A Cold Heart Turns

Rebecca St. James

Power thunder, lightning bolts Rushing wind, a waterfall Babies' cry a mother's tears Humming river, rustling leavesHe's calling loud and clearly He's saying, "Won't you hear me?" We see Him everywhere And still we roll on by Winter snow, a fire's warmth Summer's day, a cold heart turns Peaceful place, a helping hand Kindly words, a smiling faceHe's calling loud and clearly He's saying, "Won't you hear me?" We see Him everywhere And still we roll on byHe was God but one of us A king who had a servant's heart Born to die, so we might live His reason was His Father's willHe's calling loud and clearly He's saying, "Won't you hear me?" We see Him everywhere And still we roll on byHe's calling loud and clearly He's saying, "Won't you hear me?" We see Him everywhere And still we roll on byPower thunder, lightning bolts Rushing wind, a waterfall Winter snow, a fire's warmth Summer's day, a cold heart turns

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