

## The Antique Suite

Strawbs

The reaper stood before him in the room  
His melancholy smile matched the gloom  
He tried to rise but fell back where he lay  
Tried to speak but stumbled as the sentence slipped away.

The room grew far away and strangely still  
He caught the reaper's eye and felt a chill  
He thought he saw his mother's smiling face  
As sunlight filtered softly through the yellowed curtain lace.

He thought back to the days when he was young  
He heard the children's choir in which he'd sung  
His letter floated softly to the floor  
The reaper took his hand and led him gently through the door.

We Must Cross The River

Take my hand and I will lead you safely  
There's no need to be dismayed  
Though it's dark there will be no danger  
There's no need to be afraid.  
If you wear the cross your wife once gave you  
You will find that it is blessed  
Should you find that you are growing weary  
You may lean on me and rest.

We must cross the river  
We must cross the river  
We must cross the river  
Together.

Old familiar friends have long been waiting  
To welcome you when you arrive  
Time is on your side now, do not hurry  
You are one who will survive  
God is kind to those who seek salvation  
Those who know no sense of hate  
You will find him on the day of judgment  
The God of love, the God of hate.

We must cross the river  
We must cross the river  
We must cross the river  
Together.

Antiques And Curios

On the mantlepiece a china dog waits patiently  
The faded velvet curtains are still drawn  
The well worn tray of medal ribbons slowly gathers dust  
The armchair's chintzy covers have been torn.

The photograph of Nancy on the honeymoon in France  
The nearly finished letter underneath  
The wheelchair that he never used, he always was too proud  
Is folded in the corner by the wreath.

The choirboy's cassock hanging on the hook behind the door  
The wooden box in which he kept his cross  
The Coronation teapot that his mother always used  
Helps to bring about a sense of loss.

Just a collection of antiques and curios.

Hey It's Been A Long Time

Hey it's been a long time, it's good to see you again  
Hey it's been a long time, it's good to see you again.

We met quite by chance  
I thought she'd moved away  
We never made love but were very good friends.

We were married secretly  
Her parents disapproved  
For some reason or other they never made clear.

Hey it's been a long time, it's good to see you again  
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We were in France when war broke out  
We caught the first boat home  
She gave me her cross when I went to the front.

I was hurt in Normandy  
She didn't wait at all  
I lived with my mother till she passed away.

Hey it's been a long time, it's good to see you again