

He's Not Heavy . . . .

by Kit Porter

He often hears a rippling brook  
That I don't even know is near,  
He often hears a waterfall  
That I can't even hear.

He sometimes smells wild flowers,  
That I don't even see,  
And he can run in clover fields  
Almost fast as me.

You should see how good he swims,  
In our old water hole,  
And he can throw a baseball  
As far as I can throw.

So often in our playtime,  
As through the fields we trod,  
He makes me feel so happy,  
As he smiles and talks of God.

Oh no, sir, he's not heavy,  
Though I tote him all the time.  
And gladly so I do it,  
For my little brother's blind.