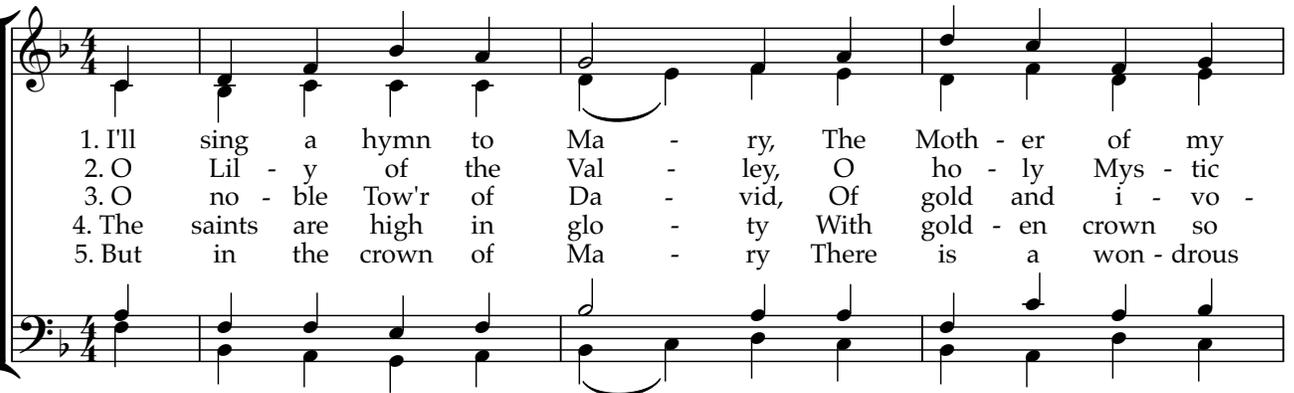


I'll sing a hymn to Mary

John Wyse (1825-1898)

Richard R. Terry (1865 - 1938)

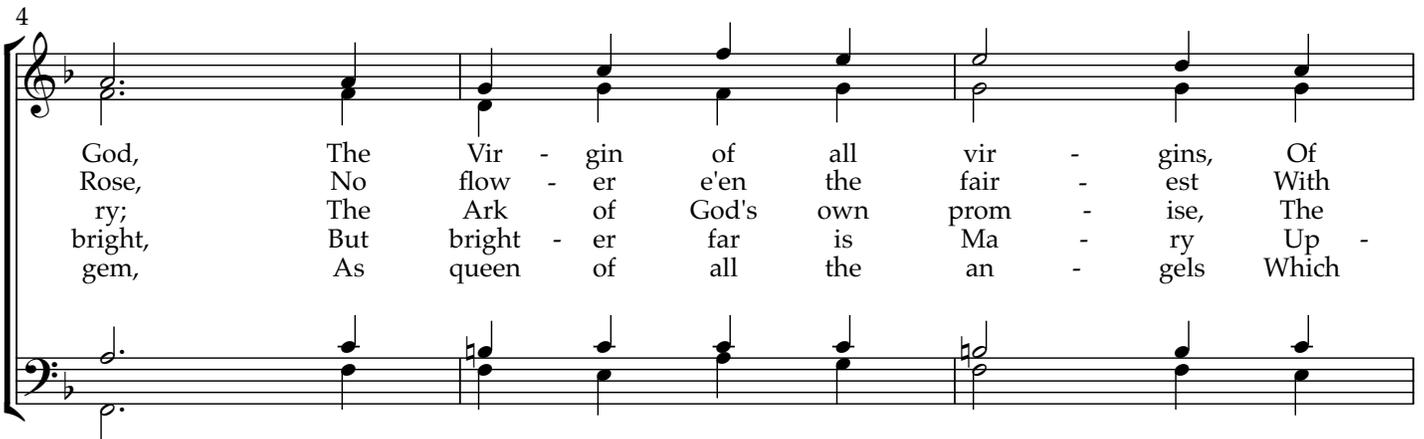
Soprano
Alto



1. I'll sing a hymn to Ma - ry, The Moth - er of my
2. O Lil - y of the Val - ley, O ho - ly Mys - tic
3. O no - ble Tow'r of Da - vid, Of gold and i - vo -
4. The saints are high in glo - ty With gold - en crown so
5. But in the crown of Ma - ry There is a won - drous

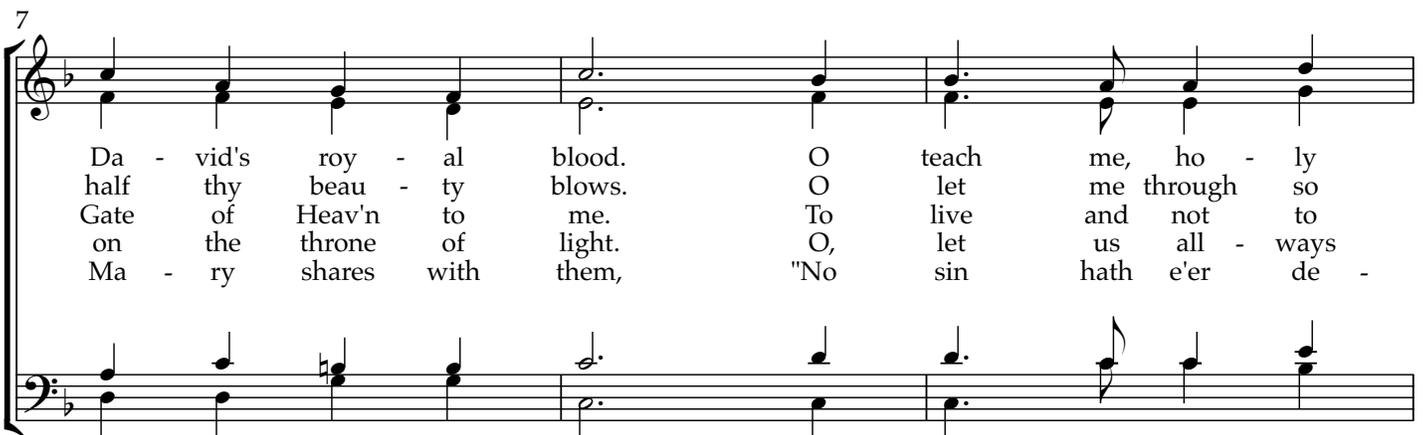
Tenor
Bass

4



God, The Vir - gin of all vir - gins, Of
Rose, No flow - er e'en the fair - est With
ry; The Ark of God's own prom - ise, The
bright, But bright - er far is Ma - ry Up -
gem, As queen of all the an - gels Which

7



Da - vid's roy - al blood. O teach me, ho - ly
half thy beau - ty blows. O let me through so
Gate of Heav'n to me. To live and not to
on the throne of light. O, let us all - ways
Ma - ry shares with them, "No sin hath e'er de -

10

Ma - - try A lov - ing song to frame;
 low - - ly Re - cite thy won - drous fram;
 love thee Would fill my soul with shame. When
 hum - ble be, Our hearts with love in - flame;
 filed thee," So doth our faith pro - claim.

13

wick - ed men blas - pheme thee, I'll love and bless thy name.