

2. Queen of Angels, deign to hear
Lisp'ing children's humble pray'r;
Young hearts gain, O Virgin pure,
Sweetly to thyself allure.

3. 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

On this day, O beau-ti-ful Moth-er, On this day we give thee our love.

Near thee, Ma-don-na, fond-ly we hov-er, Trust-ing thy gen-tle care to prove.

Fine

1. On this day we ask to share, Dear-est Moth-er, thy sweet care;
2. Queen of an-gels, deign to hear Lisp-ing child-ren's hum-ble pray'r,

Aid us ere our feet a - stray Wan - der from thy guid-ing way.
Young hearts gain, O Vir-gin pure, Sweet-ly to thy-self al-lure.

D.C.

3.
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 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.