

Faithful One

Cliff Richard

I find now hope within to call my own
For I am frail of heart, my strength is gone
Here in the comfort of the faithful One

I walk a narrow road through valleys deep
In search of higher ground on mountains steep
And with feet unsure I still keep pressing on
For I am guided by the faithful One

I see your wounded hands, I touch your side
With thorns upon your brow you bled and died
But there's an empty tomb, a love for all who come
And give their hearts to You, the faithful One

Faithful, faithful to the end
My true and precious friend
You have been faithful, faithful
So faithful to me

And from the starry sky there shines on me
An everlasting hope of liberty
And when the day is done and when the race is run
I will bow down before God's only Son

And I will lift my hands in praise for all You've done
And I will worship You my faithful One