

*The Praise and Thanksgiving of the Pure Virgin St. Mary*

"All nations henceforth will call me blessed," Mary said, by the light of her soul on account of her fruit.

She beheld to which high rank she had ascended, that the world with great wonder would call her blessed.

She foresaw the future and said of it, that the peoples of the earth would call her virginity blessed.

By the Spirit she learned that her Son is the King of all the Gentles; in tribute, she required a blessing from the nations.

Therefore, we also say "blessed" to the blessed one whose blessing is truly more sublime than the praises of the whole world

Blessed is she who received the Holy Spirit; He purified and polished her, and made her a temple, and the Lord Most High dwelt in her abode.

Blessed is she because the great beauty of her virginity subsists; her name shines valiantly forever.

Blessed is she, for by means of her, joy came to Adam's race; through her the fallen arose who had been cast down from the house of Father.

Blessed is she who is exalted above the union of marriage, yet her face is unveiled to the beloved Child of mothers.

Blessed is she whose body was never defiled by lust, behold, it is resplendent with the fair fruit of her virginity.

Blessed is she in whose small and barren womb dwelt the Great One by whom the heavens are filled and are too small for Him.

Blessed is she who bore that Ancient one who generated Adam, and by whom are made new all creatures who have become old.

Blessed is she who gave drops of milk from her members to that One at whose command the waves of the great sea gushed forth.

Blessed is the one who carried, embraced and caressed like a child God mighty forevermore, by whose hidden power the world is carried.

Blessed is she from whom the Savior appeared to the captives; in his zeal He bound the captor and reconciled the earth.

Blessed is she who placed her pure mouth on the lips of that One, from whose fire, the Seraphim of fire hide themselves.

Blessed is she who nourished as a babe with pure milk the great breast from which the worlds suck like.

Blessed is she whose Son calls blessed all the blessed!

Blessed is that One who solemnly appeared to us from your purity!

By St. Jacob of Serug

