From galaxies in deepest space to raindrops falling
From planets as they orbit round to every buzzing,
From mountains peaks capped white with snow to flow-ers as they

on my face. From crescent moon and sunset sky to quarks and atoms
humming sound. From oceans and their endless waves to all the things I
bloom and grow. From fertile fields that stretch for miles to ants who march in

pulsing with life. CHORUS: These are the works of Your hands.
smell and taste. single file.

These are the works of your hands. It's a myst-ry I can't com-pre hend.

These are the works of Your hands. BRIDGE: Archi-tect of the cos-mos, be-
yond what I can see, who am I that You would breathe the

breath of life in me?