

# **THIS GOOD DAY** FERNANDO ORTEGA

MORNING SUN  
AND MORNING GLORIES  
POURING DOWN THE HILL,  
THROUGH MY WINDOW  
I CAN FEEL THE OCEAN BREEZE.

NOISY SPARROWS  
FILL THE OAK TREES  
SWALLOWS CAN'T STAY STILL,  
AND IN THE GLAD COMMOTION  
LORD, YOU SPEAK TO ME

IF RAIN CLOUDS COME  
OR THE COLD WINDS SLOW,  
YOU'RE THE ONE  
WHO GOES BEFORE ME  
AND IN MY HEART I KNOW

**THAT THIS GOOD DAY  
IT IS A GIFT FROM YOU.  
THE WORLD IS TURNING IN ITS PLACE  
BECAUSE YOU MADE IT TO.  
I LIFT MY VOICE  
TO SING A SONG OF PRAISE  
ON THIS GOOD DAY.**

I WILL WALK  
TO WOODMAN'S COVE  
THE FISHING BOATS ARE LEAVING,  
SEAGULLS FOLLOW  
JUST ABOVE THE WATER.

I WILL WAIT  
UNTIL THE SUNSET  
BRINGS THEM HOME AGAIN  
RIGGING LINES AND ANCHORS  
IN THE HARBOR