

## New Song

Paul Baloche

You made the dry bones dance, You make the rocks cry out  
You make the mountains bow down  
You place upon my lips the words of a heavenly song  
Set to the beat of a different drum  
And I hear You whisper softly in my ear  
Until the melody is all that I can hear

You put a new song in my mouth  
A hymn of praise to You, my God  
I will worship you and tell of the things You do

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