He

He can turn the tides and calm the angry sea.
He can grant a wish or make a dream come true.

He a long decides who writes a symphony;
He can paint the clouds and turn the gray to blue;

He lights every star that makes our darkness bright.
He alone knows where to find the rainbow's end,

He keeps watch all through each long and lonely night.
He alone can see what lies beyond the bend.
He still finds the time to hear a child's first pray'r.
He can touch a tree and turn the leaves to gold.

Saint or sinner call and always find Him there;
He knows ev'ry lie that you and I have told;

Though it makes Him sad to see the way we live,
He'll always say, "I forgive."

Page 2 of 2