

O Purest of Creatures

Maria zu lieben

Fr F Faber

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$\text{♩} = 116$

1. O pur - est of creatures, sweet Mo - ther, sweet maid! The one spotless
2. Deep night hath come down on this roughspo - ken world. And the banners of
3. He gazed on thy soul, it was spot - less and fair; For the em-pire of

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womb where-in Je - sus was laid! Dark night hath come down on us
dark - ness are bold-ly un - furled; And the temp - est-tossed Church all her
sin, it had nev - er been there; None ever had owned thee, dear Mo -

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Mo-ther and we Look our for thy shin-ing Sweet Star of the Sea!
eyes are on thee. They look to thy shin-ing, sweet Star of the Sea.
ther, but He, And He blessed thy clear shin-ing, sweet Star of the Sea.

4. Earth gave Him one lodging;
'twas deep in thy breast,
And God found a home
where the sinner finds rest;
His home and His hiding-place,
both were in thee;
He was won by thy shining,
sweet Star of the Sea.

5. Oh, blissful and calm was
the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God
in thy virginal breast;
For the heaven He left He
found heaven in thee,
And He shone in thy shining,
sweet Star of the Sea.