

LORD, I AM BLIND

by Peter Rose & Anne Conlon

'Lord, I am blind!' cried the beggar, Bartimaeus,
'But I know your word can make me see.
'Lord, I am blind; I am hopeless and helpless.
Son of David, have pity on me!'

We, too, are blind and imprisoned in our darkness,
But we know your word can set us free.
Lord, we are blind and there's no-one to lead us.
Son of David, help us see.

Beggars still sit by the roadside.
We pass by them every day.
We don't see their hungry faces.
We just turn our eyes away.

*Lord we are blind and imprisoned in our darkness,
But we know your word can set us free.
Lord, we are blind and there's no-one to lead us.
Son of David, help us see.*

Starving babes in far off countries,
Lonely people in the park,
We pretend we do not see them;
We feel safer in the dark.

*Lord we are blind and imprisoned in our darkness,
But we know your word can set us free.
Lord, we are blind and there's no-one to lead us.
Son of David, help us see.*

Save us, O Lord, from the prison of our blindness;
Help us see the things we have to do.
Open our eyes so that we, like Bartimaeus,
Leave the past and follow you.

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