



Death

Now cold in death the body lies, the death dew now is rising
The pallor grey, the stoney form leaves nought that is appealing.
The wailing cries they do not hear, the distant bells now tolling
So far beyond this earthly scene, the spirit is now fleeing.

When one by one the loved ones leave, with broken hearts bewailing
The one last look, or tender kiss, but death has no responding.
The hush of death sweeps o're the room, a chill so unappealing
And dark the day, no matter if, the sun in fulness beaming.

What words can comfort human hearts, what sentiments consoling
Cliche's and phrases all fall short, to aching hearts now grieving?
Alone one sits in a silent room, ah then a ghostly whispering
That voice is heard and love again, throbs with its deepest longing

The flowers are nice, the friends so kind, the organ music playing
"Abide with me", its somber tones, the end of life endorsing.
And then the dark clothed preacher speaks, gives thanks to all attending"
To come to this memorial hour, the loved one now recalling.

At last there comes the last good-bye, the last look firmly gazing
The gentle taking by the arm, the casket they are closing.
Then down the road, the somber drive, so slowing is progressing
To stop beside the open grave for mother earth's embracing.

Is this the end of all there is? just like a dog now dying
No light beyond, no hope within, for the last path transcending?
Oh praise to God there is a light, eternally enduring
For Christ has died and lives again, and has a home preparing.

There dwells above the saints we love, in deepest joy communing
With God their Father, Christ their Lord, and praises deeply moving.
The vaults of Heaven resound the songs of millions now combining
To sing the praise of Him who died, salvation's bliss procuring.

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