

# Take My Hand

*Karl Sandberg*

The shadows on the hills of afternoon  
Overflow the canyons and the cliffs.  
The sun is low, now gone.  
The labor now is done  
And gone the care.

Take my hand.  
Our paths have led us here  
And we are one.  
Ours is the privilege now to breathe the evening air.  
Through the darkness stars appear  
And keep us in their light.

Take my hand.  
You are in my life  
Like orange blossoms in the desert night.