

All I have I give you,
Every dream and wish are yours,
Mother of Christ, Mother of mine,
present them to my Lord.
Ave Maria, Gratia plena, Dominus tecum, Benedicta tu.

As I kneel before you,
And I see your smiling face,
Ev'ry thought, ev'ry word
Is lost in your embrace.
Ave Maria, Gratia plena, Dominus tecum, Benedicta tu.

Final Hymn

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!
Unnumbered blessings give my spirit voice;
Tender to me the promise of his word;
In God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name!
Make known his might, the deeds his arm has done;
His mercy sure, from age to age the same;
His holy name, the Lord, the mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!
Powers and dominions lay their glory by;
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,
The hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
To children's children and forever more!

National Pilgrimage at Home

Monday 25th March 2020

Hymn Sheet

*All glory to God in his mercy and grace
Who established his Home in this wonderful place.
Ave Ave Ave Maria! Ave Ave Ave Maria!*

When Edward Confessor ruled over the land
The Faverches' Manor stood here nigh at hand.

The lady Richeldis devoted her care,
To good works and penance and worship and prayer.

One day as she prayed and looked up to the skies,
A vision of splendour delighted her eyes.

Bewildered she pondered this message so sweet,
When a clear spring of water burst forth at her feet.

Bewildered no longer for this was the sign,
She vowed on this spot she would build such a shrine.

And soon mighty wonders by grace were revealed,
For the sick who made use of the waters were healed.

So Walsingham then came a place of great fame.
And Our Lady herself was then called by this name.

Now to God the All-Father, and Son, with due praise,
And life-giving Spirit, thanksgiving we raise.



Offertory Hymn

Joy to thee, Queen! within thine ancient dowry -
Joy to thee, Queen! for once again thy fame
Is noised abroad and spoken of in England
And thy lost children call upon thy name.
Ladye of Walsingham! be as thou hast been
England's protectress—our Mother and our Queen!

In ages past, thy palmer-children sought thee
From near and far, a faith-enlightened throng,
Bringing their gems, and gold and silver love-gifts
Where tapers gleamed – where all was prayer and song.
Ladye of Walsingham! be as thou hast been
England's protectress, our Mother and our Queen!

Countless the signs and wonders that men told there,
For not in vain did any pilgrim kneel
Before thy throne to seek thy intercession
But thou didst bend to listen and to heal.
Ladye of Walsingham! be as thou hast been
England's protectress, our Mother and our Queen!

The Martyrs' blood, like heavenly seed, is scattered;
The harvest now is ripe for us to reap;
The Faith dishonoured now is held in honour;
O help thine own this precious gift to keep!
Ladye of Walsingham! be as thou hast been
England's protectress, our Mother and our Queen!

Unto thy Son – unto our sweet Redeemer,
Source of our Hope, our Life, our Joy, once more
We bring the love and loyalty of England
And in his Sacrament we Him adore.
Ladye of Walsingham! be as thou hast been
England's protectress, our Mother and our Queen!

Communion Hymns

O bread of heaven, beneath this veil
Thou dost my very God conceal:
My Jesus, dearest treasure, hail!
I love thee and, adoring, kneel;
Each loving soul by thee is fed
With thine own self in form of bread.

O food of life, thou who dost give
The pledge of immortality;
I live, no, 'tis not I that live;
God gives me life, God lives in me:
He feeds my soul, he guides my ways,
And every grief with joy repays.

O bond of love, that dost unite
The servant to his living Lord;
Could I dare live and not requite
Such love - then death were meet reward:
I cannot live unless to prove
Some love for such unmeasured love.

Beloved Lord, in Heaven above,
There, Jesus, thou awaitest me,
To gaze on thee with changeless love;
Yes, thus I hope, thus shall it be:
For how can he deny me heaven,
Who here on earth himself hath given?

As I kneel before you,
As I bow my head in prayer,
Take this day, make it yours
and fill me with your love.
Ave Maria, Gratia plena, Dominus tecum, Benedicta tu.