

HE

He can turn the tides and calm the ang-ry sea

He alone decides who writes a sym-pho-ny

He lights every star that makes the dark-ness bright

He keeps watch all through each long and lone-ly night

He still finds the time to hear a child's first prayer

Saint or sinner call and always find Him there

Though it makes Him sad to see the way we live

He'll always say, "I for-give."

He can grant a wish or make a dream come true

He can paint the clouds and turn the gray to blue

He alone knows where to find the rainbow's end

He alone can see what lies beyond the bend

He can touch a tree and turn the leaves to gold

He knows ever lie that you and I have told

Through it makes Him sad to see the way we live

He'll always say, "I for-give."