

Mother's Gone

Ephraim Edward Matthews, 1919

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♩=90



1. Mo - ther's gone far, far a - way, Gone to dwell with saints for aye; Safe in
2. When we placed her in the grave, Back to earth the dear form gave, Grief was
3. Will you meet her in that land, Clasp a - gain her gen - tle hand? There our



Heav'n, a crown to wear, 'Mid the scenes so bright and fair.
ours no tongue can tell— 'Twas so sad, that last fare - well! Yes, we'll
Sav - ior reigns a - lone, Part - ing hours are ne - ver known.



meet our saint-ed mo-ther, In the home so far a - way, When we cross death's si - lent



ri - ver, Reach the land of end-less day.

