

# Bring Flowers of the Rarest

James Kilbane

Bring flow'rs of the fairest,  
Bring flow'rs of the rarest,  
From garden and woodland  
And hillside and vale;  
Our full hearts are swelling,  
Our Glad voices telling  
The praise of the loveliest  
Rose of the vale.O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,  
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May,  
O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,  
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May.Our voices ascending,  
In harmony blending,  
Oh! Thus may our hearts turn  
Dear Mother, to thee;  
Oh! Thus shall we prove thee  
How truly we love thee,  
How dark without Mary  
Life's journey would be.O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,  
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May,  
O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,  
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May.O Virgin most tender,  
Our homage we render,  
Thy love and protection,  
Sweet Mother, to win;  
In danger defend us,  
In sorrow befriend us,  
And shield our hearts  
From contagion and sin.O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,  
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May,  
O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,  
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May.Of Mothers the dearest,  
Oh, wilt thou be nearest,  
When life with temptation  
Is darkly replete?  
Forsake us, O never!  
Our hearts be they ever  
As Pure as the lilies  
We lay at thy feet.O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,  
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May,

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

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