

# Funeral

Merle Haggard

Let me tell you about a man Tommy Collins  
A veteran in country music who interrupted his career by his own choice  
To become a minister and by the way I understand he was very successful  
And during this period of his life Tommy pastored a small Baptist church  
In the very small town of Lincoln California.  
And it was during this time that he was called upon to speak at a funeral  
And the poem I want to recite for you now is a true experience of Tommy's  
And it's simply called The Funeral.

A funeral is always a saddening thing  
For everybody is somebody to someone  
But some funeral scenes chill you to the bone  
And one day in our town we had one.

A very young mother had died  
Something that you just don't expect  
And the shops and stores had all closed their doors  
They did it out of love and respect.

And in the crowded funeral home that day  
With everyone present weeping  
The sound of a little girl's voice was heard  
She said, "That's my mommie, she's sleeping."

Then I heard the sound of her little feet tap tap tap  
As she made her way down the aisle  
Her little purse dangled from her tiny wrist  
and it brushed her best Sunday dress  
And she boldly asserted the confidence  
That little folks like her possess.

To the life that has no final chapter  
There's no ending and no last mile  
The preacher and the rest were petrified  
But on the little girl's face was a smile.

She said wake up mommie wake up  
And still not satisfied she reached out with her little hand  
And touched her face and cried  
Then the broken hearted daddy spoke  
With a gentleness and with power  
And the words that issued from his lips  
Was the sermon for the hour.

In a child like faith he told her  
That the dead in Christ will rise  
God gave us his word he said  
And we know he never lies.

We can't wake up our sleeping mommie  
But we know someone who can  
Baby, only God can wake up mommie  
Let's go home and leave her in his hands...