

Quiet Faith of Man - Bill Staines

D G

One day a babe was born along the highway

A D

A tiny, helpless thing upon the sand

D G

And an Okie with a dream out on the byway

A D

Took the babe and held it proudly in his hands.

And the woman smiled a gentle smile of knowing,

And whispered something softly in its ear.

Perhaps a little prayer to help the growing,

Perhaps a word of comfort through the fear.

G A D

You can trust the moon to move the mighty ocean,

G D Em Bm G

You can trust the sun to shine upon the land.

G A D G

You take the little that you know, and you do the best you can,

Em A D

And you leave the rest to the quiet faith of man.

A tractor makes its way along a fence line.

The seeds are dropped precisely in the row.

And if the rain is kind, and the wind don't take the topsoil,

Before too long the crops will start to show.

Now the farmer sees the fields around him ripen,

And whispers something low beneath his breath;

Perhaps a little prayer to help the growing,

Perhaps a word of thanks for all the rest.

Chorus

There's a storm-tossed ship tonight out on the water

There's a soul that sails alone out on the blue

There's a dreamer with her eyes upon the heavens

They're all looking for a way to make it through.

Chorus