**Bring Him Home**

**Les Miserables**

God on high

Hear my prayer

In my need

You have always been there

He is young

He's afraid

Let him rest

Heaven blessed.

Bring him home

Bring him home

Bring him home.

He's like the son I might have known

If God had granted me a son.

The summers die

One by one

How soon they fly

On and on

And I am old

And will be gone.

Bring him peace

Bring him joy

He is young

He is only a boy

You can take

You can give

Let him be

Let him live

If I die, let me die

Let him live

Bring him home

Bring him home

Bring him home.