

1'Tis the month of our Moth - er, The  
 2. Oh! what peace to her child - ren, 'Mid

bless - ed and beau - ti - ful days, When our lips and our  
 sor - rows and tri - als to know That the love of their

spir - its Are glow - ing with love and with praise.  
 Moth - er Hath ev - er a sol - ace for woe.

**CHORUS**

All hail to dear Ma - ry, The guard - ian of our way,

To the fair - est of Queens, Be the fair - est of sea - sons, sweet May.

3.

And what joy to the erring,  
 The sinful and sorrowful soul;  
 That a trust in her guidance  
 Will lead to a glorious goal.

4.

Let us sing, then, rejoicing,  
 That God hath so honor'd our race,  
 As to clothe with our nature  
 Sweet Mary, the Mother of grace.