



Bring flowers of the rarest
Bring blossoms the fairest,
From garden and woodland
and hillside and dale;
Our full hearts are swelling,
Our glad voices telling
The praise of the loveliest flower of the vale!

Chorus:

*O Mary we crown thee with blossoms today!
Queen of the Angels and Queen of the May.
O Mary we crown thee with blossoms today,
Queen of the Angels and Queen of the May.*

Their lady they name thee,
Their mistress proclaim thee,
Ah, grant that thy children
on earth be as true.
As long as the bowers
Are radiant with flowers,
As long as the azure shall keep its bright hue.

Sing gaily in chorus;
The bright angels o'er us
Re-echo the strains
we begin upon earth;
Their harps are repeating
The notes of our greeting,
For Mary herself is the cause of our mirth.