

## IF I SHOULD GROW FRAIL

If it should be that I grow frail and weak  
And pain does keep me from my sleep,  
Then will you do what must be done  
For this – the last battle – can't be won.

You will be sad I understand  
But don't let grief then stay you hand.  
For on this day, more than the rest  
Your love and friendship must stand the test.

We have had so many happy years,  
You wouldn't want me to suffer so.  
When the time comes, please let me go.

Take me to where my needs they'll tend,  
Only, stay with me till the end.  
And hold me firm and speak to me  
Until my eyes no longer see.

I know in time you will agree  
It is a kindness you do to me.  
Although my tail its last has waved,  
From pain and suffering I have been saved.

Don't grieve that it must now be you  
Who has to decide this thing to do.  
We've been so close – we two – these years,  
Don't let your heart hold any tears.

*Julia Napier, copyright 1999*