

Living In Your Eyes

David Alan Firth

I don't see God in the moonlight. I can't see God in the stars.
I somehow miss the Lord in the sunset. Finding God in a flower is hard.
I don't see the Creator in a mountain lake or in the oceans deep and wide.
And forgive me but I fail to see the God of hope in a rainbow colored sky.

Yet I see God in your smile. I can see God in your eyes.
I gaze upon the Lord in my children and in the tears of one who cries.
I see God in the compassion of the suffering and simple gifts
Of bread and wine.
Oh I hear the Lord in the words, "I forgive you."

I don't hear God in the church bells or in the waves crashing on the beach.
I can't hear the Lord in a babbling brook or in the words of some who preach.
I don't hear God in a summer breeze or in "How your doin'?"..."Fine."
And I'm sad to say that most the time I don't hear God in this old heart of mine.

Yet I hear God in your laughter. I can hear God when you sing.
I hear the Lord in the words, "I forgive you."
And in my children's honesty.
I hear God in the wisdom of the elderly and in
And in a newborn baby's cry.
Yes I can the Lord in your sing and see God living in your eyes.

I am certain God is present and eternally alive
In times and places I will never hear or see.
It's just that when and if I hear and see the God of all creation
It is then I know that God loves me.

Yes I hear God in your laughter. I can see God in your eyes.
I hear the Lord in the words, "I forgive you."
And in the tears of one who cries.
I see God in the compassion of the suffering
And simple gifts of bread and wine.
And yes I can hear the Lord in your singing and
See God living in your eyes.
Yes, I can see the Lord of Heaven and of earth
Living in your eyes.

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