

Hank Williams

"THE FUNERAL"

Visit "[THE FUNERAL](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Note: The corrections are numerous

Recorded by Hank Williams, Sr.

Writer: Unknown (Not Fred Rose or Hank Williams)

I was walking in Savannah past a church decayed and dim,

When slowly through the window came a plaintive funeral hymn.

My sympathy awakened and a wonder quickly grew,

Til I found myself environed in a little colored pew.

Out front a colored couple sat in sorrow nearly wild.

On the altar was a casket, and in the casket was a child.

I could picture him while living, curly hair protruding lips,

I'd seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried southern trips.

Then rose a sad, old colored preacher from his little wooden desk,

With a manner sort of awkward and countenance grotesque.

The simplicity and shrewdness in his Ethiopian face

Showed the wisdom and the ignorance of a crushed, undying race.

And he said, "Now don't be weepin' for this pretty bit of clay,

For the little boy who lived there has done gone and run away.

He was doing very finely and he 'ppreciates your love,

But his sho-'nough father wanted him in the big house up above.

The Lord didn't give you that baby, by no hundred thousand miles,

He just think you need some sunshine and He lent it for a while.

And He let you keep and love him til your hearts were bigger grown,

And these silver tears you're shedding now, are just interest on the loan.

Just think my poor dear mourners creeping long on sorrow's way,

What a blessed picnic this here baby got today.

Your good fathers and good mothers crowd the little fella round,

In the angels'tender garden of the big plantation
ground.
And his eyes they brightly sparkle at the pretty things
he view
But a tear came and he whispered, "I want my parents
too".
Then the angel's chief musicians teach that little boy a
song,
Says if only they be faithful, they'll soon be comin'
'long.
And so my poor dear mourners, let your hearts with
Jesus rest,
And don't go to criticzn' the One what knows the best.
He has give us many comforts He's got the right to
take away
To the Lord be praised in glory, now and ever, let us
pray.ÃçÂ€Â

Visit [Hank Williams](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.