Death is nothing at all
I have only slipped away into the next room
I am I and you are you
What ever we were to each other
That we are still
Call me by my old familiar name

Death is

Stuart Moffatt
Henry Scott-Holland, 1847–1918
to me in the easy way you always used
Put no difference in to your tone Wear

no forced air of solemnity or sorrow
Laugh as we always laughed At the

little jokes we always enjoyed together
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was
decresc.
Let it be spoken without effect
Without the ghost of a shadow in it
Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was.

There is absolute unbroken continuity.

What is death but a negligible accident?
Why should I be out of sight? I am waiting for you for an interval. Some where very near Just around the corner All is well.
No thing is past, no thing is lost
One brief moment and all will be

as it was before

only better, infinitely happier and forever. We will
all be together with Christ.