

# **FUNERAL MARCH - SARABANDA 2015.**

Dedicated to my father, died on day before Christmas 2014.

SING ME THIS SAD SONG,  
MY LIFE'S FADING AWAY  
I KNOW I'LL LEAVE TOMOROW,  
ON HOLY CHRISTMAS DAY.

DON'T CRY FOR ME, SON,  
I'M GOING TO BETTER PLACE,  
WITH NO PAIN, NO SORROW,  
IN SECRET PART OF SPACE.

The Lord is my sheperd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul...

Yeah, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil, for thou are with me;

Thy road and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies...

Surely goodness and marcy shall follow me all the days of my life,

And I will dwell in the House of Lord for ever (and ever). Psalm 23

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