

Hank Snow

"Blind Boy's Prayer"

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Dear Mother, said a poor blind boy
That little bird sings very long
And do you see him in his joy
And is he pretty as his song?

The mother looked and replied
I see that bird on yonder tree
The poor boy smiled and softly said
Mother I wish that I could see.

Yet, I the fragrant flowers can smell
And I can feel the green leaves shade
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

So mother God to me is kind
Though sightless he has not given
But tell me is there any blind
Among the children up in heaven.

Blind, oh no, my friend I am not blind
My eyes may be closed but I don't mind
For I see things far beyond your sight
'Cause God gave me a sense to guide me alright.

You don't understand
How happy I can be
Friend life's not made up alone
Of what our eyes can see.

Why you can see mountains
And rivers and trees
And you can find beauty in the flowers
And the birds and the bees.

Why I find a beauty
That you'll never know
The kind that comes from way inside
The kind that comforts so.

I've learned to think of everything
As beautiful and bright

'Cause God gave me that inner sense
To take the place of light.

Oh nom my darlin', they all see
But why ask me, but why ask me you think so odd
Why mother, God's so good to me
I thought I'd like to look at God.

Will be so nice when I can see
But mother when you get up there
Please tell me, mother, that it's you
Because I've never saw you here,

He said no more but fondly smiled
Until the finale blow was given
And God took up that poor blind boy
And opened first his eyes in heaven...

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