

'Tis the Month of Our Mother

L. Lambillotte

'Tis the month of our Mother, The blessed and beautiful
Oh, what peace to her children, 'Mid sorrow and trials to
And what joy to the erring, The sinful and sorrowful
Let us sing then, rejoicing, That God hath so honored our
And now here at her altars, Let pride and unkindness de-
But bring flowers of purity, Meekness, and patience and
And the heart of our Mother Will glow with a hallowed de-

days, know, soul; race, part, love; light,
When our lips and our spirit- its Are glow- ing with love and with
That the love of their Mother Hath ev- er a sol- ace for
That a trust in her guid- ance Will lead to a glo- ri- ous
As to clothe with our na- ture, Sweet Ma- ry, the Moth- er of
For she loves not the prais- es Of proud or self- ish
They are gar- lands un- fa- ding, The bloss- oms which op- en a-
And the buds of this May- time No winds of the win- ter can

praise. woe. goal. grace. hearts. above. blight.
All hail to dear Ma- ry, The guard- ian of our way;

To the fair- est of Queens, Be the fair- est of sea- sons, sweet May.