

How is it, Lord?

How is it, Lord, my eyes can see
In all things made a rare beauty?
How is it that my heart can sing,
My inner ear hear everything?

I hear the psalms creation sings,
I hear the praise that heaven brings,
I see the sunlight dapple leaves
And moonlight silver silent trees.

When man is cruel and man brings pain,
When evil sweeps through hill and plain,
How can my eyes see starved and poor
And still my songs in love adore?

Strong hard my heart had grown, long,
Where once it had been filled with song,
Had wept with joy on every shore
And longed to praise You evermore.

That heart which died to beauty rare
And scorned to call creation fair
Stopp'd short one day at Calv'ry's hill
And saw the bloody river spill.

That heart so bitter—frozen cold—
Thawed out to love as God of old
Was God anew in blazing love,
Who sent His peace through Holy Dove.

Now, Lord, afresh my heart can sing
For every dear created thing,
With inner ear hear psalm and song
And join the full adoring throng,

I hear the whole creation throb
With pain—and yet with joy—to God.
All wait the hour of full release,
All wait the coming Prince of Peace.



Ah dear, dear Lord, who suffered pain
So Your creation's not in vain,
We feel Your love upon the air
And praise afresh Your beauty rare.

Ah dear, dear Lord, who suffered pain,
We praise afresh Your beauty rare.

Lyrics adapted from the poem, 'How is it, Lord?' © 1992 Geoffrey Bingham. Used by permission.
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Arranged by Chris Duffield.

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by Mustard Seed Music
www.mustardseedmusic.org.au
admin@mustardseedmusic.org.au

