

Our Own Forever - song lyrics

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OUR OWN FOREVER.

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Words by H. M. W. Music by Julian Jordan.

Why mourn your dead with sound of bitter weeping?
They have done well to leave a world of care,
While ye are toiling, they are calmly sleeping;
Why would ye wish them back to suffer here!
On earthly treasure have we no sure holding;
Thieves steal it, or 'tis worn by moth and rust;
Death comes, and in his gentle arms enfolding.
Takes our best treasure as a sacred trust;
They are not lost to us, the dear departed,
The future hath them garnered in his store:
Friendship may fail, and love may prove false-hearted;
The dead alone are ours forevermore.

They love us with a love that faileth never;
No selfish interests can their hearts estrange;
They are gone forth into the vast forever,
The great eternity that knows no change;
Time cannot mar the faces as we knew them;
Age ageth not, and youth is ever young;
Earth hath no power to injure or undo them;
They heed not lying lips or slanderous tongues;
Then why do ye mourn when they but wait to meet us
With outstretched hands upon the distant shore;
With loving words and eager lips to meet us;
Gone, yes, but Still our own forevermore.