

Blessed Are The Dead Which Die In The Lord



Oh death is such a cruel foe
And savage to the last
It takes from us our precious ones
We're left with memories past.

The memories they run so deep
With joy or sorrow borne
While roses lay upon thy grave
Our hearts are torn with thorn.

A separation, never sweet
An agony untold
With broken hearts, tear filled eyes
A home that's silent cold.

For happy days have run their course
And days of grief as well
But as I see thy casket go
What sorrows can I tell?

At times you come so quickly
At times you come so slow
But irrespective how you come
I hate to see them go.

For life will never be the same
An emptiness is known
A deep deep void fills all my heart
A sorrow sad and lone.

And yet I praise the God of Heaven
For His great love divine
Who gave His well beloved Son
To make my loved one thine.

Thus, as we weep, he has such joy
From sin and sorrow free
Awaiting that soon coming day
When he is made like Thee.

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No musty earthly house of clay
Debilitating form
But his will be the one from God
How marvelous is His name.

Then, up there in that heavenly land
A place of pure delight
He sings the song of God's great grace
All precious in His sight.

He knows no pain, he knows no sin
His joy, it knows no bounds
Unfettered by the things of life
Ears thrill to heaven's sounds.

For Christ himself, He is the guide
And wonders He displays
To walk him through those trackless paths
Unveiling His great ways.

We sit Lord to remember Thee
With emblems of the past
He looks upon Thy lovely face
Rejoicing to the last.

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