I sing of a maid that is matchless, King of all kings to her son she chose.

Mother and maid was ne'er none but she; well may such a lady God's mother be. I

sing of a maid that is matchless, King of all kings to her son she chose.

*The round can also be performed by (or supported by) Alto Recorders reading up an octave.

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King of all kings to her son she chose. Mother and maid was ne'er none but she;
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I sing of a maid that is matchless,

well may such a lady God's mother be. I sing of a maid that is matchless,

Mother and maid was ne'er none but she; well may such a lady God's mother be. I

King of all kings to her son she chose. Mother and maid was ne'er none but she;

A little slower

ritard

Mo-ther and maid was ne'er none but she. Salve, salve sancta parents, salve.

King of all kings to her son she chose. Salve, salve sancta parents, salve.

well may such a lady God's mother be. Salve, salve sancta parents salve.