

# The Loving Hand of God

Orchid

I was born into this world on the seventh day of June  
No sunshine broke the sky as I arrived  
My father was a rector with a hard and heavy hand  
My mother was thirteen and not his wife  
She gave me to the sisters on the farthest edge of town  
No one would be the wise or see my face  
I became a man raised up by cemetery wolves  
We earned our keep by digging beggar's graves

I guess that's just the way they showed me  
The loving hand of God  
Loving hand of God

When fifteen years had passed they put me out upon the stones  
To make my way with gypsies and with thieves  
A kindly hearted cropper took me on to till his land  
I'd work until my fingers they did bleed  
His daughter was a deaf and mute with kind and loving eyes  
The color of the bluest summer sky  
A love grew strong between us and I asked to take her hand  
But the father said he'd sooner see her die

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And in the spring we stole away to find a life anew  
With pennies and our bags to make our way  
We found work with the magistrate tending to his land  
And happiness was born again each day  
And in the fall I married her and summer brought a child  
In which there was no sign of me at all  
And when I said that son of mine did have her father's eyes  
She wept and said that he had come to call

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