Come, all you lovers of the feasts: sing wonders done this day;
She asked him to convey her words; she asked a church be built
Returning to that lonely place, the sad one told his queen,
Americas’ great patroness, O Virgin, Mother kind,

How God displayed His loving care in such a loving way:
Upon the mountain’s lofty top, where so much blood was spilled.
"Unless my ti Lama’s filled with flow’rs, he’ll scorn what I have seen."
Receive the hymn we raise to you; teach us your Son to find!

To Tepeyac, in Mexico, the Theotokos came,
Responding to these loving words he went into the town
His cloak with flowers Mary filled, sent him into that place;
To Father, Son, and Spirit blessed, to God, the Three-in-One,

Appearing to a native son, Juan Diego was his name.
And to the bishop took the tale, received harsh words and frown.
When opened there, the flow’rs spilled out and there was Mary’s face!
Be all our hymns of praise addressed, from souls your grace has won.

Text: JMT
Melody: Forest Green