

Rich Mullins

"With The Wonder"

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Down at Johnson's Creek
The trees grow tall
Like a man who feeds his soul on Your word
And I can look in the water
I can see the stars fall
Hear the fires crackle
And the crickets chirp
And there are bluffs
On the banks of the Cumberland
Where I can see the sun rise
From a world away
And I can see the marvelous things
That You have done
In the beautiful world
That You have made
And in the winter it's white
In the summer it's green
And in the fall it's orange and red and gold
Then it comes alive
In the rites of spring when the rivers thaw
And the flowers unfold
And there are beads of dew on a spider's web
And there are motes of dust
In these beams of light
We who are bone and spittle and muscle and sweat
We live together in a world where
It's good to be alive
'Cause it flutters and floats
It falls and it climbs
It spins and sputters and spurts
And You filled this world
With wonders 'round every turn
And it buzzes and beeps
It shimmies and shines
It rattles and patters and purrs
And You filled this world with wonders
And I'm filled with the wonder of Your world
If there's a better world
And a brighter day
Even brighter than the one we're in
We'd all be fools to think
That it could be made

By the wills and the hands of foolish men
So Lord to You we give our deepest praise
And to You we sing our loudest songs
And while we live in the world that You have made
We hear it whisper of a world
Of the world that is to come
'Cause it flutters and floats
It falls and it climbs
It spins and sputters and spu

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