



OUR HOLY MOTHER.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.



HE watches us from heav'n above,
Our Holy Mother pure;
O, sure and steadfast is her love,
It ever will endure.

II.

As waters from the heavens fall
Upon all things that grow,
Thus her great love is for us all
That dwell on earth below.

III.

And when at last the hand of death
Shall close our mortal eyes,
Then she will wait our parting breath,
And lead us to the skies.