

“Come in for a Cuppa”

Come in for a Cuppa
I remembered Mum say
Standing on the landing
As I would come her way

Take a Walker’s bikkie
I remembered us do
Dunking as we chatted
The joy of just us two

Take a little walkie
Around that lovely lake
Singing “Cheer up ye Saints”
To dispel fears we make

Take a turn a swingin’
As I did as a lad
And many times, indeed
Joining in as a dad



In remembrance of Mum on Feb 3, 20
While Andrew flies over the Artic

Take much time a wavin’
Until Mum’s out of sight
Cherishing each moment
Our friend and guiding light

Go out a travelin’
Live your call in the world
With Mum’s mark on your soul
And Union Jack unfurled

Go back a visitin’
The many gifts Mum shared
Love for God and her kin
O - for many she cared

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