

## “The Book”

In single file they enter in  
And join the ones before,  
Who came a little earlier  
And passed through this same door.  
Upon a stand not far away  
Where everyone will look,  
Each visitor will find a place  
Where each can sign the book.  
Sometimes this book's for wedding days  
When life is full of cheer;  
Sometimes this book's for funerals  
When we lose someone dear.  
In either case the message still  
Is basically the same:  
Above each address there is found  
A friend who signed his name.  
When time has passed, this day is o'er,  
And most is soon forgot,  
The signatures of those who come  
Will long still mean a lot.

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