

"WIDOWED BRIDE"

Composed by Nancy Lee Trollinger after the death
of her husband, William Jasper Trollinger

It was in the month of May
Life to her was fair and bright
That a lover from far away
Came to win that heart so light.

And she yielded to his pleading
Gave to him her heart and hand
Promised when the summer fleeted
With him at the altar stand

The autumn came, the words were spoken
That joined the two for life
Every girlhood tie was broken
She left her home his wedded wife.

He carried her to the home he'd made
Life to them held much in store
Many were the plans they laid
Gilding life's pathway o'er.

Three short months of joy had fled
When on a cold December night
The angel of death o'er the village sped
And left on that home his chilling blight.

So swift and silent was the work done
The ere the coming of the dawn
A husband was dead, a spirit flown,
A widowed bride, was left to mourn

To mourn in sorrow and in pain
To long for a sight of the one beloved
And wish for a sound of his voice again
But to Heaven he's gone, to a home above

Do you wonder that she weeps
For the loved one passed away
Wishes that she too might sleep
By his side till judgement day.

Weep no more, oh widowed bride
Twas God that took him from your side
But meekly bow and kiss the rod
Thy will be done, Oh, Lord, my God.