He
can
turn
the
tides
that
calm
the
sea;
true,
He
can
grant
a
wish
or
make
a
dream
come
true,
He
can
paint
the
clouds
who
srites
a
sym
pho
blue;
He
lights
ev'ry
star
that
makes
our
dark
bright;
He
keeps
watch
all
through
each
long
and
lone
ly
the
night.
He still finds the time to hear a child's first prayer;
He can touch a tree and turn the leaves to gold,
saint or sinner call and always find him there.

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

I for give.