

THE LILY OF

Fairest flower that ever



THE MOHAWKS

bloomed among true men

1938, No. 6

MARCH

TEKAKWITHA IN MUSIC

As promised in our February issue, this March message publishes the musical compositions for the song by Father Crowe, printed again on this page. To have the pupils in our schools sing one or other of these compositions will attract them to the story of Tekakwitha. They are printed in the order in which they were received. The music by Sister Mary M. Hayes of the Visitation appeared in the issue of December, 1937.

The Lily of the Mohawks

REV. J. B. CROWE

The Lily of the Mohawks,

The Forest Flow'r we sing;

Kateri Tekakwitha,

Who loved Our Lord and King.

An Iroquois—Algonquin,
Who prayed the Prince of Peace;
Salvation, for her people,
And cruel strife to cease.

She prayed and toiled and suffered,
A saintly child was she,
And what a sweet example
She set for you and me.

Near Auriesville, New Yorkland, This child of grace was born, Baptized at age of twenty, One lovely Easter morn.

At Christmas, First Communion She made and in her face There shone the joy of gladness, Of light and love of grace. She made the Vow of Virgins,
And virtue's trail she trod;
The spouse of Christ Our Saviour,
She glory gave to God.

She loved our Blessed Mother,
Whose Son for us hath died,
Through grace this Indian maiden
Became our Indian Guide.

In Canada, the Northland,
At four and twenty years,
She died, and then of wonders
She wrought, the World, it hears.

The Lily of the Mohawks,
A saint, may she be styled,
Of Auriesville, the Flower,
On whom the Heavens smiled.

Alike Saint Rose of Lima,
Whose grace in glory flowers;
We pray the Church may crown her,
A patroness of ours.

("The Western Catholic," June 4, 1937.)



The Lily of the Mohawks

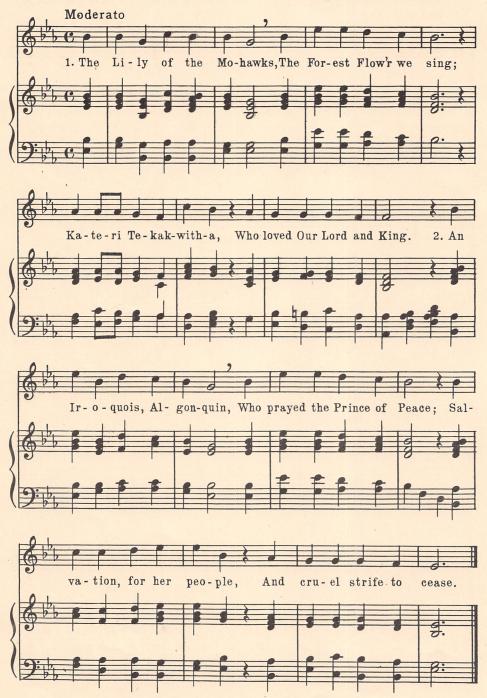
Music by
Mother M. Philomena
Notre Dame, Baltimore



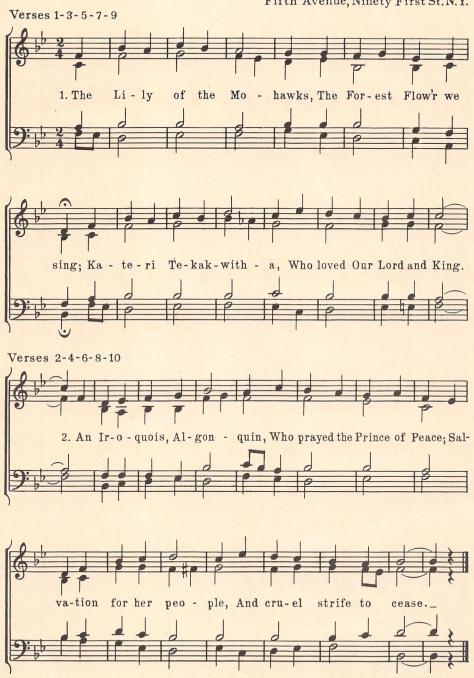
The Lily of the Mohawks

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Sister M. Gonzaga College of St. Rose, Albany



Academy of the Sacred Heart Fifth Avenue, Ninety First St. N.Y.

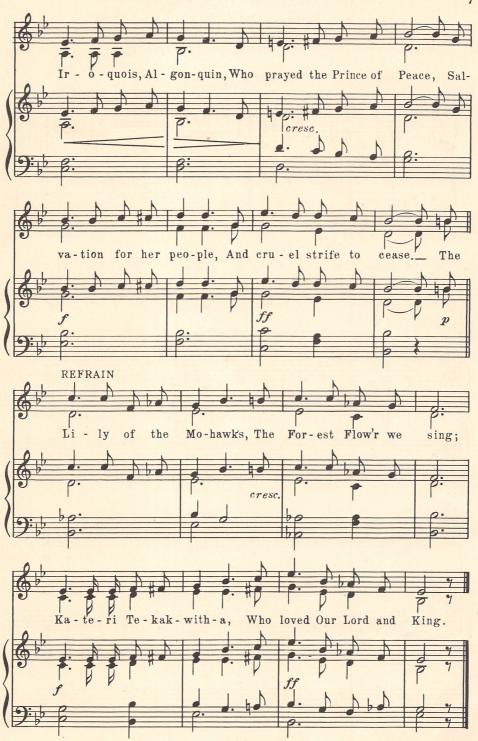


Holy, Holy, may this Forest Child have heard As praying in the woodlands, God's love her pure heart stirred?

M. M. Loyola, O. S. U.







The Lily of the Mohawks

May E. Magee

