

Hank Snow, Blind Boy's Prayer

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 no 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 finally blow was given
And God took up that poor blind boy and opened first his eyes in heaven