

Father's Table Grace

Ferlin Husky

While we sit at our table my family heads bowed low
My thoughts return to childhood to the finest guy I know
He doesn't speak good English he's just a simple man
But when he talks to the Lord even a little child can understand

I was awful young and reckless the thought still comes to me
When I told dad I felt that I was old enough to leave
He sat there at the table I looked him on his face
He never spoke another word till he said the table grace
He said our gracious heavenly father we all gathered here today

To give these things of blessings so humbly we pray
My oldest son is leaving and I guess he knows what's best
But just in case would you stand by and help him stand the test

And Lord he's awful neglectful about church on Sunday morn
And if he gets with a wrong crowd would you let him hold your arm
And if he flies too high would you clip his wings

But don't let him fall too hard I'm sure that you can hand the things
Oh I've tried my best from day to day to teach him right from wrong
He's grown to be a fine young man Lord but you've always blessed our home
I just pray for understanding that he won't build upon the sand

But I won't worry half as much Lord if I know he's in your hands
And oh yeah Lord it won't be long till I'll be coming home
We'll have some long talks you and I don't make me wait too long
We beg dear Lord for guidance please cleanse us from our sins

So we all can meet in heaven in Jesus name amen
The table was silent as tears went down my face
From that day on I base my life on father's table grace