

A FATHERS PRAYER

**Let me carry your cross for father's Lord
The hour of our trial draws near
And the pangs and the pains of the sacrifice
May be borne by all fathers here
But Lord take us from the offering throng
There are many fathers less prepared
Though anxious and all as they are to die
That fathers will be spared.**

**Let me carry your cross for fathers Lord
My cares in this world are few
And few are the tears that will fall for me
When I go on my way to you
Spare oh spare our loved ones the tears
That the cause we stand for never dies
In the lands of our desire.**

**Let me carry your cross for the fathers Lord
Let's stop the suffering, the pain and the shame
I bow my head to peoples rage and hate
And take it on myself
Let them do with my body what they will
Let them try break my spirit
But don't let them break my heart
To the faithful few that hears our call
Give us the strength not to fall.**

**Let me carry your cross for fathers Lord
For many are weak with tears
For many men are falling apart
And their children of tender years
For the empty homes on these golden plains
And the hopes for their futures too
Our little children mean so much
It's their broken hearts we have to touch
Because without us they will never do
Let me carry your cross for fathers Lord.**

**EAMONN QUINN
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