

The Color Green

Rich Mullins

And the moon is a sliver of silver
Like a shaving that fell on the floor of a Carpenter's
shop
And every house must have it's builder
And I awoke in the house of God
Where the windows are mornings and evenings
Stretched from the sun
Across the sky north to south
And on my way to early meeting
I heard the rocks crying out
I heard the rocks crying out
Be praised for all Your tenderness by these works of
Your hands
Suns that rise and rains that fall to bless and bring
to life Your land
Look down upon this winter wheat and be glad that You
have made
Blue for the sky and the color green that fills these
fields with praise
And the wrens have returned and they're nesting
In the hollow of that oak where his heart once had been
And he lifts up his arms in a blessing for being born
again
And the streams are all swollen with winter
Winter unfrozen and free to run away now
And I'm amazed when I remember
Who it was that built this house
And with the rocks I cry out
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Your hands
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to life Your land
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