Greenwood Cemetery

How calm they sleep beneath the shade
Who once were weary of the strife,
And bent, like us, beneath the load
Of human life!

The willow hangs with sheltering grace
And benediction o'er their sod,
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul
They rest in God.

O weary hearts, what rest is here,
From all that curses yonder town!
So deep the peace, I almost long
To lay me down.

For, oh, it will be blest to sleep,
Nor dream, nor move, that silent night,
Till wakened in immortal strength
And heavenly light!

by Crammond Kennedy

Funeral Guide
www.funeralguide.co.uk