# OUR LOVING MOTHER

We wander sad and lonely
To a grave not far away,
Where we laid our loving mother
Whom we still miss today.

Jesus saw her getting tired
And a cure was not to be
With loving arms around her
He whispered “Come with me.”

It broke our hearts to lose you,
But you didn’t go alone
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home.

When the altar bells are ringing
And all bend down in prayer,
We have visions of you, mother,
With all your family there.

So rest in peace, dear mother,
And thanks for all you’ve done;
We trust that God has given you
The crown you’ve truly won.