

Whose Children Say

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(Begun September 10, 2000, 4am)

It's for our son I pray, please hold him in your hands
And should you choose someday to let me hold him

Help me be the man
That he can look up to—a hero day by day
A man who lives for you, who models how to
love like Jesus, who teaches him to pray

Make me the kind of man whose children say,
“I want to know the Lord like Dad does, day by day;
I want to choose the walk God helped him to choose!”
Lord, let our son's inheritance be You!

It's for our girl I pray, please hold her in your hands
And should you choose some day to let me hold her
Help me be the man
Who'll always listen to what her tender heart would say
A man who lives for you, who models how her
Heav'nly Father listens when she prays

Make me the kind of man whose children say,
“I want to know the Lord like Dad does, day by day;
I want to choose the walk God helped him to choose!”
Lord, let our girl's inheritance be You!

As for me and my house we will serve the Lord!
And when before your throne we stand
Hearts as one, in heaven hand in hand
Our children all about us, every one
May we hear you say to them,
“Faithful servants, well done!”

Make me the kind of man whose children say,
“I want to know the Lord like Dad does, day by day;
I want to choose the walk God helped him to choose!”
Lord, let our girl's inheritance be You!
Let our son's inheritance be You!
Lord, let our legacy be You!