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 Forgets 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 Calkln (1827-1905)