The Essence of Me

Do not follow my hearse with a sense of grief
Do not come to my grave with sorrow
But recall the mirth that was mine from birth
And remember my love of tomorrow

Come rise with my soul and hear with me
The music and laughter of the years,
Celebrate and share my freedom from pain
And moisten that smile with your tears

Sense joy and relief as I flee this frame
Know that there is an end to the madness
So sing a happy song and dance with me
And let our spirits rejoice with gladness

My blessings were many. My life has been long
The good fruit were abundant my friend
So join my family in a thanksgiving song
And understand that peace comes at the end

Do not follow my corpse with pangs of grief.
Don not come to my grave with your sorrow
But recall with glee the essence that was me,
And look around for my smile tomorrow

~WHG
January 2, 2002