
On our hearts what comfort lingers
As we lay our dead to rest,
With the Beads wrapped round their fingers
And the cross upon their breast.

While the Rosary ascending
Day and night unceasing rolls
Purgatory's penance ending
For its patient Holy Souls.

Holy Mother, thou hast never
Failed one heart that called on thee ;
Endless praise be thine forever
Through thy priceless Rosary.

