

Funeral

Merle Haggard

Let me tell you about a man Tommy Collins
A veteran in country music who interrupted his career by his own choice
To become a minister and by the way I understand he was very successful
And during this period of his life Tommy pastored a small Baptist church
In the very small town of Lincoln California.
And it was during this time that he was called upon to speak at a funeral
And the poem I want to recite for you now is a true experience of Tommy's
And it's simply called The Funeral.

A funeral is always a saddening thing
For everybody is somebody to someone
But some funeral scenes chill you to the bone
And one day in our town we had one.

A very young mother had died
Something that you just don't expect
And the shops and stores had all closed their doors
They did it out of love and respect.

And in the crowded funeral home that day
With everyone present weeping
The sound of a little girl's voice was heard
She said, "That's my mommie, she's sleeping."

Then I heard the sound of her little feet tap tap tap
As she made her way down the aisle
Her little purse dangled from her tiny wrist
and it brushed her best Sunday dress
And she boldly asserted the confidence
That little folks like her possess.

To the life that has no final chapter
There's no ending and no last mile
The preacher and the rest were petrified
But on the little girl's face was a smile.

She said wake up mommie wake up
And still not satisfied she reached out with her little hand
And touched her face and cried
Then the broken hearted daddy spoke
With a gentleness and with power
And the words that issued from his lips
Was the sermon for the hour.

In a child like faith he told her
That the dead in Christ will rise
God gave us his word he said
And we know he never lies.

We can't wake up our sleeping mommie
But we know someone who can
Baby, only God can wake up mommie
Let's go home and leave her in his hands...