

#344 A Promise Through the Ages Rings

A promise through the ages rings,
That always, always, something sings.
Not just in May, in finch-filled bower,
But in December's coldest hour,
A note of hope sustains us all.
A life is made of many things:
Bright stars, bleak years, and broken rings.
Can it be true that through all things,
There always, always something sings?
The universal song of life.
Entombed within our deep despair,
Our pain seems more than we can bear;
But days shall pass, and nature knows
That deep beneath the winter snow
A rose lies curled and hums its song.
For something always, always sings.
This is the message Easter brings:
From deep despair and perished things
A green shoot always, always springs,
And something always, always sings.

Words: Alicia S. Carpenter; Music: Severus Gastorius