

LET GO AND LET GOD

As children bring their broken toys

With tears for us to mend:

I brought my broken dreams to God,

Because he was my friend.

But then, instead of leaving Him

In peace to work alone,

I hung around and tried to help,

With ways that were my own.

At last I snatched them back and cried,

"How can you be so slow?"

"My child," He said, "What could I do:

You never did let go."