

# My Father

written by Linda Chapman and  
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My fa - ther's hands are stead - y and kind. They hold me and show me the way. And  
fa - ther's eyes are ten - der and wise. They twin - kle with laugh - ter and fun. They  
fa - ther's heart is turned t'wards— God. He serves do - ing all that he can Re -

when they are gent - ly placed on my head, The fear in my heart goes a - way. My  
scat - ter the sun - shine; weep when I'm sad; And  
flect - ing the love that comes from a - bove, He

rest when the day is done. Knees which are worn from the years of kneel - ing to pray fer - vent - ly.

Feet which have walked ma - ny miles; mak - ing a path for me. My fol - lows a heav'n - ly plan.