

“Come to Me ... I Wait for You”

I remember when I was only four; Mother would bring me round to the store.

And just outside of the church she'd stand; And "Come in," she'd say, reaching down for my hand — *"Just for a minute."*

And then when I started going to school; She'd bring me down everyday as a rule.

But first the steps to the church we'd climb; And she'd say, "We'll go in — you've always got time — *"Just for a minute."*

Then I got real big, I mean seven years old; And I went by myself but was always told:

"When you're passing the church don't forget to call, and tell Our Lord about lessons and all — *"Just for a minute."*

And now it's sort of a habit I've got; In the evening coming from Casey's lot.

Though it takes me out of my way a bit; To slip into church with my ball and mitt — *"Just for a minute."*

But sometimes I see the other fellows; Standing around and I just go yellow.

I pass by the door but a voice from within; Seems to say, real sad, "So you wouldn't come in — *"Just for a minute."*



*"I am the Good Shepherd ...
I know My sheep and
My sheep know Me."*

There are things inside of me, bad and good; That nobody knows and nobody could.

Excepting Our Lord, and I like Him to know; And He helps when in for a visit I go — *"Just for a minute."*

He finds it lonesome when nobody comes; (There are hours upon hours when nobody comes).

And He's pleased when anyone passing by; Stops in (though it's only a little guy) — *"Just for a minute."*

I know what happens when people die, But I won't be scared, and I'll tell you why:

When Our Lord is judging my soul, I feel, He'll remember the times I went in to kneel — *"Just for a minute."*