

Andrew Peterson, Let There Be Light

When the mandolin sang like a bird on the wing
In the hands of Bill Monroe
When Chet played guitar like a walk in the park
Like a prodigal son coming home
They spoke into being the work of their hands
From the void of the wire and the wood
And they stood on the stage
And they sang and they played
And they said that it was good

(chorus)

Let there be light
Let there be love
Let there be light, let there be love
Let there be music

Now, Arron's a preacher and I play guitar
And Jim, he can tune up your Ford
Dave is in law school for 800 years
For the sake of the sick and the poor
The work of our hands is the salt of the earth
The music we make is the light of the world
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

When your spirit is hovering over the deep
In the image of God just look into that darkness and speak
Let there be light, let there be love, let there be music

So let the mandolin play like a mother's embrace
Let the fiddle be warm as a smile
Let the guitar be bright as a friend at your side
When you're lost on a long lonely mile
Let the music be sweet as the washing of feet
And as gentle as a kiss
Let the love that we feel be as light as a reel
And as real as the love we give

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