

O Mother I could weep.

L Vogt SM

Andante.

1. O Mother I could weep for mirth, joy fills my heart so fast, My
 2. When Jesus looks up on Thy face, His heart with rapture glows; And

3. The angels answer with their songs, Bright choirs in gleaming rows; And

soul to-day is heav'n on earth, O could the transport last
 in the church by His sweet grace, Thy blessed wor-ship grows.

saints flock 'round Thy feet in throngs & heav'n with bliss overflows.

Chorus

I think of Thee & what Thou art, thy majesty Thy state; And

I keep singing in my heart: Thou art Immacu- late.