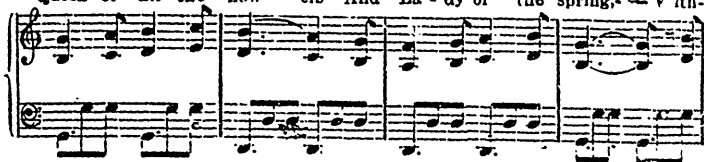
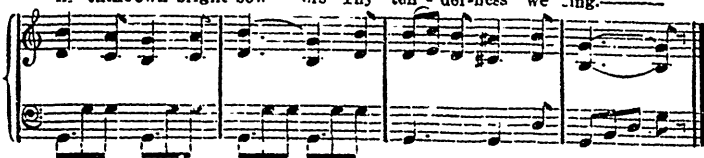


CHORUS.

Queen of all the flow - ers And La - dy of the spring, — Vith-



in thine own bright bow - ers Thy ten - der-ness we sing. —



2. — The lily that dwelt by the water,
Was breathing a song in the morn,
A whisper of Heaven it taught her,
When first her young beauty was born.
Sweet Madonna ! low drooping, in her whiteness,
Unsullied by shadow or storm,
She fain would seek thy brightness,
Her fairness to adorn.

3. — The blossoms will glow for an hour,
In sunshine the birdling may sing,
But fades the pale bud in the shower,
In winter the warbler takes wing.
Sweet Madonna ! remember, when the snow-drifts
Blow cold as the winter they bring,
Our hearts know not December,
For love is always Spring.

