

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



THE WAIT

We faithful men
Do hope and pray,
That she'll arrive
And save our day.

The vision's clear
Her hair is fair
Her lips are soft
Our lives we'll share.

She's on her way
It won't be long
Before we meet
And sing our song.

We plan for this
We trust our fate
Knowing soon
She'll be at our gate.

Is that her?
Is she the one?
No not this time
The search undone.

It wasn't her
Not meant to be,
Keep faith they say
She'll one day be.

The years go by
The prayers subside
The flame grows dim
Does faith abide?

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Friends pray for you
As they fall asleep
With spouse right there
Whose heart they keep.

They cannot know
Nor give much thought
Of life alone
Of life for naught.

Now here we are,
Hope growing dim
One man alone
Why am I him?

If this is it
If this is all
Why give me breath
Why not let me fall?

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