sor - row la - den;
 While an - gel hosts with glad ac - cord Sing out their ac - cla - ma - tion.



A - bove the Ser - aphs take thy stand Hence - forth from sor - row rest - ing,
 The saints and an - gels see His face All bowed in a - do - ra - tion,
 Once poor - est of all earth hath seen, God's handmaid, meek and low - ly,
 Yet, as of old, at Naz - a - reth, Be - side His cra - dle kneel - ing,
 Then to thy Son for sin - ners pray As Moth - er in - ter - ced - ing,
 To God the Fa - ther praise be done, Who gave thee grace and me - rit;

All glo-rious at the King's right hand In gold and broid-ered vest - ing.
Thou, Ma - ry, gaz - est, full of grace, With Moth-er's ex - ul - ta - tion.
Now Thou art crowned of Heav'n the Queen, And fore-most of the low - ly.
And la - ter, at the cross of death, Thy soul to an - guish steel - ing.
Ask on, He will not say thee nay, But grant thee all thy plead - ing.
Praise be to Christ, thine on - ly Son, And to thy Spouse, the Spir - it.

R.F. Littledale