

Bruce Hibbard - A Nation's Prayer

**From the cradle of creation, since the dawn of man
Our history books have told us, time and time again
Of nations built on trust in God and firm moral code
Upon the horse of victory, upon his back they rode**

**But in the course of victory corruptive seeds were sown
They had forgotten all the statutes that they once had known
Their morals and convictions soon began to subside
Beneath the yoke of freedom, they no longer could abide, could abide**

**If my people who are called by my name
Will humble themselves to pray, I will heal their land
If my people who are called by my name
Will humble themselves to pray, I will heal their land**

**In the space of freedom, our country now has known
A garden has been planted, seeds have been sown
And now the day of harvest is so close at hand
The fate of all God's children is completely in His hand, in His hand**

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