## I Will Know Him by His Feet

So many times I’ve fallen there; feeling lost, alone, and in despair.

The pains of life, the sins I’ve done; the tears I’ve shed to overcome.

To my knees, then prostrate on my face; filled with shame, remorse, and disgrace.

The ache, the hurt within my heart brings sorrow that feels will ne’er depart.

Then lying there upon the floor, I see His feet as times before.

The marks of nails I plainly see and feel the price He paid for me.

Fallen down before the Lord I weep, and with my tears I bath His feet;

And feel that I could never rise, to gaze into His loving eyes.

And then I feel His gentle hand, lift me up and help me stand.

His loving arms embrace me tight and, in His eyes, I see a light.

I see and feel His love for me and understand Gethsemane;

And why He went to Calvary and hung upon the cross for me.

Such love and light I’ve never known and finally see I’m not alone.

Such light I see within His face; such love I feel in His embrace.

I fall again before His feet and praise the Lord with anthems sweet;

Then bath His feet once more with tears, this time from joy and not from fears.

I rise again to walk once more; my path of life, but not as before.

I follow where His feet have trod and help my brothers come to God.

Now when I leave this earthly plain, and see the Savior once again,

I’ll know His eyes and voice so sweet, but I’ll know Him best by His feet.