

# Emily

## Randy Stonehill

I will not forget my sister's face  
the day that she died  
Such a frail little girl  
I remember how I cried  
When she reached out to squeeze my hand  
I know her time had come  
and when her fingers slipped from mine  
I knew that it was done Oh sweet Emily you're going Home  
Sweet Emily and I can't go Looking back upon our younger days  
When we'd go out to play  
She was weaker than the rest of us  
So we'd laugh and run away  
But sometimes I'd lie awake at night  
And wonder what was wrong  
Oh I had the feeling even then  
That her days would not be long Oh sweet Emily you're going Home  
Sweet Emily and I can't go Sometimes I almost hear her calling me  
But Heaven seems so far away I will not forget my sister's face  
The strange way that she smiled  
Like the times she'd gaze up at the sky  
when she was just a child And I can still hear the echo  
Of the last thing she could say  
This life is but a moment  
In the morning of my day  
Oh sweet Emily you're going Home  
Sweet Emily and I can't go Sweet Emily you're going Home  
Sweet Emily and I can't go

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