

# Ave, Mary, Full of Grace

*Ave Plena Gratia*, Sequence for Purification B.V.M., trans. W.J. Copland (1804-1885)

*Presentation*, Liam McDonough (b. 1993)

HYMN

**A**

- ve, Mary, full of grace, In whose Virgin arms' embrace God to God

Himself doth vow! We would at the Temple wait, We would meet Thee at the

gate, Je-su, for our all art Thou. 2. God is to His Temple come; Angels throng the

hallowed dome; What beyond hath Heav'n in store? God Himself our flesh doth

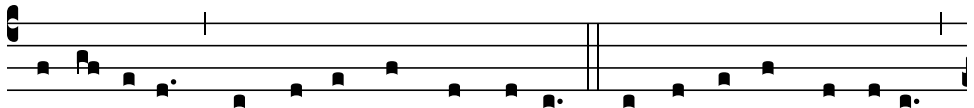
wear; Owns a Virgin-Mother's care; This than Heav'n it-self is more! 3. Incense-

-gales of gladness rise, At this morning's Sa- crifice; Hymns through all the Temple

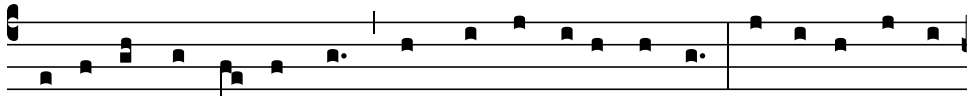
sound; Evening's rite in tears shall end, And with bit- ter weepings blend, As they

stand the Cross around. 4. Here the Sa- crifice is brought, By Whose priceless val-ue

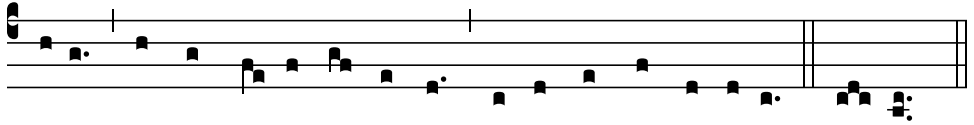
bought, We are all to God made nigh; We no longer are our own, Thine, O God,



we are a-lone! Thine we live, and Thine we die. 5. Let Thy servants now depart;



Let us see Thee as Thou art, Naught of earth arrest our eyes: But, if here we stay



below, In Thee, Je- su, let us grow, So in Thee we shall a-rise. A- men.