

# The Touch of Your Hand

[Sarah Vaughan](#)

When you shall see flowers  
That lie on the plain  
Lying there sighing  
For one touch of rain Then you may borrow  
Some glimpse of my sorrow  
And you'll understand  
How I longed for the touch for your hand I've loved you so  
You'll never know  
All through those far ways  
And strange star ways On sea or on land  
I will long for the touch of your hand

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