

“THE OLD ABANDONED CHURCH”

The old Church stands high on a hill,
At the out skirts of town. All but forgotten;
For long since has the congregation drifted away.
It's bells are silent. It's windows all broken. Like the Church,
The paint slowly fades away.

The old cemetery beside the Church is all grown over now.
With markers that lean. Where the names of the ones
Gone to be with the Lord, are faded and hard to read.
Like the old Church their time has come and gone;
As ours will someday.

But in my heart the old Church will always stand.
As it did when; I was but a lad.
With it's steeple so tall, it's paint so white.
Stained glass windows reflecting the light.
Pews of oak, an alter of pine. Where a lost sinner;
Could speak with Jesus at any time.
Where songs rang out loud and clear. Prayers of saints
I still hold dear.

When my time has come and passed.
As someday I know it will.
When my body is laid to rest.
I have but one simple request.
Place me in my grave beside ;

“The old abandoned Church....”