

Two angel puppies up in the sky
Waiting to greet their Mum by & by.
They know that she'll come, though it won't be soon,
But until she does they will sit by the moon.
It will shine in their eyes, reflect down to the earth
And four new little stars will record their birth.

On clear summer nights, cold, frosty ones too
When you look up at the stars, they'll be looking at you,
They know that you loved them though their time here was short
They wanted to stay and, like you, they fought,
But it wasn't to be, (we'll never know why)
And now they run free 'cross the breadth of the sky.

Running like whippets, light as a breeze,
skimming the grass, racing round trees,
Four shooting stars playing 'Tag' with the sun,
For that you need two, it's no fun with one,
But they have each other through their starry wait
Till they meet all the family outside Heaven's gate.

So grieve for those angels, puppies so small
You'll never forget them whatever may befall,
But think of them now as spirits set free,
Chasing clouds in the sky, which is where they will be.
Two whippets in heaven can run all the day
Then curl at God's feet when they've finished their play.

Two angel puppies up in the sky
Waiting to greet their Mum by & by.
Chasing the clouds, playing tag with the sun,
While waiting for you they'll be having some fun
Sliding down moonbeams on clear, starry nights,
Killing cloud 'stuffies' & having play fights.

So when clouds are scudding across the dark sky
Or you see shooting stars cross the firmament high,
Smile to yourself and hold this thought near,
Whatever life brings, you have nothing to fear
While four little stars are twinkling, it's true
Those two angel puppies are watching for you.

