

THE REDWOOD SONG

The Lord looked down at his world so round
Shining for all to see,
And HE said "That's good," but I need some wood
So HE made a Redwood Tree.

He needed a land neither hot nor cold
To hold HIS special tree,
So he chose a place where the rivers run
Lazily to the sea.

The sea around his special land
Pounds at the rocky shore,
And high against a wind swept sky
The silver sea gulls soar.

On wintry nights when the north wind blows
And churns at the mighty sea,
I bow my head and thank the Lord
For 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 Redwood tree
I see my Master's hand.

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Words and music by Wendell Adams and Ron Walters