

Even The Stones

Robin Mark

The morning sunlight's Your creation Lord,
And we rise to praise the one who made it all,
These city streets are filled with traffic noise,
And the fields and trees join in that ragged song,
So I lift my eyes toward the sky and I rejoice,
And to every rhyme and note and chord I add my voice,

Oh Lord of host, be enthroned, on our praises,
Even the stones, they'll cry out, as your day breaks,
For we know that you're the one who's in contro ol,

That your mighty Love sustains this world and all it holds,

The daylight winks before the setting sun,
And the moon and stars sing their creation song,
Our city sleeping I await the day,
While around Your throne the praises never end,
Will you keep us safe beneath your wings as this day fades?
And the morning dawn will rise and sing your praise a-gain

Oh Lord of host, be enthroned, on our praises,
Even the stones, they'll cry out, as your day breaks,