He

Slim Whitman

He can turn the tides and calm the angry sea
He alone decides who writes a symphony
He lights every star that makes our darkness bright
He keeps watch all through each long and lonely nightHe still finds the time to hear a child's first prayer
Saint or sinner calls and always finds Him there
Though it makes Him sad to see the way we live
He'll always say, "I forgive"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 a rainbow's end
He alone can see what lies beyond the bendHe can touch a tree and turn the leaves to gold
He knows every lie that you and I have told
Though it makes Him sad to see the way we live
He'll always say, "I forgive"

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