

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
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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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