

# Shaun Groves, The Last Notes

There is a part of me  
That's only visiting  
Torn from eternity  
A stranger here

The awkward mingling of  
The loveless and beloved  
So far from things above  
While I am here

So when the last notes of my soul's summer symphony  
Go stealing through this old world's cold garden gates  
I will hold no fear as You close my book of hours  
And the hands of heaven carry me  
Carry me home to stay

O Death where is your sting  
Your tears and your tremblings  
His peace is lingering  
Even now

O Grave the battle's fought (no graver battles fought)  
Your vict'ry has been lost  
To Christ who gave it all  
To take me now

(Love, love, love, love)