

Bleeding Feet

I pray, O Lord, for bleeding feet
From walking every day
Bare-footed over holy ground
Along the narrow way.
Though stones and brambles rend the flesh,
In heaven You shall mend.
May others see the trail of blood,
Pursue it to the end.

I pray, O Lord, for calloused hands
To carry out Your will.
The hands that gathered children in
Draw in the nations still.
I long that they would learn to wield
The scythe, the balm, the sword.
May all they do be unto You
A sweet libation poured.

I pray, O Lord, for weathered knees
From hours of silent prayer;
That every time they stir the dust
My heart would be laid bare;
That mountains would be leveled flat
Or cast into the sea;
That, kneeling to submit myself,
There may I be set free.

I pray, O Lord, for gentle heart,
And tenderness, and love,
That bleeding feet might carry on
To reach Your courts above.
Tis by Your love twas mercy givn
To melt this heart of stone,
And forge the weaker parts of me
As tools of flesh and bone.

Jonathan Sanford