## Names of the Dead



Names of the dead, O God, remember, And how they trod the paths of pain; How they walked the trails of suff'ring Through darkest forests all alone; Day and night, forever longing To reach their home and dwell with you.

How they were list'ning in the darkness And calling you with feeble voice. Read the markings on their faces Etched by the strain and trials of life; In your pity look upon them And all their failings wash away. God who forgave the sinful Mary and the poor robber on the cross, keep the dead for ever near you, and in your mercy set them free. Guilt absolve in righteous judgement And raise them up to your right hand.

Where will they turn in facing judgement If your great love they do not find? By the breaking in our voices And by the sadness in our eyes, Lord, be moved to look upon us And, in your mercy, save us all.