

Pass The Flame

John Elefante

Three a.m. - a baby boy; a new life began
I held him in my arms and
knew one day he'd be a man
And soon I'd have to tell
him that this world is not our home
We must give our lives to Jesus;
we are not our own

But for now just let me hold you,
a little while
Let me adore you while you sleep
Thank You, Lord, for such an angel
Make him Yours to keep
And then I whispered in his ear
There is something you must hear

Any way the wind blows
Don't you think that God knows
We must pass the flame
We must pass the flame
We are the light in a darkened world
We are the fire on the arrow
We must pass the flame
We must pass the flame

She was a portrait of innocence
I took her by the hand
For better or for worse we vowed
that with Jesus we'd stand
We would instill upon our children
that this world is not our home
We would tell them that our
treasure is the promise that we own

But for now just
let me hold you a little while
Let me adore you while you sleep
Thank You, Lord, for such an angel
Make them Yours to keep
So let me whisper in your ear
There is something you must hear

And Lord, help us teach Your children well
And turn embers in to fire
Make Your love their soul desire

The doctors came into the room;
the news was not too good I said,
"Daddy, if I could take your place,
you know that I would."
He said, "Son, please don't worry
go and be there for your wife
You know we'll be together in
an everlasting life."

Then I said, "Dad, I want to hold
you a little while

Let me adore you while you sleep."
Thank You, Lord, for such an angel
Take him home to keep
And then he whispered in my ear
There is something you must hear