

The Blind Man to his Boy

My boy, when I launch my bark away
 Across the narrow stream to stay,
 The loving God who guards us here
 Will guide your father through all clear.

My boy, my boy, my bark cannot be lost
 Although it might be tempest tossed,
 Dark and rough may be the waves
 My boy remember Jesus saves.

My boy, with faith look up to Him
 You too must cross the narrow stream,
 It may not be yet for a little while
 But God will call you too, my child.

Take up your cross then every day
 Walk strictly in the narrow way,
 Prayer makes the christian's armour bright
 Trust in God and do the right.

It is not far from shore to shore
 All praise to God whom we adore,
 Holy spirit, heavenly dove
 Give us thy blessing from above.

O Father may we all be Thine
 May Thy pure love within us shine,
 May I meet my Father all above
 Where we will give Thee love for love.