

Jenny Phillips

"Let Me Carry You"

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Nine hundred saints
You came across the seas and plains
Hunger and cold have taken some away
You're in despair
And you just don't have the strength
To cross this river standing in your way

You can't feel your feet
And your hands are frozen through
The Father knows all that you've been through
So let me be the Father's hands
My shoulders will bear you up with His strength

[Chorus]

Let me carry you
Let me bear the cold
I am here to share your load
Through all you've done
You have been true
But this is something you just can't do
Let me carry you

You're almost there
You will make it to the end
You will go on
And you'll find your strength again
So one by one climb upon my back
And I will give you
Everything I have

We're brothers in this earthly trail of tears
The faith we share
Is stronger than our fears
So let me be the Father's hands today
My shoulders will bear you up with His strength

[Chorus]

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