

Blessing Wind

Bill Miller

There's a dangerous journey
You'll have to make
Be careful what you carry
Be careful what you take

Blow on Blessing Wind
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There's a path through the wilderness
You'll have to find
Those earthly possessions
You must leave behind

The rich man owns rivers of gold
Don't know what it's worth
The meek and the purest of heart
Will inherit the earth
Here's a shield you must carry
A horse you must ride
Show no fear in battle
For I am by your side