

## Song of Life

If I were a note  
On the staff of a song,  
I'd try to be quiet  
And do nothing wrong.

I would wait for the tempo  
To determine the speed,  
Then I'd fall into place  
And let the other notes lead.

Though tempted to rise  
An octave or two more,  
I'd refrain from that chord  
And wait as before.

The melody notes  
Flow steady and true,  
Then the clef changes pitch!  
I don't know what to do!

Do I rise up,  
Or go flat on the line?  
Should I hold myself tightly  
Until I run out of time?

"No!" Says the maestro  
With His pen in His hand...  
It's time for the harmony,  
And time for me to stand!

At first, I'm Acapella,  
Outnumbered and afraid.  
But then the choir joins me,  
A brand new song is played!

The overture is masterful,  
The symphony is ready!  
"Can't the Master see my flaws?"  
The staff just holds me steady.

What a joyful noise we've made somehow,  
We notes, all woven in tune!  
The song of praise we performed today  
Will end, alas, too soon.

The conductor will raise his baton once more,  
His cheek will feel a tear.  
The music played has been glorious,  
But the grand finale is here.

We've helped to write the songs of life  
For others to be able to sing.  
The pages on which we danced, now old,  
Fill the Book of Life for a King.