

# The Magic Hour

Andrew Peterson

Come climb the hill with me  
Come and be still with me  
Come watch the sun sink away  
If you will with me

Come watch the garden grow  
Down by the gravel road  
Come warm your hands in the gold  
Of the afterglow

Into the peace of these wild things,  
Into the wild of this grace,  
Into the grace of this blessing,  
Speak in the peace of this place

Come walk the cedar stand  
Over the broken dam  
Sit on the bench at the bend in the trail again

Look how the children laugh  
Out in the tumble grass  
Bright as a fire and as fine as a photograph

## CHORUS

Here at the magic hour  
Time and eternity  
Mingle a moment in chorus  
Here at the magic hour  
Bright is the mystery  
Plain is the beauty before us  
Could this beauty be for us?

What is this voice that sings  
Holy and hovering  
Over this hill in the still of the evening?  
(Son of God, speak)