

# The Color Green

Rich Mullins

And the moon is a sliver of silver  
Like a shaving that fell on the floor of a Carpenter's  
shop  
And every house must have it's builder  
And I awoke in the house of God  
Where the windows are mornings and evenings  
Stretched from the sun  
Across the sky north to south  
And on my way to early meeting  
I heard the rocks crying out  
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Be praised for all Your tenderness by these works of  
Your hands  
Suns that rise and rains that fall to bless and bring  
to life Your land  
Look down upon this winter wheat and be glad that You  
have made  
Blue for the sky and the color green that fills these  
fields with praise  
And the wrens have returned and they're nesting  
In the hollow of that oak where his heart once had been  
And he lifts up his arms in a blessing for being born  
again  
And the streams are all swollen with winter  
Winter unfrozen and free to run away now  
And I'm amazed when I remember  
Who it was that built this house  
And with the rocks I cry out  
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