

367 • Maiden, Yet A Mother

Tune: UNE VAINÉ CRAINTE (65 65D) Text: Dante Alighieri (†1321)

1. Maid-en, yet a moth - er, Daugh-ter of thy Son, High be-yond all
 2. Thus His place pre - par - èd, He Who all things made 'Mid His crea tures
 3. Noon on Zi - on's moun - tain Is thy char - i - ty; Hope its liv - ing
 4. Nor a - lone thou hear - est When thy name we hail; Of - ten thou art
 5. La - dy, lest our vi - sion, Striv - ing heav'n ward, fail, Still let thy pe -

oth - er, Low - li - er is none; Thou the con - sum - ma - tion Planned by
 tar - ried, In thy bos - om laid; There His love He nour - ished Warmth that
 foun - tain Finds on earth in thee. La - dy, such thy pow - er, He who
 near - est When our voic - es fail; Mir - rored in thy fash - ion All cre -
 ti - tion With thy Son pre - vail, Un - to Whom all mer - it, Pow'r and

God's de - cree, When our lost cre - a - tion No - bler rose in thee!
 gave in - crease To the root whence flour - ished Our e - ter - nal peace.
 grace would buy Not as of thy dow - er, With - out wings would fly.
 a - tion's good Mer - cy might, com - pas - sion Grace they wom - an - hood.
 maj - es - ty With the Ho - ly Spir - it And the Fa - ther be.