

Mother's Gone

E. E. Matthews, 1919.

Mother's gone far, far away,
Gone to dwell with saints for aye;
Save in Heav'n, a crown to wear,
'Mid the scenes so bright and fair.

Refrain

Yes, we'll meet our sainted mother,
In the home so far away,
When we cross death's silent river,
Reach the land of endless day.

When we placed her in the grave,
Back to earth the dear form gave,
Grief was ours no tongue can tell
'Twas so sad, that last farewell!

Refrain

Will you meet her in that land,
Clasp again her gentle hand?
There our Savior reigns alone,
Parting hours are never known.

Refrain