

Meet Mother in the Skies

Arranged by W. S. Nickle, 1899

$\text{♩} = 105$

1. In a lone-ly church-yard, ma-ny miles a-way, Lies your dear old mo-ther,
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is ab-sent,
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee, He Who par-doned mo-ther,

'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re-turn-ing of her tears and sighs,
mo-ther, kind and true; Ev-er-more she dwells where plea-sure ne-ver dies,
mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort, He will not de-spise,

Refrain

If you love your mo-ther, meet her in the skies.
If you love your mo-ther, meet her in the skies. List-en to her plead-ing,
If you love your mo-ther, meet her in the skies.

"Wand-'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly, en-treat-ing, do not long-er roam;

Let your man-hood wak-en, heav'n-ward lift your eyes; If you love your mo-ther, meet her in the skies.