

In the Presence of The King

When I join the congregation for the Worship of the Lord
In the choir loft there is an empty place.
Shock and loneliness are haunting me for one I love is gone
And I miss, Oh' how I miss his smiling face.

Then sweet peace comes softly stealing as I hear the organ play
While I listen to the sacred songs they sing
Then my heart receives assurance – He is happy with the Lord
He is singing in the presence of the King

Face to face with Christ my Savior, even now I seem to hear
His young voice ring out this song he used to love
It will always be a memory, I'll treasure through the years
Now he sings it in his Fathers house above.

All the tears I shed are for myself for I still feel the lose;
While his suffering and pain are in the past
Sin and sorrow cannot touch him now, no tears can dim his eyes,
He will welcome me when I get home at last!

(In memory of Kenneth who departed this world on May 19, 1967)

Rose Moody – Kenneth was her son