

# The Funeral

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 criticizn' 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