

Send Me

Twila Paris

If I close my ears
To the feeble cry
Of the poor man's child
As he passes by me

I can mark Your word
There will come a time
When my cries will fall
On ears like mine

Here am I, Lord, send me
Here am I, Lord, send me
Father in Heaven show Your mercy
Send me

That his hope should die
This was not Your plan
You have willed that I
Would become Your hands, Lord

When I feel Your pain
And it fills my eyes
When my heart is Yours
I will stand and cry

Here am I, Lord, send me
Here am I, Lord, send me
Father in Heaven show Your mercy
Send me

Send me in a humble spirit
Broken for the weaker part
Send me where the need is greater
Send me with a servant's heart

Here am I, Lord, send me
Here am I, Lord, send me
Father in Heaven show Your mercy
Send me, send me, send me, send me