

THE ROSE STILL GROWS
BEYOND THE WALL





Near shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's
free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall,
Thru' which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength
With never a thought of fear or pride,
It followed the light thru' the crevice's
length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before,
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

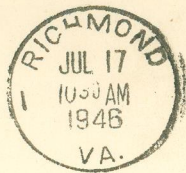
Shall claim of death cause us to grieve,
And make our courage faint or fall?
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive;
The rose still grows beyond the wall.

Scattering fragrance far and wide,
Just as it did in days of yore
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will for evermore.

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