

When Jesus from Nazareth came to our town, my existence was at its most low;
For all hope and joy had long since left my life, when my eyesight had started to go;
The world became formless – confusing and dim,
They said God was punishing me for my sin;
In the dust by the road, I sat begging all day, on the outskirts of old Jericho.

That day's still so vivid and fresh in my mind: it's as wonderfully clear as can be;
Although I was blind, I had "eyes" in my mind, for I listened like crazy, you see;
I heard people jostling and saying his name,
And I knew who it was 'cos I'd heard of his fame -
So I yelled and I hollered again and again, "Son of David, have pity on me!"

Now, blind men know something that people like you hardly notice or bother to see;
That cruelty, selfishness, meanness and spite are more common than they ought to be;
When they heard my loud shouting many people objected,
"Shut up! You're a nothing! YOU won't be selected!"
But I don't like rudeness or being corrected so I went on; "Have pity on me!"

Then a funny thing happened – the crowds all stopped moving and everything fell quiet and still;
My heart started pounding like drums in my chest, it seemed all the silence to fill!
I heard a kind voice say these words loud and clear;
"It's all right, I've heard him. Go tell him come here,"
So I flung off my cloak and leapt up with a cheer; full of hope and excitement and thrill.

When I got up to Jesus, he asked me a question. (Not what I expected to hear!)
He said, "What do you want me to do for you then?" Well, I would have thought that was clear!
"Oh, dear Master, please! Once again let me see!"
"Your faith, it has healed you; carry on now," said he.
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise God - I can see!" And I follow him now, never fear!

When you can see, the light pours in, with colour, life and joy