

Sons

Sons, the joy of our life
We love and enjoy them with all our might
Listen to them laugh and cry
Their life so quickly passes by
First, they're lying in your arms
Protected from all earthly harms
Soon crawling all over the place
Then they start to walk at a rapid pace
A race of life has just begun
Their moody and serious and often much fun
Off to school on the yellow school bus
We pray they'll go with little fuss
They enter high school right before our eyes
And turn to friends to hear their cries
On top of their head, a graduation cap
Where did the time go? Were we taking a nap?
All grown up and moving away
College, and families, often back to
Their hometown to stay
It's been a wonderful journey
We wouldn't want to miss
We thank God, for you
At such a time as this.