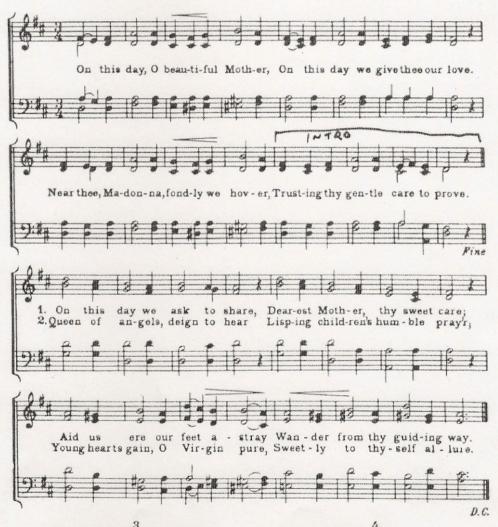
- Queen of Angels, deign to hear Lisping children's humble pray'r;
 Young hearts gain, O Virgin pure, Sweetly to thyself allure.
- Rose of Sharon, lovely flow'r.
 Beauteous bud of Eden's bow'r;
 Cherished lily of the vale,
 Virgin Mother, Queen we hail.
- 4. In vain the flow'rs of love we bring, In vain sweet music's note we sing, If contrite heart and lovely prayer, Guide not our gifts to thy bright sphere.
- 5. Fast our days of life we run, Soon the night of death will come; Tower of strength in that dread hour, Come with all thy gentle power.

ON THIS DAY, O BEAUTIFUL MOTHER



Rose of Sharon, lovely flow'r, Beauteous bud of Eden's bow'r; Cherished lily of the vale, Virgin Mother, Queen we hail. In vain the flowrs of love we bring,
Invain sweet musics note we sing,
If contrite heart and lowly prayer,
Guide not our gifts to thy bright sphere.

5.

Fast our days of life we run, Soon the night of death will come; Tower of strength in that dread hour, Come with all thy gentle power.