

Verses

&

Poems



THE LAST FAREWELL

Dear friends I go, but do not weep, I've lived my life so full, so deep, Throughout my life, I gave my best, I earned my keep, I've earned my rest.

I never tried to be great or grand, I tried to be a helping hand. If I helped in a team, If I helped on my own, I was more than repaid, by good friends I have known. And if I went the extra mile, I did it with pleasure, It was all worth while. If I brightened your path, then let it be a small contribution, From my loved ones and me.

But mostly I cherished the family I knew, In a bond never ending, so precious, so true. Now sadly I leave you and travel alone, Through the mystic veil, to the great unknown. With such beautiful memories that forever will be, The way that I hope you'll remember me

AFTERGLOW

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one. I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done. I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways, of happy times, laughing times, and bright and sunny days. I'd like the tears of those who grieve to dry before the sun of happy memories that I leave when my life is done.

THE ROSE BEYOND THE WALL

Near a shady wall a rose once grew, Budded and blossomed in God's free light, Watered and fed by morning dew, Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height, It came to a crevice in the wall Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength, With never a thought of fear or pride; It followed the light through the crevice's length And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new, Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve And make our courage faint and fall? Nay! let us faith and hope receive; The rose still grows beyond the wall;

Scattering fragrance far and wide, Just as it did in days of yore, Just as it did on the other side, Just as it will forevermore.

— A L Frink

Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me die.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

-Robert Louis Stevenson

MISS ME BUT LET ME GO

When I come to the end of the road And the sun has set for me I want no rites in a gloom lled room Why cry for a soul like me Miss me a little, but not too long And not with your head bowed low Remember the love that we once shared Miss me --- but let me go. For this is a journey we all must take And each must go alone For it is part of the Master's plan A step on the road to home When you are lonely and sick of heart Go to the friends we know And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds Miss me, but let me go.

THE LAST CALL

Sometime for us the clock must strike, Some night the hour must come, When we shall hear the quiet call, The voice that calls us home.

But when for me the time has come, and you and I must part, Don't grieve for me for I'll be alright, Just keep me in your heart, And think about the joys we shared, The good times and the bad, The happy years, the tender times, The fun we often had. We know that we shall surely meet, Where grief is known no more. For none can guess the peace and joy, Our Father has in store

“Roads Go Ever On” by J. R. R. Tolkien

Roads go ever ever on,
Over rock and under tree,
By caves where never sun has shone,

By streams that never find the sea;
Over snow by winter sown,
And through the merry flowers of June,
Over grass and over stone,
And under mountains in the moon.
Roads go ever ever on
Under cloud and under star,
Yet feet that wandering have gone
Turn at last to home afar.
Eyes that fire and sword have seen
And horror in the halls of stone
Look at last on meadows green
And trees and hills they long have known.
Roads go ever on and on
Out from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
Let others follow it who can!
Let them a journey new begin,
But I at last with weary feet
Will turn towards the lighted inn,
My evening-rest and sleep to meet

Dear Lovely Death

Dear lovely Death
That taketh all things under wing—
Never to kill—
Only to change
Into some other thing
This suffering flesh,
To make it either more or less,
But not again the same—
Dear lovely Death,
Change is thy other name.
- Langston Hughes

IN OUR HEARTS

We thought of you with love today. But that is nothing new. We thought about you yesterday. And days before that too. We think of you in silence. We often speak your name. Now all we have is memories. And your picture in a frame. Your memory is our keepsake. With which we'll never part. God has you in his keeping. We have you in our heart.

Do Not Stand At My Grave and Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn's rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.
- Mary Elizabeth Frye

Farewell, Sweet Dust

Now I have lost you, I must scatter
All of you on the air henceforth;
Not that to me it can ever matter
But it's only fair to the rest of the earth.
Now especially, when it is winter
And the sun's not half so bright as he was,

Who wouldn't be glad to find a splinter
That once was you in the frozen grass?
Snowflakes, too, will be softer feathered,
Clouds, perhaps, will be whiter plumed;
Rain, whose brilliance you caught and
gathered,
Purer silver have reassumed.
Farewell, sweet dust; I never was a miser:
Once, for a minute, I made you mine:
Now you are gone, I am none the wiser
But the leaves of the willow are as bright as
wine.

- Elinor Wylie

Intimations of Immortality

This funeral poem sets out to remind mourners that death does not have to be the end.

What though the radiance which was once so bright~

Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the
flower; We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind.

- William Wordsworth

THE TIDE RECEDES

The tide recedes, but leaves behind Bright
seashells on the sand. The sun goes down
but gentle warmth Still lingers on the land.
The music stops and yet, it echoes on in
sweet refrain. For every joy that passes
Something beautiful remains

— M D Hughes