

THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Mother of Christ

Words by S.N. D.

Nicola A. Montani

Not too slow (alla breve)

1. Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, What shall I ask of thee? I
2. Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, What shall I do for thee? I will
3. Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, I toss on a storm-y sea, — O

do not sigh for the wealth of the earth, For the joys that fade and flee; — But,
love thy Son with the whole of my strength, My on - ly King shall He be. — Yes,
lift thy Child as a bea - con light To the port where I fain would be, — Then,

Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, This do I long to see, — The
Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, This will I do for thee, — Of
Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, This do I ask of thee, — When the

Bliss un - told which thine arms en - fold, The treas-ure up - on thy knee. —
all that are dear or cher-ished here, None shall be dear as He. —
voy-age is o'er, O , stand on the shore And show Him at last to me. —