# A KIND AND LOVING FATHER

In a near and silent graveyard
Where the trees their branches wave,
Sleeps a kind and loving father
In his cold and lonely grave.

He bade no-one a last farewell,
He raised his hand to none;
His spirit flew before we knew
That he from us had gone.

He never failed to do his best,
His heart was true and tender;
He worked and toiled for those he loved
And left them to remember.

Along the road to yesterday
That leads us straight to you,
Are memories of happy days
Together we once knew.

May he rest in peace, dear Jesus,
In Thy heavenly home above
With the Sacred Heart of Jesus
In His own eternal love.