

If It Should Be

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 can't be won.

You will be sad, I understand.
But don't let grief then 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 can hold no fears.
You don't want me to suffer so
The time has come, please let me go.

Take me where my needs they'll tend,
But please stay with me 'til the end
To hold me close and speak to me
Until my eyes no longer see

I know in time you will agree,
It was a kindness done for me.
Although my tail its last has waved,
From pain and suffering I'm saved

Please do not grieve that it was you
Who had this painful thing to do.
We've been so close, we two, through the years.
Don't let your heart hold any tears.

-Author unknown



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