



The Years Are Past

The years are past, forever gone, and ne'er shall they return,
And like a leaf upon a stream, down to where waters churn.
Its seen but for a moment, so briefly, then its gone,
I search, and look so diligently, as to the brink I'm drawn.

I ponder in my deepening thoughts, how much like life for me,
It only seems like yesterday when at my mothers knee,
I knelt and said my childish prayers, for family kith and kin,
And in the early days of life be cleaned from all my sin.

The days at school, they passed so fast, and soon before I knew,
The childhood days had passed away much like the morning dew
When off to work, my daily toil, to learn the bakery trade,
Twas then I saw a lovely sight, petite, a little maid.

We married on a winter day, a cold and blustery morn,
And then before a year had passed our firstborn child was born.
A lovely little girl was she, and then a brother too,
Another little sister, how soon they quickly grew.

And just as quick the years rolled by, and then it came one night
Our youngest child told mum and me, twas time to take her flight
To start to trace her path below, her peers they married too,
How soon it was just mum and me, whatever would we do?

Now I am just an old grandpa, with hair, its mostly gray,
And with my weakening body, I face another day.
And yet I know, just like that leaf, I'll disappear from sight,
Such is the way for mortal man, first morning, then comes night.

But praise to God I see beyond this valley filled with tears,
How soon will end my earthly days, and feeble parltry years.
I'll enter God's eternal home, all weakness will be gone,
And I shall bask eternally, in that unending morn.

I know where I am going, I know, I know its true,
I'll be in that fair haven, just out of sight and view,
To sing the new redemption song of Jesus' love for me,
And bless the holy Son of God who suffered on the tree.

So weep not then my loved ones, when I am out of sight,
For I am on that blissful shore, and there is no more night.
Rejoicing I shall ever be, and now to you I say,
It will be grand to be at last in God's eternal day.

*. . . Rowan Jennings
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