



kissed his hands, his toil-worn hands that have known the feel of the sod  
heard him pray in hum-ble-ness as good men pray for their own

and thought of the seeds he plant-ed in fel-low-ship  
and I knew that on the path of life he nev-er had walked

1. with God.  
a lone.

2.

I saw his face, his care-worn face lined deep with the mark of years.

60

I saw the love that light-ed the way through the smiles as well as the tears.

68

He may be list-ed as com-mon clay a - long the path he has trod, and

77

yet, he ev - er holds a place with the no - ble men of God.

87