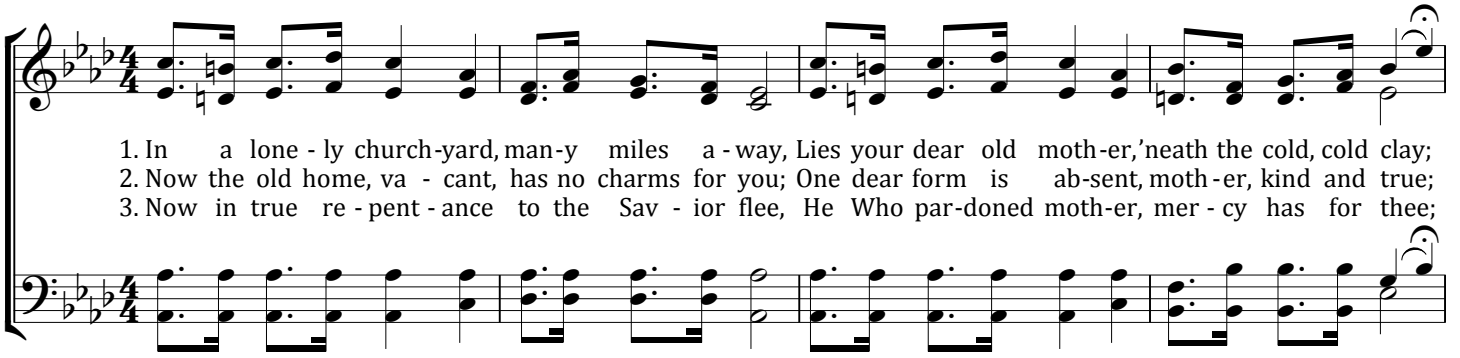
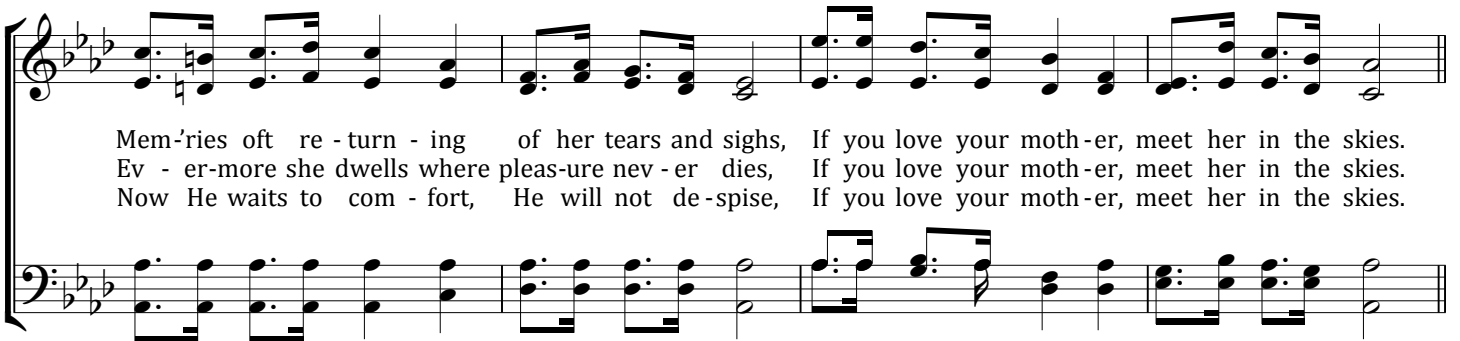


Meet Mother in the Skies

The dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air. 1 Th. 4:16-17

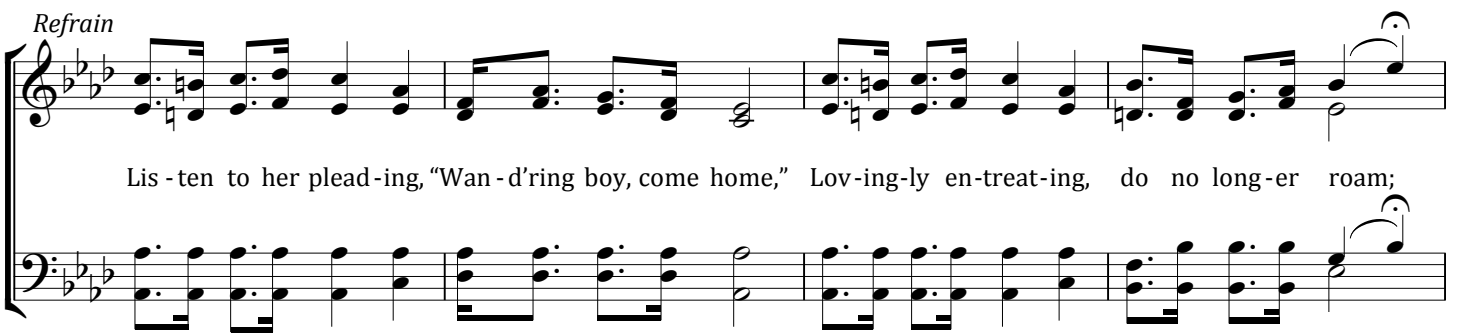


1. In a lone - ly church-yard, man-y miles a - way, Lies your dear old moth-er, 'neath the cold, cold clay;
2. Now the old home, va - cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is ab-sent, moth-er, kind and true;
3. Now in true re - pent - ance to the Sav - ior flee, He Who par-doned moth-er, mer - cy has for thee;

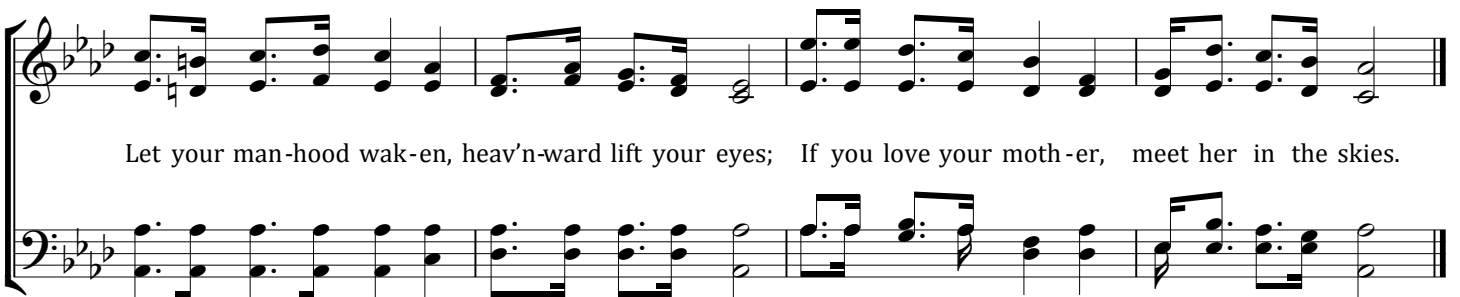


Mem'-ries oft re - turn - ing of her tears and sighs, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
Ev - er-more she dwells where pleas-ure nev - er dies, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
Now He waits to com - fort, He will not de-spise, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.

Refrain



Lis - ten to her plead-ing, "Wan - d'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-treat-ing, do no long-er roam;



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