

## **Andrew Peterson**

### **"Let There Be Light"**

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When the mandolin sang like a bird on the wing  
In the hands of Bill Monroe  
When Chet played guitar like a walk in the park  
Like a prodigal son coming home  
They spoke into being the work of their hands  
From the void of the wire and the wood  
And they stood on the stage  
And they sang and they played  
And they said that it was good  
(chorus)  
Let there be light  
Let there be love  
Let there be light, let there be love  
Let there be music  
Now, Arron's a preacher and I play guitar  
And Jim, he can tune up your Ford  
Dave is in law school for 800 years  
For the sake of the sick and the poor  
The work of our hands is the salt of the earth  
The music we make is the light of the world  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine  
When your spirit is hovering over the deep  
In the image of God just look into that darkness and  
speak  
Let there be light, let there be love, let there be music  
So let the mandolin play like a mother's embrace  
Let the fiddle be warm as a smile  
Let the guitar be bright as a friend at your side  
When you're lost on a long lonely mile  
Let the music be sweet as the washing of feet  
And as gentle as a kiss  
Let the love that we feel be as light as a reel  
And as real as the love we give  
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