

*Where are you bound, Mary, Mary?  
Where are you bound, Mother of God?*

Beauty is a dove sitting on a sunlit bough,  
beauty is a pray'r without the need of words.  
Words are more than sounds falling off and empty tongue:  
let it be according to His word.

Mary heard the word spoken in her inmost heart;  
Mary bore the Word and held Him in her arms.  
Sorrow she has known, seeing Him upon the cross  
- greater joy to see Him rise again.

Where are we all bound, carrying the Word of God?  
Time and place are ours to make His glory know.  
Mary bore Him first, we will tell the whole wide world;  
let it be according to His word.