

Bring flowers of the rarest,
bring blossoms of 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.

*O Mary we crown thee
with blossoms today,
Queen of the angels
and Queen of the May. (2)*

Their lady they name thee,
their mistress proclaim thee.
Oh, 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.

Sign 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.