

'Tis the Month of Our Mother

L. Lambillotte

'Tis the month of our Mother, The bless-ed and beau-ti-ful
Oh, what peace to her chil-dren, 'Mid sor-row and tri-als to
And what joy to the err-ing, The sin-ful and sor-row-ful
Let us sing then, re-joic-ing, That God hath so hon-ored our
And now here at her al-tars, Let pride and un-kind-ness de-
But bring flow-ers of pur-i-ty, Let Meek-ness, and pat-i-ence and
And the heart of our Moth-er Will glow with a hall-owed de-

days, know, soul; race, part, love; light,
When our lips and our spir-its Are glow-ing with love and with
That the love of their Moth-er 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 her 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. bove. 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.