

789-1000

To mary on her 18th birthday

Who is it
That inspires
That so many miss
Who is it
That shines
Like a star
And so far
Far away
Yet lights the way
You mary

Who is it
A mother asks
Why, why
And yet feels you ever there
Her heart laid bare
Such despair
And Blessed
From the day
You were born
Tis you
Mary

And who is it
That Before the dawn
Shines
In the winter sky
A Twinkle
In her mother's eye
And while we cry
For you are Gone
And not gone
But ever here
Ever here
So dear
Tis you
Mary
Tis you