

The Church Across The Way - song lyrics

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THE CHURCH ACROSS THE WAY.

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Words and Music by William Benson Gray.

One Easter Sunday morning, while the sun was shining clear,
And good folks to the old church came, the parson's prayers to bear;
They little knew, while seated there, upon that blessed day,
A human life was ending in a home just o'er the way.
A man in deepest poverty, without a single friend,
Would answer soon the call of death; his life was nearing end,
With no one there to comfort him, no tender words to say-
He heard the morning service in the church across the way.

Chorus.

The minister was preaching his good and sacred teaching,
The congregation sat in ecstasy;
The bells had just ceased ringing, the choir was sweetly singing
"Nearer, my God, to thee."

The preacher's words touched every heart within those sacred walls;
Be told how honor always thrives and how deception falls.
The outcast in that humble home, whose life had been a blank,
Sighed softly at those truthful words as nearer death he sank;
Be knew not that the preacher was his honored brother Ned,
Whom he'd not seen for years, not since to hide his crime he fled.
If he could live life o'er again, his thoughts would never stray
From each word taught that morning in the church across the way.-Chorus.