



1. Shall we not love thee, Moth-er dear, Whom Je - sus loves so well,
2. Thee did he choose from whom to take True flesh, his flesh to be;
3. O wondrous depth of love di - vine, That he should bend so low;
4. Joy to be Moth - er of the Lord, Yet thine the tru - er bliss,



1. And to his glo - ry year by year Thy praise and hon - or tell?
2. In it to suf - fer for our sake, And by it make us free.
3. And, Ma - ry, O what joy was thine The Sa - vior's love to know.
4. In ev - 'ry thought and deed and word To be for ev - er his.

5. Now in the realm of life above
Close to thy Son thou art,
While on thy soul glad streams of love
Flow from his sacred heart.

6. Jesus, the Virgin's holy Son,
Praise we thy Mother blest;
Grant when our earthly course is run,
Life with the saints at rest.