

# Rita

G.E. Smith

Lay down softly in our sorrow  
Lay down sister to die  
And cover over, my sweet Father  
Cover over her eyes Your broken body, it cannot weather  
The years your youth still longs to spend  
So go down graceful, sleep with the angels  
And wake up whole again 'Cause it was not your time  
That's a useless line  
A fallen world took your life But the God that sometimes can't be found  
Will wrap Himself around you  
So lay down, sister, lay down Slower passing are the hours  
To tell this tale that takes its time  
But the finest moment, no man can measure  
Is to look your Savior in the eyes So take her tender to Your table  
An' take her from this killing floor  
To taste the water that is forever  
Let her be thirsty no more 'Cause it was not her time  
That's a useless line  
A fallen world took her life But the God that sometimes can't be found  
Will wrap Himself around you  
So lay down, sister, lay down And the God that sometimes can't be found  
Will wrap Himself around you  
So lay down, Rita, lay down

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