

The White Coffin

Anderson Baten(1855-1924)

Horace Lincoln.

The hearse was driven to our door,
It brought a coffin, white as snow;
Such coffins we had seen before,
But never one, concerned us so.
They took the cover from the casque,
And placed a snow white form inside;
We looked once more it was the last
On him who once had been our pride.

Our precious child! O is it true
That we shall see his face no more?
His life was like the morning dew
'Tis gone; our hearts are bleeding sore!
A voice then whispered from above;
"I gave, I also took away."
It was our Father's voice of love!
Our consolation, hope and stay.

Our babe has only "gone before,"
He's safe at home on Jesus' breast,
Released from sorrow evermore,
And soon with him we'll sweetly rest;
We by the empty cradle knelt,
Poured out our chastened souls in prayer.
A stronger tie to Heav'n we felt,
Because we knew our babe was there.