

Andrew Peterson "The Magic Hour"

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Come climb the hill with me
Come and be still with me
Come watch the sun sink away
If you will with me

Come watch the garden grow
Down by the gravel road
Come warm your hands in the gold
Of the afterglow

Into the peace of these wild things,
Into the wild of this grace,
Into the grace of this blessing,
Speak in the peace of this place

Come walk the cedar stand
Over the broken dam
Sit on the bench at the bend in the trail again

Look how the children laugh
Out in the tumble grass
Bright as a fire and as fine as a photograph

CHORUS

Here at the magic hour
Time and eternity
Mingle a moment in chorus
Here at the magic hour
Bright is the mystery
Plain is the beauty before us
Could this beauty be for us?

What is this voice that sings
Holy and hovering
Over this hill in the still of the evening?
(Son of God, speak)

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