

Away! with loyal hearts

J. B. Gray

Briskly

A - way! with loy - al hearts and true, O'er hill and dale they press'd, Full four-score wea - ry miles to do The Cæ - sar's high be - hest; And Ma - ry sang "Mag - ni - fi - cat, "Her own, her an - cient song, For well wist she that God's de - decree Was bear - ing her a - long, Was bear - ing her a - long.

2. Away through fields and meadows green,
O'er purple heather-bed,
By mountain pass, or deep ravine,
The faithful couple sped.
And soft and sweet, where'er they went,
To glad the weary way,
Sang Mary that "Magnificat,"
Her own, her ancient lay.
3. O'er head the storm-clouds often wept,
And tempests o'er them passed,
And cold around them often swept
The bleak December blast.
But still she sang "Magnificat"
Through weather foul or fair;
For all was rest within her breast,
'T was always sunshine there.
4. And when the pilgrimage was o'er,
And of their royal kin,
Not one would open wide his door,
And bid them enter in;

- Still Mary sang "Magnificat"
With ever joyful tone;
"Whate'er betide, the Lord," she cried,
"Is mindful of His own."
5. Worn out at last, and ill bestead,
Right glad were they to find
Within a sorry cattle-shed
A shelter from the wind.
And Mary sang "Magnificat"
Right through that wondrous night,
And ere the birth of morn on earth
Was born the Light of Light.
6. Then let us all with one accord
Join Mary's song, and say,
"My soul doth magnify the Lord"
For ever and for aye.
Loud let us sing "Magnificat,"
That dear and ancient lay;
For God's own Son with us is one,
And He is born to-day.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)