

Come, Gentle Peace

J.M. Martin, J. Martin, L. Larson

A star in the sky at winter's last whisper
shines to the heart a new hope.
The morning will come and with it a promise
painting our spirits with gold.

Come, gentle peace, sing to our pain.
Comfort the world, let the healing begin.
Bring us your goodness, show us your dream.
Teach all creation your beautiful theme.

The days have been long, (The days long,)
the nights full of sorrow (nights full of sorrow).
Great is the burden we bear.
Yet deep in our souls the music is waking.
There's a new song in the air.

Come, gentle peace, sing to our pain.
Comfort the world, let the healing begin.
Bring us your goodness, show us your dream.
Teach all creation your beautiful theme.

Come, gentle peace...

Come, gentle peace, sing to our pain.
Comfort the world, let the healing begin.
Bring us your goodness, show us your dream (show us your dream).
Teach all creation (Teach all creation)
your beautiful theme.

Come, gentle peace, come.

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