1 Bring flowers of the rarest, bring flowers of the fairest, 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 dale.

2 Our voices as ascending, in harmony blending, Oh!
thus may our hearts turn, dear Mother, to thee; Oh!
thus shall we prove thee how truly I love thee, How
without Mary, life's journey would be.

3 O Virgin most tender, our homage we render, Thy
love and protection, sweet Mother, to win; In
pure as the lilies we lay at your feet.

Oh Mary! we crown thee with blossoms to-day
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May, O

Mary we crown thee with blossoms to-day,

Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May.