



I Go Not Grandly To The Grave



I go not grandly to the grave,
But meekly meet the Master of the Universe.
With broken heart and head bowed low,
I stand in tattered rags of my own righteousness;
And contemplate the meager service, rendered on the earth below;
And beg from Him His cloak of linen, pure and clean.
I know not how He views my life, but this I know -
I shall not give the victory shout,
Until He bids me lift my head,
And gives, Himself, the welcome accolade -
Until I know at last that He is satisfied.



David Morsey