

# With The Wonder

Rich Mullins

Down at Johnson's Creek  
The trees grow tall  
Like a man who feeds his soul on Your word  
And I can look in the water  
I can see the stars fall  
Hear the fires crackle  
And the crickets chirp  
And there are bluffs  
On the banks of the Cumberland  
Where I can see the sun rise  
From a world away  
And I can see the marvelous things  
That You have done  
In the beautiful world  
That You have made

And in the winter it's white  
In the summer it's green  
And in the fall it's orange and red and gold  
Then it comes alive  
In the rites of spring when the rivers thaw  
And the flowers unfold  
And there are beads of dew on a spider's web  
And there are motes of dust  
In these beams of light  
We who are bone and spittle and muscle and sweat  
We live together in a world where  
It's good to be alive

'Cause it flutters and floats  
It falls and it climbs  
It spins and sputters and spurts  
And You filled this world  
With wonders 'round every turn  
And it buzzes and beeps  
It shimmeys and shines  
It rattles and patters and purrs  
And You filled this world with wonders  
And I'm filled with the wonder of Your world

If there's a better world  
And a brighter day  
Even brighter than the one we're in  
We'd all be fools to think  
That it could be made  
By the wills and the hands of foolish men

So Lord to You we give our deepest praise  
And to You we sing our loudest songs  
And while we live in the world that You have made  
We hear it whisper of a world  
Of the world that is to come

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And You filled this world

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