1. Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ, What shall I ask of thee?
I do not sigh for wealth of earth for joys that thee?
I'll love thy Son with all my strength my only sea!
O lift thy Child as Beacon Light to the place where fade and flee,
But Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ, King is He!
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ, I would be,
And Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,

This do I long to see The bliss untold which thine
This do I promise thee Of all that are dear or
This do I beg of thee When the voyage is o'er stand thou

arms enfold, The treasure upon thy knee,
cherished here, Not one shall be dear as He.
on the shore, And show Him at last to me.