

A FRAIL ALLELUIA

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With a frail alleluia from tired old lips
and wrists that are wrapped with the beads of your rosary
wound with prayers of decades gone
Strength oh-oh
Comes the strength oh-oh

In a bluestone church where the carpet is worn
from tracks that you've drawn there is comfort in colour
gleaming stain windows that shake from the echoes
of the bells, the bells you tolled

Alleluia

Alleluia

Through the stately fence are your gathering friends
yet again like they did for your marriage, your babies, your lives
as they deepened then laid to rest
in the strength

And if angels are listening I know they'd sing you everything
And if angels are listening I know they'd sing you every hymn

Alleluia

Alleluia

Comes the strength, oh-oh
Comes the strength, oh-oh
Comes the strength, oh-oh
Comes the strength, oh-oh

With a frail alleluia

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