

You sent him off to Wakefield, his health to recover,
With medical assistance, but soon they did discover,
Poor Tom's life was limited, his race was nearly run,
From a world of trouble and care to a world to come.

I oftens picture to myself, dear Tom I loved so well,
In our little home at Moortown wherein we used to dwell,
But now he's gone to heaven, and with God above
Is with a loving Saviour receiving love for love.

Dear mother I never shall forget thee, tho' far across the
 sea,
 I will ask God's blessing on your head where ever you
 shall be,
 And dear mother, if on earth we never meet no more,
 May we all meet together on God's eternal shore.

There is a church on Christie street,
Where we plead before the mercy seat,
To a loving father ever kind,
To all his children, seeing or blind.

The bell has tolled the hour of prayer,
And the people are assembled there,
With due reference kneel and pray,
That God will guide us on our way.

All have sinned and gone astray,
Far from the right and narrow way,
Through this world so dark and cold,
From the Saviour's loving fold.

Holy Spirit lead us back,
From this ruined backward track,
O lead us in the road the saints have trod,
That leads us to a great eternal God.

O God, what are we then but nought,
Jesus with his soul has bought,
Holy Spirit set us free,
May we worship the whole Trinity.