

Akin, Lenore

Broken is the golden bowl, the spirit flown forever
Let the bell toll
And Guy de Vere - hast thou no tear?
Weep now or nevermore

Let the burial rite be read
Come and let the funeral song be sung
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young
A dirge for her the doubly dead
That ever died so young
That ever died so young

My heart is light
Tonight
No dirge will I upraise
Just let a Sabbath song go up to God
So solemnly
And waft the angel on her flight

How shall the ritual be read
And by who the requiem be sung
For when she fell in feeble health
You and your slanderous tongue
You turned an innocent to death
That ever died so young
That ever died so young

My heart is light
Tonight
No dirge will I upraise
Just let a Sabbath song go up to God
So solemnly
And waft the angel on her flight

From hell unto a high estate
From grief and groan, to a golden throne
Beside the King
The King of Heaven

My heart is light
Tonight
No dirge will I upraise
Just let a Sabbath song go up to God
So solemnly
And waft the angel, the angel, the angel
The angel on her flight