

Canticle of Mary

♩ = 60

1 My soul gives
2 His mer - cy
3 He raised his

glo - ry to the Lord, In God my Sav - ior I re - jice. My low - li -
goes to all who fear, From age to age and to all parts. His arm of
ser - vant Is - ra - el, Re mem b'ring his e - ter - nal grace, As from of

ness he did re - gard, Ex - alt - ing me by his own choice. From this day
strength to all is - near; He scat - ters those who have proud hearts. He casts the
old he did fore - tell To A - bra - ham and all his race. O Fa - ther,

all shall call me blest, For he has done great things for
might - y from their throne And rais - es those of low de -
Son and Spi - rit blest, In three - fold Name you are a -

me. Of all great names his is the best, For it is
 gree; He feeds the hun - gry as his own; The rich de -
 dored; To you be ev - 'ry prayer ad - drest, From age to

1.2.
 ho - ly; strong is he.
 part in pov - er - ty.
 age the on - ly

1.2.

Lord.