

The Theotokos of Guadalupe, patroness of the Americas

DECEMBER 12



1. Come, all you lov - ers of the feasts: sing won - ders done this day;
2. She asked him to con - vey her words; she asked a church be built
3. Re - turn - ing to that lone - ly place, the sad one told his queen,
4. A - me - ri - cas' great pa - tron - ess, O Vir - gin, Mo - ther kind,



How God dis - played his lov - ing care in such a lov - ing way:
U - pon the moun - tain's lof - ty top, where so much blood was spilled.
“Un - less my til - ma's filled with flow'rs, he'll scorn what I have seen.”
Re - ceive the hymn we raise to you; teach us your Son to find!



To Te - pe - yac, in Mex - i - co, the The - ot - o - kos came,
Re - spon - ding to these lov - ing words he went in - to the town
His cloak with flow - ers Ma - ry filled, sent him in - to that place;
To Fa - ther, Son, and Spi - rit blessed, to God, the Three - in - One,



Ap - pear - ing to a na - tive son, Juan Die - go was his name.
And to the bi - shop took the tale, re - ceived harsh words and frown.
When o - pened there, the flow'rs spilled out and there was Ma - ry's face!
Be all our hymns of praise ad - dressed, from souls your grace has won.

Text: J. Michael Thompson

Melody: *Forest Green*