

Peter, Paul & Mary, Father's House

The way to my father's house when I was just a boy
Lay through fields of innocence near bubbling springs of joy
And when I'd lay me down to sleep
I'd pray the lord my soul to keep
The road was never very steep
On the way to my father's house.

The way to my father's house when I turned seventeen
Wandered through inviting hills beside a tumbling stream
Sometimes in prayer upon my knees,
I would feel a distant breeze
The road was winding now through trees
On the way to my father's house.

The way to my father's house at the age of twenty-nine
Led over a mountain that I would seldom climb
Except in times of great despair when I'd be looking everywhere

And then one morning he was there,
On the way to my father's house
And glory, what a refreshing story
I was so blind before he opened my eyes restoring me to

The way to my father's house at the age of thirty-one
Was a ride on a rainbow my new life had begun
And every evening I could look through the pages of his book
And recognize the paths I took on the way, on the way...

I go to my father's house in these troubled days
The spirit is moving in mysterious ways
Reminded when old doubts appear
That perfect love casts out all fear
In thanks I tend the garden here, on the way,
On the way
On the way to my father's house