

I saw the grass, I saw the trees
and the boats along the shore.
I saw the shapes of many things
I had only sensed before.
And I saw the faces of men more clearly
than if I had never been blind,
the lines of envy around their lips
and the greed and the hate in their eyes.
And I turned away, yes, I turned away,
for I had seen the perfect face of a real
and proper Man,
the Man Who brought me from the dark
into light, where life began.

I hurried then away from town
to a quiet, lonely place.
I found a clear, unruffled pool
and I gazed upon my face.
And I saw the image of me more clearly
than if I had never been blind.
The lines of envy around the lips
and the greed and the hate in the eyes.
And I turned away, yes I turned away,
for I had seen the perfect face of a real
and proper Man,
the Man Who'd brought me from the dark
into the light, where life began.

I made my way into the town,
to the busy, crowded streets,
the shops and stalls and alley-ways,
to the squalor and the heat.
And I saw the faces of men more clearly
than if I had never been blind,
the lines of sorrow round their lips
and the child looking out from their eyes,
and I turned to them, yes, I turned to them,
remembering the perfect face of a real
and proper Man,
the Man Who'd brought me from dark
into light, where life began.