

Drawn to a Saviour

Daisies decorate her silken crown;
Bare feet pat softly on the ground.
Luminous, longing eyes look ahead,
Sparkling with their prize.

It's a dusty, dirty road she's on;
Tear-stained gravel from dusk till dawn,
But she smiles because she's drawn by

Jesus, Jesus.
She's sprinting home with open arms
Laughing, skipping, running—running to Jesus.

Flailing arms seeking His warm embrace
Traces of fear and joy on her face.
Friendly voices call for return,
Saying that she must earn it.

But her love for Him is deeper
And she just keeps on running faster,
Always singing the sweet name of ...

She's closer now with every stride
But she won't stop till she's by His side
And in His arms, and feels His kiss
And sees the eyes that she had missed-
The eyes of...