

The Old Churchyard

Come, come with me to the old churchyard
I so well know those paths 'neath the soft green sward
Friends slumber in there that we want to regard
We will trace out their names in the old churchyard

Mourn not for them for their trials are o'er
Why weep for those who will weep no more?
For sweet is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillows may be in the old churchyard

I know that it's vain when our friends depart
To breathe kind words to a broken heart
And I know that the joy of life is marred
When we follow lost friends to the old churchyard

But were I at rest 'neath yonder tree
Why would you weep, my friends, for me?
I'm so weary, so wayworn, why would you retard
The peace that I seek in the old churchyard?

Why weep for me, for I'm anxious to go
To that haven of rest where no tears ever flow?
And I fear not my fate when it's time to depart
I will sail with the sun in the old churchyard

I rest in the hope that one bright day
Sunshine will burst through these prisons of clay
The trumpets will sound in the hills near and far
Will wake up the dead in the old churchyard

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