

# Bring Flowers Of The Rarest

Mary E. Walsh



1. Bring flowers of the ra - rest, bring  
2. Our voic - es as - cend - ing, in  
3. O Vir - gin mist ten - der, our



flowers of the fair - est, From  
har - mo - ny blend - ing, Oh!  
hom - age we ren - der, Thy



gar - den and wood - land and hill side and vale; Our  
thus may our hearts turn, dear Mo - ther, to thee; Oh!  
love and pro - tec - tion, sweet Mo - ther, to win; In



full harts are swell - ing, our glad voic - es tell - ing The  
thus shall we prove thee how tru - ly I love thee, How  
dan - ger de - fend us, in sor - row be - friend us, As



praise of the love - li - est Rose of the dale.  
dark with - out Ma - ry, life's jour - ney would be.  
pure as the lil - ies we lay at your feet.



O Ma - ry! We crown thee with blos - soms today,



Queen of the an - gels, Queen of the May, O Mary we crown thee with



blossoms today, Queen of the angels, Queen of the May.