
Words 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 bliss untold which thine arms enfold, The treasure upon Thy knee.

Slower.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
He was All-in-all to Thee—
In the Winter's Cave, in Nazareth's Home,
In the hamlets 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.

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