

# “Our Tainted Nature’s Solitary Boast”

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

Louis Bourgeois (1510-1559)

*The Virgin* (1822)

*Old 124<sup>th</sup>* (1551)

1. Mo - ther! whose vir - gin bo - som was un - crost  
2. Be - fore her wane be - gins on heav'n's blue coast;

With the least shade of thought to sin al - lied.  
Thy im - age falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,

Wo - man! a - bove all wo - men glo - ri - fied,  
Not un - for - gi - ven the'sup-pliant knee might bend,

Our tain - ted na - ture's so - li - ta - ry boast;  
As to a vis' - ble Pow'r, in, which did blend

Pur - er than foam on cen - tral o - cean tost;  
All that was mixed and re - con-ciled in thee

Brigh - ter than eas - tern skies at day-break strewn  
Of Mo - ther's love with mai - den pur - i - ty,

With fan - cied ro - ses, than the'un - ble - mished moon  
Of high with low, ce - les - tial with ter - rene!