

TAKE A CHILD...

by Terry Lynn Carter

Take a child, disturbed  
Lost.  
Hold him close  
For he's very frightened  
And his fear is twice  
his size.

Take a child, disturbed  
Angry.  
Hold him tight.  
He has the right to his  
anger.  
The world has hit him  
hard  
Again and  
Again  
Beat him into the ground.  
And battered his body  
With fists of hell  
Show him it's O.K.  
To want to hit back.

Take a child, disturbed  
Emotionally.  
Grow him straight  
Although he's bent.  
Grow him tall  
Although he's small.  
Pick him up  
When he falls  
And make him try again.

Take a child, disturbed  
And chart his course.  
He has the right to live.  
The right to dream.  
The right to achieve.  
The right to hate.  
The right to love.

Take a child, disturbed  
In so many ways.  
Walk his hell  
With him  
In his world of black.  
Show him what's wrong.  
Show him what's right  
And in the depth of his  
hell  
In the depth of his night  
Your gift to him  
Is a patch of light.

Take a child, disturbed  
Burning with madness.  
Hold him secure.  
Teach him to turn his  
hell  
Outward  
Not inward  
To self-destruction.

Take a child, disturbed  
Protect him.  
Soothe his wounds.  
Caress his scars  
Build on the tissue  
That has been destroyed.  
Teach him  
That good exists  
And although he has three  
strokes  
Against him.  
He's in  
Not out.



NOBODY'S CHILD

- Karen Young

1. As I was slowly passing an orphans' home one day,  
And stopped there for a moment just to watch the children play.  
Alone a boy was standing, and when I asked him why,  
He turned with eyes that could not see and he began to cry.

CHORUS

I'm nobody's child,  
I'm nobody's child,  
Just like a flower  
I'm growing wild.  
No mummy's kisses, and  
No daddy's smile,  
Nobody wants me,  
I'm nobody's child.

2. People come for children and take them for their own.  
But they all seem to pass me and I'm left here all alone.  
I know they'd like to take me but when they see I'm blind,  
They always take some other child and I am **left** behind.

CHORUS

3. No mummy's arms to hold me or soothe me when I cry.  
Sometimes it gets so lonely, I wish that I could die.  
I'd walk the streets of heaven where all the blind can see  
And just like all the other kids there'd be a home for me.

CHORUS

.... Nobody wants me,  
I'm nobody's child.