

The Mother's Goodbye

Fanny Crosby, 1878.

Howard Doane.

Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy,  
You have only a moment, I know;  
But you'll stay till I give you my parting advice,  
'Tis all that I have to bestow.  
You leave us to seek for employment, my boy,  
By the world you have yet to be tried;  
But in all the temptations and struggles you meet,  
May your heart in the Savior confide.

Refrain

Hold fast to the right,  
Hold fast to the right,  
Wherever your footsteps may roam;  
O forsake not the way of salvation, my boy,  
That you learned from your mother at home.

You'll find in your satchel a Bible, my boy,  
'Tis the book of all others the best;  
It will teach you to live, it will help you to die,  
And lead to the gates of the blest.  
I gave you to God, in your cradle, my boy,  
I have taught you the best that I knew;  
And as long as His mercy permits me to live,  
I shall never cease praying for you.

Refrain

Your father is coming to bid you goodbye,  
O how lonely and sad we shall be;  
But when far from the scenes of your childhood and youth,  
You'll think of your father and me.  
I want you to feel every word I have said,  
For it came from the depths of my love;  
And, my boy, if we never behold you on earth,  
Will you promise to meet us above?

Refrain