

Willet

"For Orphans And The King"

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For you know, the grace of our God
That though He was rich, for our sake became poor
For children that sleep, on the side of the street
And widows that cry out, crying for peace

She opens her arms, and reaches her hand

Till the poor will have hope
Till the broken find peace
And the hurting will know that there is help on the way
Till the hungry are fed
Till the children go free
We can't sleep; we are for orphans and The King

What we do, for the least of these
We do unto our father; God's love covers all of us
There is dirt in the water, and dirt on their hands
And dirt on their feet from trying to stand

One third of us have enough to make it through the day
One third of us find it hard, but still we find a way
One third of us sleep alone, because we didn't have
enough
God's love covers all of us

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