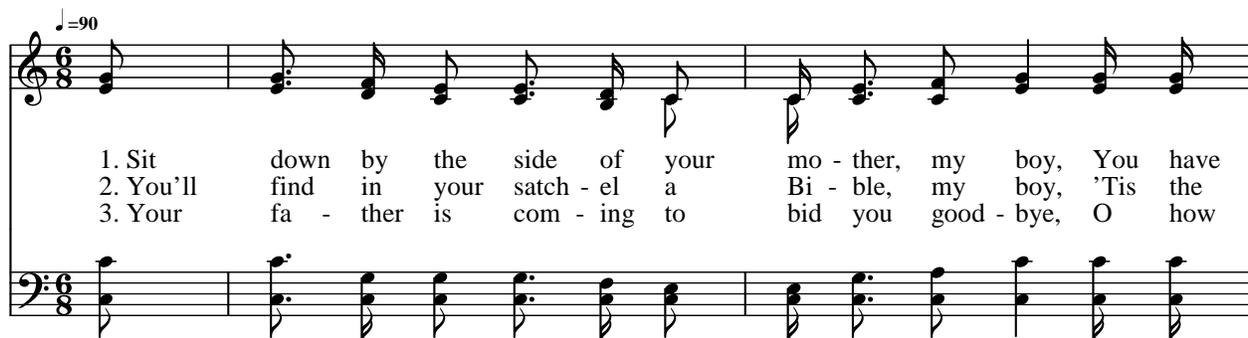


The Mother's Goodbye

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1878

William Howard Doane

$\text{♩} = 90$



1. Sit down by the side of your mo - ther, my boy, You have
2. You'll find in your satch - el a Bi - ble, my boy, 'Tis the
3. Your fa - ther is com - ing to bid you good - bye, O how



on - ly a mo - ment, I know; But you'll stay till I give you my
book of all o - thers the best; It will teach you to live, it will
lone - ly and sad we shall be; But when far from the scenes of your



part - ing ad - vice, 'Tis all that I have to be - stow. You
help you to die, And lead to the gates of the blest. I
child - hood and youth, You'll think of your fa - ther and me. I



leave us to seek for em - ploy - ment, my boy, By the world you have yet to be
gave you to God, in your cra - dle, my boy, I have taught you the best that I
want you to feel ev - ery word I have said, For it came from the depths of my



tried; But in all the temp - ta - tions and strug - gles you meet, May your
 knew; And as long as His mer - cy per - mits me to live, I shall
 love; And, my boy, if we ne - ver be - hold you on earth, Will you



heart in the Sav - ior con - fide.
 ne - ver cease pray - ing for you. Hold fast to the right, Hold fast to the right, Wher -
 prom - ise to meet us a - bove?



- ev - er your foot - steps may roam; O for - sake not the way of sal - va - tion, my boy, That you



learned from your mo - ther at home.

