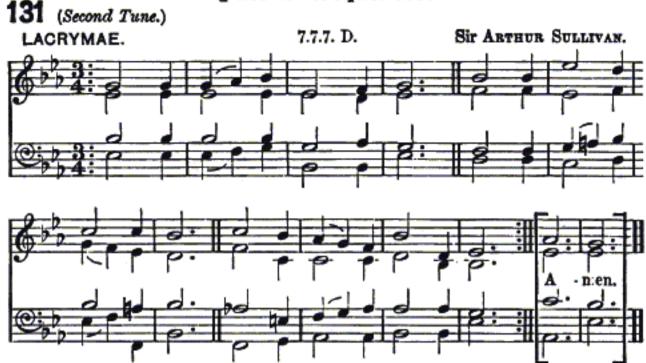
Part 1. Sequences.



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- 1 Ave, Mary, full of grace,
 In whose Virgin arms' embrace
 God to God Himself doth vow!
 We would at the Temple wait,
 We would meet Thee at the gate,
 Jesu, for our all art Thou.
- 2 God is to His Temple come; Angels throng the hallowed dome; What beyond hath Heav'n in store? God Himself our flesh doth wear; Owns a Virgin-Mother's care; This than Heav'n itself is more!
- 3 Incense-gales of gladness rise,
 At this morning's Sacrifice;
 Hymns through all the Temple sound;
 Evening's rite in tears shall end,
 And with bitter weepings blend,
 As they stand the Cross around.
- 4 Here the Sacrifice is brought,
 By Whose priceless value bought,
 We are all to God made nigh;
 We no longer are our own,
 Thine, O God, we are alone!
 Thine we live, and Thine we die.
- 5 Let Thy servants now depart;
 Let us see Thee as Thou art,
 Naught of earth arrest our eyes:
 But, if here we stay below,
 In Thee, Jesu, let us grow,
 So in Thee we shall arise. [Amen.]