

# 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