

## **If it should be that I Grow Weak**

If it should be that I grow weak,  
And pain should keep me from my sleep  
Then you must do what must be done,  
For this last battle cannot be won.

You will be sad, I understand;  
Don't let your grief than stay your hand  
For this day more than all the rest,  
Your love for me must stand the test.

We've had so many happy years,  
What is to come hold no fears,  
You'd not want me to suffer so,  
The time has come to let me go.

Take me where my need they'll tend,  
And please stay with me until the end,  
Hold me firm and speak to me,  
Until my eyes no longer see.

I know in time that you will see,  
The kindness that you did for me,  
Although my tail its last has waved,  
From pain and suffering I've been saved.

Please do not grieve, it must be you,  
Who had this painful thing to do,  
We've been so close, we two these years,  
don't let you heart hold back its tears.