As Helpless As A Child Who Clings
FATHERHOOD C. M. D.

1. As help- less as a child who clings Fast to his fa- ther's arms,
And casts his weak- ness on the strength That keeps him safe from harm,
So I, my Fa- ther, cling to Thee, And thus, I, ev- 'ry hour
Would link my earth - ly fee- ble- ness To Thine al- might - y pow'r.

2. As trust- ful as a child who looks Up to his moth - er's face,
And all his lit - tle griefs and fears For- gets in her em - brace,
So I to Thee, my Sav - ior, look, And in Thy face di - vine,
Can read the love that will sus - tain As weak a faith as mine.

3. As lov- ing as a child who sits Close by his par - ent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have That sweet so - ci - e - ty,
So, sit - ting at Thy feet, my heart Would all its love out - pour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord, To love Thee more and more. A- men.

Words: The Rev. James Drummond Burns, M.A. (1823-1864), 1866
Music: John Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905)