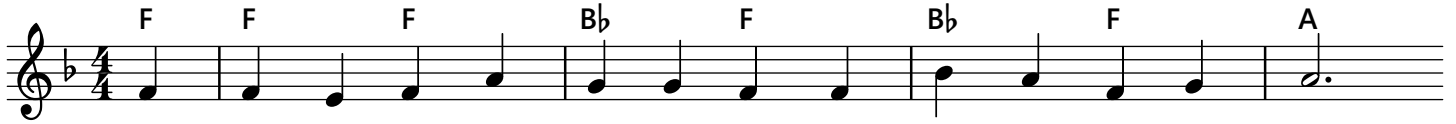
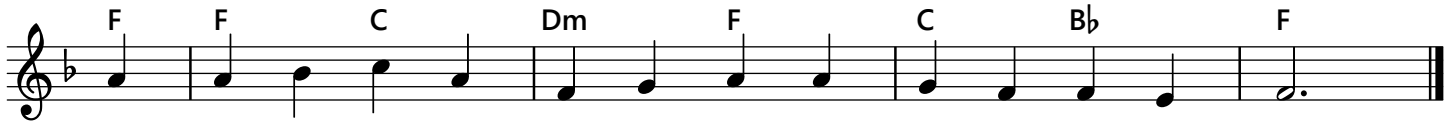


Most Ancient of All Mysteries

Frederick W. Faber / SAINT FLAVIAN



1. Most an - cient of all mys - ter - ies, be - fore thy throne we lie;
2. When heav'n and earth were yet un-made, when time was yet un - known,
3. Thou wast not born; there was no fount from which thy be - ing flowed;
4. How won - der - ful cre - a - tion is, the work which thou didst bless!
5. Most an - cient of all mys - ter - ies, be - fore thy throne we lie;



1. have mer - cy now, most mer - ci - ful, most ho - ly Trin - i - ty.
2. thou in thy bliss and maj - es - ty didst live and love a - lone.
3. there is no end which thou canst reach: but thou art sim - ply God.
4. And O what then must thou be like, e - ter - nal love - li - ness!
5. have mer - cy now and ev - er - more, most ho - ly Trin - i - ty.

Lyrics: 86.86; Frederick William Faber, 1814-1863.
Music: SAINT FLAVIAN; John Day's "The Whole Booke of Psalmes Collected into Englysh Metre", London, 1562.