

THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Mother of Mercy

Mater Misericordiae

Father Faber

S. M. Yenn

Andante religioso

p

1. Moth - er of mer - cy, day by day, My love of
2. Though pov - er - ty and work and woe The mas - ters

mf

thee grows more and more; Thy gifts are strewn up - on my
of my life may be, When times are worst who does not

rall *a tempo*

way Like sands up - on the great sea - shore. Thy gifts are
know — Dark - ness is light with love of thee? When times are

rall *f* *pp*

strewn up - on my way Like sands up - on the great sea - shore.
worst who does not know — Dark - ness is light with love of thee?

3. But scornful men have coldly said Thy love was leading me from God;
And yet in this I did but tread The very path my Saviour trod. :||
4. They know but little of Thy worth Who speak these heartless words to me;
For what did Jesus love on earth One half so tenderly as thee? :||