# 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.