

# This Good Day

**Fernando Ortega**

Morning sun, morning glories  
Pouring down the hill  
Through my window  
I can feel the ocean breeze  
Noisy sparrows fill the oak trees  
Swallows can't stay still  
And in the glad commotion  
Lord, You speak to me  
If rain clouds come  
Or the cold winds blow  
You're the one who goes before me  
And in my heart I know  
That this good day, it is a gift from You  
The world is turning in its place  
Because You made it to  
I lift my voice to sing a song of praise  
On this good day  
I will walk to woodman's cove  
The fishing boats are leaving  
Seagulls follow just above the water  
I will wait until the sunset  
Brings them home again  
Rigging lines and anchors in the harbor  
If rain clouds come  
Or the cold winds blow  
You're the one who goes before me  
And in my heart I know  
This good day, it is a gift from You  
The world is turning in its place  
Because You made it to  
I lift my voice to sing a song of praise  
On this good day  
If rain clouds come  
Or the cold winds blow  
You're the one who goes before me  
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On this good day

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