

MIRACLE FROM HEAVEN

(written by Kenneth Cope)

From the sheltering wood of His cradle
To the crippling wood of the cross
From the stony cave of a stable
To the stony tomb of my loss
I would see my Son rise to greatness
But now, He's risen home to thee
He was my miracle from heaven
A miracle

While He would escape Herod's danger
He would not escape Satan's blow
Though revered and worshipped by angels
Men and devils would scorn Him below
He was daylight piercing the darkness
But now, His days are gone from me
He was my miracle from heaven
A wondrous miracle

Miracles—I've known His miracles
But the miracle—His greatest miracle . . .

From the swaddling cloth of His birthnight cry
To the crimson cloth of His grief
First His mother's blood back in Bethlehem
Then His own in Gethsemane
He has drenched Himself in our suffering
That our suffering might not be
He brings this miracle from heaven
For all who will believe
We need His miracle from heaven
Son, work this miracle for me

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