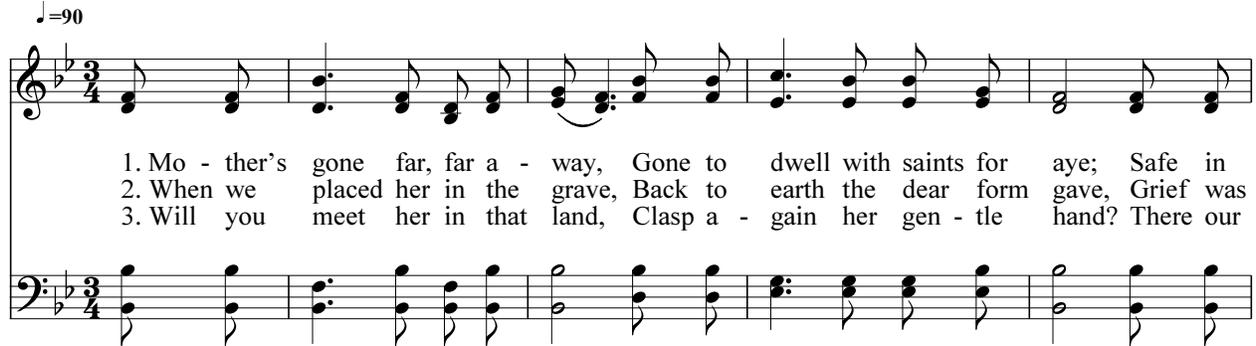


# Mother's Gone

E. E. Matthews, 1919

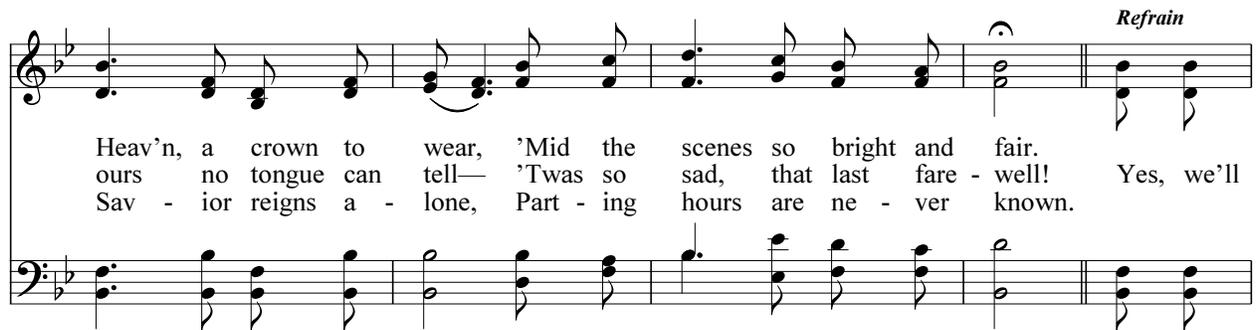
E. E. Matthews

$\text{♩} = 90$

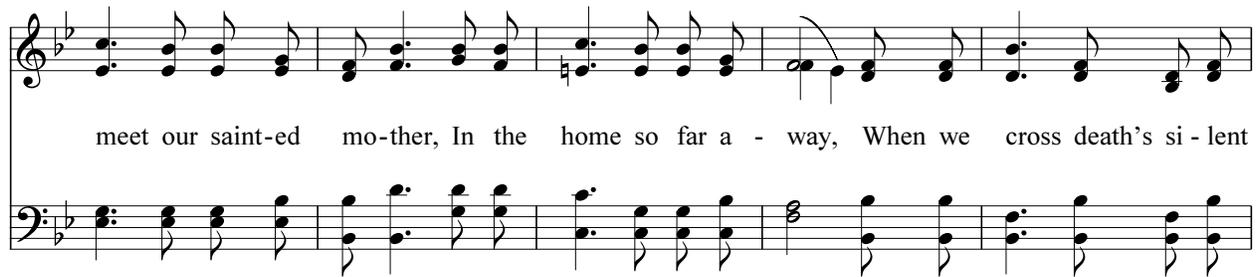


1. Mo - ther's gone far, far a - way, Gone to dwell with saints for aye; Safe in  
2. When we placed her in the grave, Back to earth the dear form gave, Grief was  
3. Will you meet her in that land, Clasp a - gain her gen - tle hand? There our

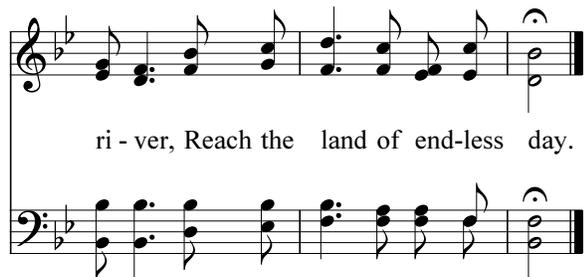
*Refrain*



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.