

Daily, daily, sing to Mary,  
sing my soul, her praises due;  
all her feasts, her actions honour,  
with the heart's devotion true.  
Lost in wond'ring contemplation  
be her majesty confessed:  
call her Mother, call her Virgin,  
happy Mother, Virgin blest.

Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,  
who for us her Maker bore;  
for the curse of old inflicted,  
peace and blessings to restore.  
Sing in songs of praise unending,  
sing the world's majestic Queen;  
weary not nor faint in telling  
all the gifts she gives to men.

All my sense, heart, affections,  
strive to sound her glory forth;  
spread abroad the sweet memorials,  
of the Virgin's priceless worth,  
where the voice of music thrilling,  
where the tongues of eloquence,  
that can utter hymns beseeming  
all her matchless excellence?

All our joy do flow from Mary,  
all then join her praise to sing;  
trembling sing the Virgin Mother,  
Mother of our Lord and King,  
while we sing her awful glory,  
far above our fancy's reach,  
let our hearts be quick to offer  
love the heart alone can teach.