

Blind Bartimeus

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1874. Music: Philip Phillips.

Son of David! hear my cry;
Savior, do not pass me by;
Touch these eyelids veiled in night,
Turn their darkness into light.
Son of David, hear my cry!
Savior, do not pass me by.

Though the proud my voice would still,
They may chide me if they will,
Yet the more I'll pray for grace,
Only here shall be my place.
Son of David, hear my cry!
Savior, do not pass me by.

Though despised by all but Thee,
Thou a blessing hast for me;
Faith and prayer can never fail,
Lord, with Thee I must prevail,
Son of David, hear my cry!
Savior, do not pass me by.

Glorious vision! heav'nly ray!
All my gloom has passed away;
Now my joyful eye doth see,
And my soul still clings to Thee,
Thine the glory evermore,
Mine to worship and adore.