

Wherever You Lay

If this is the price of freedom
If this is the cost
Of loving your way
I say woe to the few who charged you
And God bless wherever you lay

If this is the product of nature
If one has to fall
Every cold autumn day
I call on the mothers before you
And bless wherever you lay

If this is a moment we've asked for
If all we have left is a memory away
I pray for the love we all live for
And God bless wherever you lay

If this is the end of our journey
And life doesn't travel
And love doesn't flow
I christen the stillness and revel
In blessing wherever you go

c 2000 David Brunoehler