God saw you getting tired

When God saw you getting tired

And a cure was not to be

He put his arms around you

And whispered come to me.

You didn’t deserve what you went through

And so he gave you rest

His garden must be beautiful

He only takes the best.

And when we saw you sleeping

So peaceful and free from pain

We wouldn't wish you back with us

To suffer that again.

Today we say goodbye as you take

Your final rest

To Gods garden you are surely bound

To sit with all the best.