1 Daily, daily, sing to Mary, Sing, my soul, her praises due; All her feasts, her actions
2 She is mighty to deliver; Call her lovingly; When the tempest rages
   us her Maker bore; For the curse of old sound her glory forth; Spread abroad the sweet mercy,
3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies, Who for trust her lovingly; When the tempest rages
   us her Maker bore; For the curse of old sound her glory forth; Spread abroad the sweet mercy,
4 All my senses, heart, affections, Strive to worship With the heart's devotion True Lost in
   round thee, She will calm the troubled sea. Gifts of fill the sea, Peace and blessing to restore. Sing in
   morials Of the Virgin's priceless worth. Where the wonder the contemplation, Be her
   heaven she has given, Noble songs of praise endless Sing the
   voice of music thrilling, Where the
majesty confess; Call her Mother, call her
Lady, to our race: She the Queen who decks her
worlds majestic Queen; Worthy not, nor faint in
tongue of eloquence, That can utter hymns be-

Virgin, Happy Mother, Virgin blest.
subjects With the light of God’s own race.
telling All the gifts she gives to men.
seeming All her matchless excellence?