

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)