

MEMORIAL VERSE

Obituary Genealogy Family Tree Memorial Funeral Home Funeral FAQs Grief Estate Florist Church

Eight Line Memorial Verse

He left us quietly,
His thoughts unknown,
But left us a memory,
We are proud to own;
So treasure him Lord,
In Your garden of rest,
For when on earth,
He was one of the best.

In tears we saw you sinking,
We watched you fade away,
Our hearts were almost broken,
You fought so hard to stay,
But when we saw you sleeping,
So peacefully free from pain,
We could not wish you back,
To suffer that again.

It is lonely here without you,
I miss you more each day,
For life is not the same to me,
Since you were called away.
If I could have one lifetime wish,
One dream that could come true,
I would pray to God with all my heart,
For yesterday and you.

It's lonely here without you,
We miss you more each day,
For life is not the same to us,
Since you were called away.
To your resting place we visit,
Place flowers there with care,
But no one knows our heartache,
When we turn and leave you there.

Please, God, forgive a silent tear,
A fervent wish our Dad was here,
There are others, yes we know,
But he was ours, we loved him so,
Dear God, take a message,
To our father in heaven above,
Tell him how much we miss him,
And give him all our love.

Two bright eyes, a tender smile,
A loving heart that knew no guile,
Deep trust in God that all was right,
Her joy to make some other bright,
If sick or suffering one she knew,
Some gentle act of love she'd do,
No thought of self, but of the other,
I know He said, "Well done, dear Mother."

What we'd give if we could say,
Hello, Dad, in the same old way;
To hear your voice, and see your smile,
To sit with you and chat awhile,
So if you who have a father,
Cherish him with care,
For you'll never know the heartache,
Till you see his vacant chair.

We often think of bygone days,
When we were all together,
The family chain is broken now,
But memories will live forever,
To us, she has not gone away,
Nor has she travelled far,
Just entered God's eternal home,
And left the gate ajar.

Off in the still night,
Ere slumbers chains hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light,
Of other days around me,
The smiles, the tears, of childhood's years,

Life is a beautiful memory,
His death is a silent grief;
He sleep's in God's beautiful garden,
In sunshine of perfect peace,
I miss him oh so much,

The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.

We think of you in silence,
We often speak your name,
But all we have are memories,
And your picture in a frame.
Your resting place we visit,
And put flowers there with care,
But no one knows the heartache,
As we turn and leave you there.

When we remember your smile,
It brightens our day,
And thoughts of your warmth and love,
Seem to smooth the way,
Your gentle spirit is still with us,
Though you are gone,
Sunny days, cool breezes,
Always for you, Mom.

I pray you'll be our eyes,
And watch us where we go,
I pray we'll find your light,
And hold it in our hearts,
Help us find a place,
Guide us with your grace,
Give us faith, so we'll be safe.

Alone, but never quite alone,
I face an empty chair;
But sometimes in the silence,
I imagine he is there,
My companion for so many years,
No longer here with me,
And yet in some mysterious way,
He keeps me company.

God knew that she was suffering,
That the hills were hard to climb,
So He closed her weary eyelids,
And whispered, Peace be thine,
Away in the beautiful hills of God,
By the Valley of rest so fair,
Some day, we know not when,
We will meet our loved one there.

Two tired eyes are sleeping,
Two willing hands are still.
For one who suffered far too much,
Is resting in God's will.
You never said goodbye to us,
Perhaps its just as well,
We never could have said goodbye,
To one we loved so well.

But realize God knew best,
He let me have him many years,
Then gently bid him rest.

It's been ten years since you've been gone,
But in our hearts you still live on,
Our family chain is broken,
And nothing is the same,
We mention your name,
And speak of you often,
God bless you
You are not forgotten.

So many things have happened,
Since you were called away,
So many things to share with you,
Had you been left to stay,
Every day in some small way,
Memories of you come our way,
Though absent, you are ever near,
Still missed, loved, and always dear.

If we had all the world to give,
We'd give it, yes, and more,
To hear his voice, see his smile,
And greet him at the door.
But all we can do, dear Dad,
Is go and tend your grave,
And leave behind tokens of love,
To the best Dad God made.

Dad is gone but not forgotten,
And, as dawns another year,
In lonely hours of thinking,
Thoughts of him are always near.
Many think the wound is healed,
But little they know the sorrow,
That lies in the heart concealed.

Though your smile is gone forever,
And your hand we cannot touch,
Still we have so many memories,
Of the ones we loved so much.
Your memory is our keepsake,
With which we'll never part,
God has you in His keeping,
We have you in our hearts.

It is sad to walk the road alone,
Instead of side by side.
But to all there comes a moment,
When the ways of life divide.
You gave me years of happiness,
Then came sorrow and tears,
But you left me beautiful memories,
I will treasure through the years.

Dad is such a special word,
A word that brings to mind,
A big warm smile, a helping hand,
A way of being kind,
Devotion to the family,
A word of patience too,
"Dad" is such a special word,
Because it stands for "you".

He has gone across the river,
To the shore of evergreen,
And we long to see his dear face,
But the river flows between;
Someday, sometime we shall see
The face we loved so well,
Someday we'll clasp his hand,
And never say farewell.

Broken is the family circle,
Our dear one has passed away.
Passed from this earthly darkness
Into a bright and perfect day;
But we all must cease to languish
O'er the grave of him we love,
Strive to be prepared to meet him
In the better world above.

How we miss the welcome footsteps
Of the one we loved so dear.
Oft we listen for his coming
Fully sure that he is near.
Thou are gone but not forgotten
Fresh our love will ever be
For as long as there is memory
We will always think of thee.

Things I feel most deeply
Are the hardest things to say,
Dearest Mom, I loved you
In a very special way.
If I could have one lifetime wish
One dream that could come true,
I'd pray to God with all my heart,
For yesterday, and you.

No morning dawns, no night returns,
But that we think of you.
Those left behind are very good,
But none replaces you.
Many a silent tear is shed
When we are all alone;
The one we loved so very much,
The one we call our own.

Just a thought of sweet remembrance,
Just a memory fond and true,
Just a token of affection

From our happy home and circle
God has taken one we loved,
She is borne from sin and sorrow
To a nobler rest above.
No one knows how much we miss her,
None but aching hearts can tell;
Lost on earth but found in heaven
Jesus doeth all things well.

Many the thoughts I give to you
As the long hours go by.
Thinking of the things we used to
Do and say, just you and I.
Sometimes they make me smile,
Sometimes they make me cry.
But are precious to me alone,
Memories of you and I.

It's so strange that those we need
And those we love the best,
Are just the ones God called away
And took them home to rest,
But every time I think of Dad,
I seem to hear God say,
Have faith and trust my promise
You'll meet again some day.

God gave us our mother,
And He tried to be fair,
And when He gave us ours,
We got more than our share.
Although He took her back
One year ago today,
We are so grateful for,
The years He let her stay.

Our hearts are like a memory book
Its pages Mother dear
Hold all the loving thoughts of you
Recorded year by year.
A book of golden yesterdays,
Bound with love and care
A rare edition Mother dear
Because you're treasured there.

There is a home not made by hands,
Beyond its golden door
Awaits the one who's now away,
Not lost just gone before.
And in that home not made by hands
The Master will prepare
A place for us, and when he calls
We'll meet our loved ones there.

Though tears in my eyes do not glisten,
And my face is not always sad,
There is never a night or morning

And a heartache still for you.
More each day we miss you,
Though our thoughts are not revealed,
Little do they know the sorrow
That is within our hearts concealed.

We are sad within our memory,
Lonely are our hearts today;
For the one we loved so dearly
Has forever been called away;
We think of her in silence,
No eye can see us weep,
But many silent tears are shed,
When others are asleep.

Along the road to yesterday
That leads us straight to you,
Are memories of the happy days
Together we once knew.
And always every evening
We seem to have a way
Of wandering back to meet you
On the road to yesterday.

Before the throne of God,
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Up there among the throng,
Our little (name) stands,
Waiting for us to join him,
In that holy, happy land.

Fondly loved and deeply mourned
Heart of my heart, I miss you so;
Often, my darling, my tears flow,
Dimming your picture before my eyes,
But never the one in my heart that lies.
The stars seem dim as I whisper low,
My darling boy, I miss you so.

But I think of the mother I had.
Not a day do I forget you
In my heart you are always here,
For I loved you and miss you
As it ends the second year.

There is a family who misses you
And finds time long since you went.
We think of you daily and hourly,
But try to be brave and content.
Tears that we shed are in silence,
And we breath a sigh of regret,
For you were ours, and we remember,
Though all the world forget.

Thoughts wander as daylight fades
To the land of long ago.
Memory paints the scenes of old
In the gold of the twilight glow.
We seem to see in the dim light
A face we loved the best,
And think of her when sun's ray
Goes down in the far-off west.

A bud the Gardener gave us,
A pure and lovely child,
He gave it to our keeping,
To cherish undefiled.
And just as it was opening
To the glory of the day,
Down came the Heavenly Father,
And took our bud away.

 [Back to 6 line verses](#)

[Forward to longer verses](#) 



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