

DAWN

2-27-16 (2)
(#29)

1. She was the prettiest girl I'd ever seen . . .
Died of asthma 'fore she blossomed — bud still barely green.
Good Christian-hearted almost-woman, wonder what she'd be today . . .
Prettier than an earlier mornin' summer song —
her name was Dawn, her name was Dawn,
innocent, precious, beautiful — gone in her dawn.
2. In just one moment the crushing hammer swung;
unjust, even cruel, her life's song never'd be sung.
Forever silenced, forever so young . . .
more beautiful than a sweeping sunset, lingering long —
Her name was Dawn, her name was Dawn,
innocent, precious, beautiful — gone in her dawn.
3. Why are the good so often taken away ?
This treasure chest — life — emptied out, so early in the day.
Her light only beginning like the sunrise in her name . . .
Why her triumph usurped for the strong ?
Her name was Dawn, her name was Dawn,
innocent, precious, beautiful — gone in her dawn.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

4. Soft in beauty, delicate in breath,
hair flying in the summer breeze, images swallowed in death.
Heart and smile pure as the spring, the memories still sing . . .
Only her Creator could right such a wrong —
Her name was Dawn, her name was Dawn,
innocent, precious, beautiful — gone in her dawn.

[INSTRUMENTAL TURNAROUND – SHORT]

TAG: . . . One day in the resurrection
we'll hear her sweet summer, autumn, winter song . . .
Her own glorified voice singing it,
beautiful, innocent and strong . . .
Her name is Dawn, no longer gone
she's come back to us in the resurrection's dawn.

[END]

Written: February 25-27, 2016 (2) [G, R]

- For Dawn Hardesty, with tears, still . . .
from many years ago