

5. Though robed and crowned, thou lowly art, O stainless Mother-maiden, And feelest for each human heart With sin and sorrow laden; Then to thy Son for sinners pray As Mother interceding, Ask on, He will not say thee nay, But grant thee all thy pleading.

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6. Arise, O Ark of Christ the Lord, To thy celestial station, While angel hosts with glad accord Sing out their acclamation. To God the Father praise be done, Who gave thee grace and merit; Praise be to Christ, thine only Son, And to thy Spouse, the Spirit.

Text: Richard Frederick Littledale (1833-90)

Thy

soul

to

Music: GOLDEN SHEAVES, 87 87 D, Arthur Sullivan, 1874