



Susie B. Williams

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Come to me

God saw you getting tired, And the cure was not to be. So He put His arms around you, And whispered, "Come to Me." With tearful eyes we watched you, And saw you pass away. Although we loved you dearly, We could not make you stay. That gold heart stopped beating, Hard working hands at rest. God broke our hearts to prove to us, He only takes the best!