

The Old Life Dies So Slowly



The old life dies so slowly, and painfully as well
What sorrows tears and heart aches, no words can ever tell
The memories of days long gone, of happiness long past
I sit here with a breaking heart, and skies are dark o're cast.

I hold a little trinklet, and I begin to weep
A very weak and trembling smile, as tears run down my cheek
My eyes look up and outward, I think of long ago
This death is oh so painful, the waves, they ebb and flow.

Then standing there with tear dimmed eyes, I now look out and see
A message for my aching heart, My Lord had placed for me
For there outside my study door, there stands a little tree
It's bursting forth with it's new life, in glorious liberty.

The old leaves have been hanging on, all through the wintry blast
The tree is dark and empty, they now drop down at last,
For there's new life surging, it's full, it's vast, it's free
And that new life's full energy is flowing fast in me.

Ah, that is what my Father does, to set His children free
He shares His own life's energies, and pours them into me
He is the Vine, I am the branch, and I more fully grasp
The rich love that He has for me, will all of time outlast.

For He will never sever, from me that which is good
But only those dead articles, corrupting rotting wood
And then my life will sparkle, as dawn on summer morn
And I shall see the reason, those things from me were torn.

Rowan Jennings
26th May 2003