

The Blind Beggar

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I stood outside the city gates in garments old and torn
Askin' for what little could be spared
To help a country beggar, blind since he was born.
I still cry to realize what I was given there.

A hush fell 'round the few of us there standing by the road;
I listened close for footsteps could be heard.
Someone whispered, "It's that Jesus," in a voice so soft and low.
"Do you believe that truly he's the messiah come to earth?"

I'd heard about his teachings and I held him in my heart.
I knew a glance from him was all I'd need
To loose the Devil's fingers, break his shackles far apart.
I cried, "Jesus, man of Nazareth! Touch my eyes that I might see!"

Again I begged for mercy as the people laughed and jeered,
"Quiet, fool, and get out of the road!"
But a kindly voice behind me said, "Peter, bring him here."
I saw his face as I heard him say, your faith has made you whole.

Now I follow close behind this holy man from Galilee,
Our lives entwined never more to part.
I was even there at Cal'vry when the nailed him to a tree.
He died for sin but rose again, the key to open blinded hearts.