Your voice it thunders
The oaks start twisting
The forest sounds with cedars breaking
The waters see You and start their writhing
From the depths a song is rising

Now it's rising from the ground

Holy, Holy
Holy, Holy Lord the earth is Yours and singing
Holy, Holy
Holy, Holy Lord
The earth is Yours
The earth is Yours

Your voice it thunders
The ground is shaking
The might mountains now are trembling
Creation sees You
And starts composing
The fields and trees they start rejoicing.

Now it's rising from the ground

Now it's rising from the ground It's rising from the ground Hear us crying out Hear us crying out