

Offertory

SING we of the blessed Mother
Who received the angel's word,
And obedient to his summons
Bore in love the infant Lord;
Sing we of the joys of Mary
At whose breast that child was fed
Who is Son of God eternal
And the everlasting Bread.

Sing we, too, of Mary's sorrows,
Of the sword that pierced her through,
When beneath the cross of Jesus
She his weight of suffering knew,
Looked upon her Son and Saviour
Reigning high on Calvary's tree
Saw the price of man's redemption
Paid to set the sinner free.

Sing again the joys of Mary
When she saw the risen Lord,
And in prayer with Christ's apostles,
Waited on his promised word:
From on high the blazing glory
Of the Spirit's presence came,
Heavenly breath of God's own being,
Manifest through wind and flame.

Sing the chiefest joy of Mary
When on earth her work was done,
And the Lord of all creation
Brought her to his heavenly home:
Virgin Mother, Mary blessed,
Raised on high and crowned with grace,
May your Son, the world's redeemer,
Grant us all to see his face.

Processional

Mary, mother of our Lord

Mary, mother of our Lord, *Alleluia!*
Bore the true and living Word. *Alleluia!*
May we, too, consent today
And, with her, our God obey.
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

When she did not understand
What would come of God's command,
Still she served the Holy One;
May we, too, in faith go on.

Mary, listening, took her part,
Treasured all things in her heart;
So, with Mary, may we find
Jesus' wisdom, strong and kind.

Mary, weeping, at the cross,
Loved her son and knew the cost;
May our love, as hers, be strong
Though the way of pain be long.

Mary knew the Spirit's power
In the church as wind and fire;
May our church be open still
To the Spirit's gracious will.

Words: Elizabeth J Smith

Suggested music: Chislehurst (AHB 291 (ii))



PSALM



- 1 My soul proclaims the |greatness • of the |Lord:
my spirit re|joices in |God my |Saviour,
- 2 Who has looked with favour on his |lowly |servant:
from this day all gener|ations will |call me |blessed;
- 3 [*chant, second half*] The Almighty has done |great things |for me:
and |holy |is his name.
- 4 God has mercy on |those who |fear him:
from gener|ation to |gener|ation.
- 5 The Lord has shown |strength • with his |arm:
and scattered the |proud in |their con|ceit,
- 6 Casting down the mighty |from their |thrones:
and |lifting |up the |lowly.
- 7 God has filled the hungry with |good |things:
and sent the |rich a|way |empty.
- 8 He has come to the aid of his |servant |Israel:
to re|member the |promise of |mercy,
- 9 The promise |made • to our |forebears:
to Abraham and his |children |for |ever.

Gradual

A hymn to Mary

Hail Mary, full of grace! All generations, bless
our highly-favoured sister in her holiness!
Rejoice with her, who first received
God's Word made human, and believed.

Heaven and earth stand still while Mary, wrapped in thought,
accepts the words of joy and dread the angel brought
to bear the Christ, and hold him dear
in costly love, in pain and fear.

Courage and strength were hers when, virgin and alone,
she freely chose the will of God and made it her own.
She laughed, and sang a woman's song:
God lifts the weak, puts down the strong.

Now may we seek the path that Mary's feet once trod,
sufficient in herself to bear the fullness of God -
for Christ will come where faith and love
receive him still, and make him room.

Words: © Marnie Barrell, revised 2001

Music: Love Unknown