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GOD SAW YOU WERE GETTING TIRED

*God saw you were getting tired
And a 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
A golden heart stopped beating
Hard working hands at rest
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best.*