# 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.