



## When I Am Far Away

Oh! very soon there'll come a time when I am far away,  
And on my headstone will be words I heard my mother say.  
It was as if from one who died, who to the living cry,  
You're still on earth, look down upon the piece of earth I lie.

And as you look upon this grave, then ponder this so deep,  
Oh! do not think it will not come when you shall fall asleep  
And be like me within the womb, of this once opened earth,  
There'll be no laughter, no joking then, just silence, no more mirth.

But cold and stiff, decaying, will be your mortal frame,  
All skills be gone forever, perhaps you lived in vain.  
Now looking back upon it, when death's cold hand then claimed,  
What were your goals for living, was drudgery a chain?

Of all the joy, excitement, when buying things so new,  
What satisfaction gave they when you were turning blue?  
You felt so slowly ebbing, the life within your frame,  
What then will people call you, will they recall your name?

For soon you'll be forgotten, amid earth's history,  
And when that final moment comes, eternity you'll see,  
T'will open up before you, unending, timeless, space,  
What then? What then my kinsman? Will you recall, retrace?

That moment as a child, when by your mother's knee,  
You gladly claimed God's only Son who died on Calvary  
To save your soul forever, escape God's awful doom,  
Or banished then forever, midst suffering, darkness, gloom.

*Rowan Jennings  
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