

## ***Many Days Are Gone By***

By Ronnie W. Wolfe - May 13, 2015  
Funeral of Freda Peters - May 14, 2015

Many days are gone by since the day I was born.  
Some days were good, but some were forlorn.  
Hardships and weeping crept into my days  
Affecting my life in various ways.

But above it all I trusted in God  
And kept on walking on God's earthly sod.  
I tried not to be a burden to others,  
My neighbors and friend, sisters and brothers.

I went to my church with faithfulness strong  
And tried to live good and not by the wrong.  
I could not be perfect; I knew that for sure,  
But I wanted my life and my motives pure.

Now at the end, when they put me down  
At the lonesome grave in the cold, cold ground,  
I shall be warm in my Father's arms  
And no longer have this earth's great alarms.

Sweetness and glory will attain my days,  
For I love the Lord in so many ways.  
He birthed me and loved me and saved my soul.  
I have loved him my life both young and then old.

Now at rest in my Master's place,  
I'll stare with joy in His beautiful face,  
Adore Him forever and never forget  
The greatest Friend I have ever met.