There Was Nothing We Could Do
Written by Chuck Carson

1. We all loved our fair tender maiden,
   From her eyes the light of Heaven shone through,
   She fell sick one cold winter morning,
   And there was nothing we could do.

   bridge 1. She lay on her death bed so bravely,
     Her face all tired and worn,
     We knew in our hearts she was leaving,
     G-d had called her to His heavenly home.

2. As she lay on the bed she was smiling,
   At the people all gathered around,
   It was her only way of saying goodbye,
   And tomorrow she’d lay neath the ground.

   bridge 2. The fragrance of flowers from her grave,
     Goes to heaven where she has gone too,
     Mortal pain shown on all our faces,
     But there was nothing we could do.

   solo:

   bridge 3. When the preacher began to console us,
     His words rang out clear and true,
     He said G-d had called her, that’s the reason,
     That there was nothing we could do.