Glorious Mother!

QUEEN OF HEAVEN 8.7.8.7.D
LE JEUNE

1 Glor-ious Moth-er! from high hea-ven
   Down up-on thy Chil-dren gaze,
2 Earth is dark-some, we are wear-y,
   Sa-tan set-eth snares for all;
3 Raise thy voice for us to Je-sus,
   In this bless-ed month of thine;

   Gath-ered in thy own loved sea-son
   Thee to bless and thee to praise.

   Pray for us, O ten-der Ma-ry,
   Pray to Je-sus lest we fall.

   Raise thy pure hands up to bless us,
   As we lin-ger 'round thy shrine.

   See, sweet Ma-ry, on thine al-tars
   Bloom the fair-est buds of May;

   O may we, earth's sons and daughters,
   Grow, by grace, as pure as they.