

# GOLDEN ARMS

*Lyrics by Anne Hills • Music Allen Power*

Take him in your golden arms and hold him  
hold him like the sunset on the lake  
in the whisper of the woods enfold him  
beauty for each precious breath we take

let the sweep of bluebirds' wings before him  
lift him from this heavy earthly bed  
may the many memories of his kindness  
make our burden lighter now, instead

born into this turning world, unknowing  
spinning from this turning world, unknown  
like a blade of grass among so many  
standing side by side and yet alone

take him in your golden arms and hold him  
let his heart and your heart beat as one  
violet sky and sparking stars around him  
beauty as his final days are done

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