

The Hand

1

*I held a frail, small, loving hand,
and gently stroked her hair so white.
The hourglass was losing sand,
while she held my hand so tight.*

2

*There was a smile upon her face,
a gentle smile I've seen before.
God was with us in this place,
to help her reach His distant shore.*

3

*Her eyes were fixed on Heaven's high,
she saw her father standing there.
Her mother said, your time is nigh,
we both are waiting for you here.*

4

*God opened up His Heaven's gate,
He invited you to come at last.
There is no need to longer wait,
your time on earth is passing fast.*

5

*Her breath was short and failing fast,
her heart was now in God's good grace.
She put her hand in God's at last,
and smiled upon His loving face.*

6

*I held a frail, small, loving hand,
and gently stroked her hair so white.
The hourglass ran out of sand,
while she held my hand so tight.*