

The Redwood Tree

Words + Music by Ron Walter
& Wendell Adams

The Lord looked down at his world so round, Shining for all to see, and he
said "That's good but I'll need some wood," so he made a Red-wood tree, he
made a Red-wood tree He need-ed a land nei-ther hot nor cold to
hold this spec-ial tree So he chose a place where the viv-ers run
laz-i-ly to the sea so laz-i-ly to the sea. The
sea a-round his spec-ial land Pounds at the roc-ky shore and
high a-gainst a windswept sky the sil-ver sea gulls soar the
sil-ver sea-gulls soar. On win-try nights when the north wind blows and
churns the migh-ty sea I bow my head and thank the Lord for the

land he gave to me The land he gave to me.

Where the trees grow straight and the trees grow tall and tower above the land and

when I see a Red-wood tree I see my master's hand

see my master's hand.

