

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 night He 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 bend He 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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