

## Our Church

On the slope of the hill our Church stands,  
A monument to God and the faith of Ireland.  
Built by our fathers in days of yore,  
A house of prayer there we adore.  
The loving Saviour that for us died,  
Crucified at Calvary on a cross raised high.  
To our Church we were brought at life's dawn,  
For the shepherd the lamb to fold  
In the mantle of our mother  
At the font of faith enrolled.  
And at its altar we were made one for ever.  
In the presence of the Eucharistic King  
Two hearts joined together  
with God's blessing on a gold ring.  
When the grim reaper gathers his harvest,  
And grinds the grain of life in his mill  
We will pay our last visit,  
To our Church on the slope of the hill.