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.