

# Bring Him Home

David Deyl

God on high  
Hear my prayer  
In my need  
You have always been there.

He is young  
He's afraid  
Let him rest  
Heaven blessed.  
Bring him home  
Bring him home  
Bring him home.

He's like the son I might have known  
If God had granted me a son;  
The summers die  
One by one,  
How soon they fly  
On and on  
And I am old  
And will be gone.

Bring him peace  
Bring him joy  
He is young,  
He is only a boy.

You can take,  
You can give  
Let him be  
Let him live.

If I die, let me die!  
Let him live, bring him home  
Bring him home  
Bring him home ...