

6. Mater Christi.

Words S. N. D.

Music S. N. D.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ, What shall I ask of Thee? I

do not sigh for the wealth of earth, For the joys that fade and flee; But,

Chorus.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ, This do I long to see, The

Slower.

bliss un - told which thine arms en fold, The trea-sure up - on Thy knee.

2.
 Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
 He was All-in-all to Thee -
 In the Winter's Cave, in Nazareth's Home,
 In the hāmlets of Galilee.
 So, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
 He will not say nay to Thee;
 When He lifts His Face to Thy sweet embrace.
 Speak to Him, Mother, of me.

4.
 Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
 What shall I do for Thee?
 I will love Thy Son with the whole of my strength,
 My only King shall He be.
 Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
 This will I do for Thee,
 Of all that are dear or cherished here,
 None shall be dear as He.

3.
 Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
 The world will bid him flee -
 Too busy to heed His gentle voice,
 Too blind His charms to see -
 Then, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
 Come with Thy Babe to me,
 Tho' the world be cold, my heart shall hold
 A shelter for Him and Thee.

5.
 Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
 I toss on a stormy sea,
 O lift Thy Child as a Beacon-light
 To the Port where I fain would be,
 And, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
 This do I ask of Thee, -
 When the voyage is o'er, O stand on the shore,
 And show Him at last to me.