

# Watching Over Me

The Canadian Tenors

The pure, the bright, the beautiful that stirred our hearts in  
you  
The whisper of a wordless prayer; the streams of love and truth  
A longing after something lost  
The spirit's yearning cry  
Striving after the better hopes these things can never die

There will always be the shining sun  
There will always be the rising of sea  
There will always be an angel watching over me  
There will always be an angel watching over me

A timid hand stretched to forth to aide a brother in his need  
A kindly word in grief dark hour that proves a friend in need  
So shall a light that cannot fade leave on thee from on high

And angel voices say to thee these things shall never die

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