

The Blind Beggar

Becky Buller, *Goodnight Sparky Music, BMI*

I stood outside the city gates in garments old and torn
Asking 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
Then 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, nevermore to part
I was even there at Calv'ry when they nailed Him to a tree
He died for sin, but rose again
The Key to open blinded hearts