

You

The heavens declare the wonders of our God,
the horizon proclaims all He has done.
Day after day, the message goes out;
with each passing night, His glory resounds.
The skies have no voice,
creation has no tongue;
still their message echoes round the world:

*"You spoke a word and all this came to be,
You commanded light, created everything.
Only You could breathe the breath of life into this
world;
You are God."*

The stars in their place sing praise to the night,
the sun and the moon, reflecting His light.
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You

G Cs2 Em7 D/F# Cs2

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