

Our Mother

Lizzie Baker, 1880.

Daniel Hodges.

The last night of watching is over;
The last words of love have been said;
And safe on the bosom of Jesus,
Our mother has pillowed her head.
Enfolded in arms everlasting,
Her weakness and pains are all past;
The pearl gates of God's upper city
In triumph she's entered at last.

Refrain

Safe in the bright upper land,
Safe thro' eternity's years,
Safe with the glorified band,
After earth's trials and tears.

We mourn thro' the bright days of summer,
'Mid scenes where no more she will tread;
And weep when the white snows of winter
Fall soft o'er the grave of our dead;
But when the home-group of our hearth-stone
Shall kneel at the calm hour of prayer,
The beautiful soul of our mother
Shall meet with her darling ones there.

Refrain

We thank Thee, our Father, in Heaven,
That after the earth-life of tears,
There cometh a day without ending,
The morn of eternity's years;
We thank Thee that, perfect thro' suffering,
Thy loved and Thy ransomed shall stand,
And sing the new song all together,
With Thee in the bright upper land.

Refrain

Our eyes on the cross, dear Redeemer,
Our feet in the safe narrow way,
We'll think of the great weight of glory,
And carry the cross of today;
Thy strength in our weakness made perfect,
Bear us as on wings to the sky,
Where hopes that we cherish ne'er fail us,
And those that we love cannot die.

Refrain