

To the Tune of a Welcoming God

Hymn Texts by David R. Weiss

Hymnody is more than simply an act of worship—and much more than merely a pause in the liturgy! In hymns we bring to mind the stories and images of our faith. Education and spiritual formation (for both adults and children) happens with each breath drawn in and each word released in song. Aided by rhyme and melody, we invite these stories and images to shape our hearts. In 1997 I had an unexpected encounter with Grace, not unlike Saint Paul's transformative moment on the road to Damascus. I have tried, both in my essays and in my hymn texts, to find words that follow the "tune of a welcoming God" that has filled my soul since then. My hope, in matching these texts to melodies already familiar to many of us, is that these hymns help us fashion a church that reflects God's longing for welcome and God's passion for justice. May it be so. - David Weiss

Permission is given to photocopy any of these hymn texts for use in worship.

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This hymn text took shape in December 2010, during a 14-day hunger strike, as I moved deeply into my own hunger. Advent is surely the season in which we "deck the halls" and "trim the tree" as we get ready for Christmas. Our homes are filled with Christmas Carols (even if we're supposed to be waiting until Christmas) and (hopefully) the scent of fresh cookies. And YET, for so much of the world Advent is not merely the four weeks prior to Christmas, it is the gut-deep hunger for justice and for wholeness that swallows entire lives. Unless Advent begins in that place, Christmas is not a cause for joy.

1. The Place Where Advent Starts

As the darkness stretches over / all the daylight, all our lives
In the depths of expectation / where the heart sees, You reside.
Dare we beckon to the hunger / fill our frame and feed our soul
In this dim-lit struggling world / that our feasting be made full.

As we wait with restless longing / for your kin-dom fully come
Rise the cries of warring nations / beats the pulse of terror's drum.
"Comfort now, my people, comfort," / spoke the prophet long ago.
"Still my peace comes to this world / midst its bombs, its spears and bows."

As the earth cries out in anguish / less for birth than bitter toil;
As the poor, their fortunes falter / as the ill, their spirits spoil.
Steel our vision, so that we see / full the depth of broken hearts;
For in *this* place—hungry, hopeless / yes, in *this* place, advent starts.

Hasten now, come quickly to us / 'fore our spirits faint with fear.
Be the light in deepest darkness / be the hope that draws us near.
In your advent, may we waken / live the life you call us to:
Every deed a Christmas manger / ready now to welcome you.

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2011 David R. Weiss
Tune: Marty Haugen, b. 1950, Joyous Light © 1987 GIA Publications, Inc.
Alternate Tune: Beach Spring (Lord, Whose Love in Humble Service) –
public domain.

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In this new Christmas Carol text, I borrow a familiar carol tune and craft words that hint at how Jesus' birth foreshadows the welcome that will mark his ministry, revealing the irony of his manger-birth by linking it to the meal by which we remember his death.

2. There's a Welcome in the Wooden (The Manger)

There's a welcome in the wooden out back of the inn,
A sweetness in swaddles like new-sewn wineskin,
And poorly strewn straw hints at ripe wheat rolled thin.
There's a welcome in the wooden out back of the inn.

See Mary, wrapped in wonder, this baby to bear,
The fruit of her womb with the world now to share.
And Joseph in shadows with fatherly care
Soon making their ready to flee Herod's snare.

Here shepherds, oft outcast, an unlikely sight,
Now guests of this prince by angelic invite.
And sand dunes sing silently deep in the night
As Magi move westward wooed on by starlight.

Here cattle and donkey, here sheep and goats, too,
Are beckoned as creatures, this child to view;
And angels in glory now offer their due.
This wooden speaks a welcome both wondrous and true.

Consider, with me, friends, this daring design:
A manger, made for feeding, a most hungry sign—
Already this infant, holds wheat and holds wine.
There's a welcome in the wooden that all come and dine.

And outside of the stable, those not yet called in,
Now come to the manger wherever you've been,
And hear, as the wooden will call you, too, kin.
There's a welcome in the wooden out back of the inn.

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2008 David R. Weiss
Tune: Appalachian folk tune, adapted by John Jacob Niles, 1892-1980, arr.,
I wonder as I wander © G. Schirmer, Inc., admin. Harry Fox Agency, Inc.

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This Lenten hymn text borrows an already familiar Lenten tune, but pairs it with words that focus less on Jesus' dying than on the vibrant life that he lived—and on the invitation that we follow after him in that living.

3. Now Let Us Follow Jesus

Now let us follow Jesus / the length'ning of these days
To set our face, alongside his / on Zion fix our gaze.
And as we walk along the way / his parables to share
Of a God who welcomes everyone / if we ourselves but dare.

Among the deeds of Jesus / his healings and his meals
We glimpse the wid'ning circle of / all those whom God's love seals.
And in the way that Jesus did / thus beckon each one home
He caught as well the watchful eye / and iron fist of Rome.

Along our Lenten journey / we trace the path he trod
And in our lives we shape as well / the image of our God.
This path that leads to wood and nails / and culminates in death
Is, too, the path where we partake / in God's own Holy Breath.

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2011 David R. Weiss
Tune: Frederick C. Maker, 1844-1927, St. Christopher (Beneath the Cross of Jesus) – public domain.

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Written for Maundy Thursday (but appropriate to any service, particularly an evening Eucharist) this hymn intentionally uses the tune of a favorite Christmas Carol—both to link Christmas to Holy Week/Easter, but also to emphasize the theme of incarnation as the driving power of Holy Week. This hymn text sets Jesus' suffering and death within the context of his radical welcome, as the risk he took to bear witness to God.

4. It was upon a moonlit night (Maundy Thursday)

It was upon a moonlit night / when Jesus broke the bread;
With friends now gathered at his side / in solemn voice he said,
“For, lo, these many days we have / proclaimed the Kingdom at hand;
In turns: at table, by tale, by touch / we've shown God gracious and grand.

“But now the forces of power and hate / make ready to bury this wheat,
Before their deeds are done, my friends / each of you, take and eat.”
Then raising high the cup of wine / he looked the room around
And spoke once more of days now past / of children lost now found.

“My friends, the justice of our God / is sealed in gracious love;
As earth gives freely to the vine / so mercy flows above.
Yet 'gainst the mercy we freely shared / oppression has lengthened its reach.
And now, before my blood is spilled / from this cup, drink of you each.”

With eyes aflame with fear and faith / did Christ thus finish the meal;
And we who gather at his request—rememb'ring, we render it real.
In mercy breaking the bread he gave / in kindness sharing the cup;
In love encount'ring the least of these / and thereby his wounds we bind up.
... In love encount'ring the least of these / and thereby raising Christ up.

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2008 David R. Weiss
Tune: Richard S. Willis, 1819-1900, Carol (It Came Upon the Midnight Clear) – public domain.

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This hymn text lifts up a variety of images of persons touching Jesus: the woman with the flow of blood (Mark 5: 25-34); the woman at the well (John 4: 4-29); t anointing at Bethany (John 12:1-8); Mary Magdalene at the tomb on Easter mornin (John 20: 1-18); and Thomas' Easter encounter (John 20: 19-29). Verse 6 sugges that we, too, touch Jesus whenever we help heal the wounds of the world today.

5. Touching Jesus

Precious Lord, in my need, many years did I bleed;
I reach out, and I touch – touch your hem.
I am healed, like the rest; lepers cleansed, children blest.
Touch your hem, precious Lord, make me whole!

By the well, as I drew, there to drink, I drank you.
I am down, I am out, I am naught.
But you stop, and you speak; you're the One whom we seek;
Our lives touch, precious Lord, and I'm whole!

At the edge, of the town, there I knelt, to the ground.
Pour the nard, wipe your feet, with my hair.
While you dine, on the bread, through my tears, see you dead
Precious Lord, fragrant love, in the air!

Easter morn, through my tears, call my name, bring me near,
And I hear, and I look, and I hope.
Over cross, over death, bringing life, drawing breath;
Precious Lord, once again, you are whole!

Easter Eve, I'm away; you were there, but I say,
Let me see, let me touch, let me know.
Once again, there you are; fingertips touch your scars;
In my heart, precious Lord, now I know!

Precious Lord, still your hands, bear your wounds, many lands:
Some are lost, some are least, some are hurt,
Let me touch you in deed, as I touch those in need;
Use my hands, Precious Lord, make them whole!

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2008 David R. Weiss
Tune: George Nelson Allen 1812-1877: Maitland (Precious Lord) – public domain.

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This hymn tells the story of Jesus' ministry of welcome, then the tale of Pentecost, Peter's vision in Acts 10, and a concluding verse that invites us to make that welcome real now.

6. Now the Welcome

Christ the healer, Christ the host, raising cup in festive toast
Christ the one who sets the feast, Christ the one who calls the least
Christ the holy, Christ the lowly, Christ the teller of new tales,
Christ the bearer of a God who never fails, never fails.

Thus the leper, thus the lame, alleluias both proclaim
Thus the deaf can hear a cry, thus the blind can use their eye
Thus the praying, thus the playing, thus the laughter and the grin
Thus the graciousness of God who gathers in, gathers in.

Then the Spirit, then the Friend, then the mighty Rushing Wind
Then the Wisdom from on high in the tongues of flame come nigh
Then the telling, then the yelling, then the hearing each their own
Then the wideness of God's love is thus made known, thus made known.

Then the blanket, then the food, Peter's palate by God wooed
Then the Spirit of the Lord on the Gentiles freely poured
Then the seeing and agreeing and the witness to the rest
Then the op'ning of the church at God's behest, God's behest.

Now the wonders, now the signs, mark of God's surprise designs
Now the mustard seed grown full, now the lamp atop the bowl
Now the thirsting, now the bursting, now the new wine spilling out
Now the welcome of our God hear us shout, hear us shout!

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2008 David R. Weiss
Tune: Carl Schalk, b. 1929, Thine (Thine the Amen, Thine the Praise), © 1983
Augsburg Publishing House, admin, Augsburg Fortress.

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This hymn remains true to much of the nature imagery in the original poetry of "Ode to Joy" but adds in biblical imagery and makes this a hymn of praise for God's welcoming work.

7. Word of Welcome

In this holy place we gather, claimed through grace by God above;
Heaven's wings now wrap around us, downy depths of boundless love.
Freed from fears that keep us hidden, for the work that You desire.
Reconciling as we're bidden, hearts aflame with joyful fire.

Earth in all her verdant beauty sings Your joy made manifest;
Winged and finned and scaled and limbed life; fruitful frenzy, quiet rest.
Rushing wind and roiling waters, green of forest, blue of sky,
Dark of night and dawn of morning, all give praise to You on high.

As by imprint nature offers witness to Your gracious care
So in freedom's faith we follow after Christ if we but dare.
Rushing wind of Spirit able, blowing from the most to least
From the font and for table, born again and bid to feast.

Word of welcome walk among us, watching as these wineskins burst
Breaking bread and pouring wine for all who hunger, all who thirst.

* Through this time that we're together, may Your presence here abide
Joy of life and Love of justice, be our Wisdom and our Guide.

** alternate line for use as a sending hymn*

Now as we go forth to scatter, may Your presence yet abide

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2008 David R. Weiss

Tune: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827, Ninth Symphony, 4th Movement
adapt. Hymn to Joy – public domain.

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This hymn reminds us that the kingdom was less the "message" than the ve activity of Jesus' ministry—and that the heart of this activity sought to embo the welcome of God. So I shift "kingdom" to a non-patriarchal and non-hierarchic (and just plain more truthful) "kin-dom." My words hold up Jesus' healing miracul as instances of welcome because they restore outcasts to community. As alwa there are words that make us participants in the work of welcome.

8. Shall we Hearken to the Kin-dom

Shall we hearken to the kin-dom, we who have in darkness trod?
There is light so brightly shining, leading to the home of God. / Refrain

See the lame and leper leaping, hear the mute and deaf rejoice,
See the dead are merely sleeping, waking to his gospel voice. / Refrain

See the blind regain their eyesight, see the outcast sit to feast,
Now the demons take to their flight, Jesus came to save the least. / Refrain

Still the Kin-dom longs to widen, longs to welcome others home,
Holy Winds have yet to heighten, Spirit free to rush, to roam. / Refrain

Refrain:

Yes, we'll hearken to the Kin-dom, the widening, the welcoming Kin-dom
Hearken with our lives to the Kin-dom that leads to the home of God.

Final refrain:

Yes, we'll hearken to the Kin-dom, the widening, the welcoming Kin-dom
Hearken with our lives to the Kin-dom that leads to the home of God.
As we hearken to the Kin-dom, the widening, the welcoming Kin-dom
Bearing in our very lives the Kin-dom, we become the home of God

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2008 David R. Weiss

Tune: Robert Lowry, 1826-1899, Hanson Place, (Shall We Gather at the River)
– public domain).

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This hymn text was written for the Goodsoil worship at the 2005 ELCA Churchwide Assembly in Orlando. The theme of the Assembly was “Marked with the Cross of Christ Forever”; hence the use of that image here. Also, I draw on the image of “Goodsoil” (the name taken by the alliance of groups working to promote full participation for GLBT people in the ELCA), specifically naming “gay and straight” and “bi and trans” as the “good soil” in which God sows seeds still today. And I ironically invoke the image of “Solid Rock,” the name taken by those opposing full participation, suggesting that ultimately even this solid rock will sing hosanna at Christ’s coming. This hymn uses a newer fast-paced tune, “Du är Helig” (“You are holy”) by Per Harling that appears in the new Lutheran hymnal.

9. We are your soil

Who are we?—Lord, we are yours! We are marked forevermore
By the cross and by the word. In our hearts we’ve been stirred.
Darkness round us, still we sing; To the promise still we cling.
Waiting for the coming dawn; Solid rock turned to song.

We are good soil; we are your soil.
Sow your justice / In Christ’s body still today!
Let compassion fill our lives, Lord.
Rocks and stones, now, / Sing hosanna to our God!

Who are we?—Lord, we are yours! We were baptized at the font,
Water splashing on our face, Marked forever by grace.
Gay and straight, we sing your praise. Bi and trans, our voices raise.
To the feast you bid us dine; Welcome bread, welcome wine.

We are good soil; we are your soil.
Sow your justice / In Christ’s body still today!
Let compassion fill our lives, Lord.
Rocks and stones, now, / Sing hosanna to our God!

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2008 David R. Weiss

Tune: Per Harling, b. 1945, Du är Helig (You are Holy), © 1990 Ton Vis Produktion AB, admin. Augsburg Fortress.

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This hymn uses a traditional Peruvian folk melody, El condor pasa (“Flight of the Condor”) made familiar by the Simon & Garfunkel song, “If I Could”) and shows “welcome” as the biblical theme from creation to Exodus to prophets to Jesus to Pentecost ... to us. The verses are in the voice of the people; the refrain is in God’s voice—and is intentionally triune, echoing God’s movement as creator, redeemer, and sanctifier.

10. Behold, I gather all to me

Our song we sing in praise of God who swirled
Over chaos, hov’ring Wisdom, birthing the world.

Each word you spoke was so – and so was good.
Now, O Wisdom, on your Sabbath, sing if you would— / Refrain

To slaves who cried to you from out their pain,
God of freedom, God of justice, in pow’r you came.
To gifts of law and land you led the weak,
Birthed a people, after your heart, who hear you speak—

And when your people sought to shut the door
Against the Gentiles, against the eunuchs, against the poor,
Then prophets spoke the passion of your choice
For the outcast – for the voiceless, they raised your voice— / Refrain

In Christ your holy Wisdom dwelt on earth
Preaching welcome, bringing wholeness, and sharing mirth.
Though crucified, the resurrected One
Sends the Spirit, to God’s people: the song goes on—

Our song we sing in praise of God today;
God who claims us, God who names us, both straight and gay.
And each is safely kept beneath your wing:
Loving holy, living fully, because you sing— / Refrain

Refrain (after vv. 1, 3, 5):

Behold, I gather all to me; those I gather, I set free.
Behold in me all things are new:
At first light, and then in Christ, and now in you.

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2008 David R. Weiss

Tune: Daniel Alomia Robles, 1871-1942, El Condor Pasa (Peruvian trad.) – public domain.

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This hymn was written for the 2008 Lutherans Concerned/North America Assembly; its chosen theme was “Hearts on Fire.” The hymn sets the journey of GLBT Christians within the story of Emmaus and becomes a strident anthem about GLBT Pride today, from its secular expression in Stonewall to its ecclesial expression in the struggle for same-sex blessings and ordinations.

11. Hearts on Fire

As if in the upper room, as if in God’s holy womb
As we celebrate this meal, as God’s welcome we reveal,
Hearts on fire, Christ’ desire, that our faith be born anew,
And the kin-dom of our God be ever true, ever true.

Here we gather, glad we say, Christ is with us here today.
In the stories that we tell, hear the Holy Wind now swell.
Hearts on fire, soaring higher, comes the Dove on flaming tongue,
Dreams and visions for our old and for our young, for our young,

Once our people lived in fear, once our hope was hard to hear,
Once our lives were framed by fright, 'til that Pentecostal night.
Hearts on fire, holy choir, of a most surprising tune
In the Stonewall cries of pride that distant June, distant June.

From the alleys running scared, from the brutal hate laid bare,
To a sanctuaried space, to the claiming of our place.
Hearts on fire, we aspire, find our missing Body parts
And re-member – every member – whose we are, whose we are.

From the moment that we dare, ask another's life to share,
Mid the people gathered round, as our lives in love are bound.
Hearts on fire, steepled spires, tolling loud for life-long love,
Witnessed by the church below and God above, God above.

Now the One who knows all needs, on good soil sows good seed,
From the ground some grain is lured, to the Table and the Word.
Hearts on fire, Christ' desire that this Body be made whole,
In the calling and the placing of the stole, of the stole.

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2008 David R. Weiss
Tune: Carl Schalk, b. 1929, Thine (Thine the Amen, Thine the Praise), ©
1983 Augsburg Publishing House, admin, Augsburg Fortress.

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This hymn text uses the beautiful haunting tune “Londonderry Air” (most well-known for the Irish Ballad, “Danny Boy,” but also for the hymn, “O Christ the Same”). The imagery is triune, picturing Christ as present through the Hebrew prophets, in Jesus' ministry, and in the activity of the Holy Spirit ... from Pentecost to the present.

12. O Christ Who Came

O Christ who came / through ancient prophet voices
Declaring hope / when hope was all but spent
Who offered life / to those beyond our choices,
Whose words beyond / our foolish wisdom went.
O Burning Bush / aflame for all creation,
Who bids us all / to turn aside and see;
O Christ who came / in hope that we might hasten
Your kin-dom come / and set your people free.

O Christ who came / to fisher-folk confounded
yet left at once / their boats and nets behind
To join your work / of holy hope unbounded
Good news proclaim / and captives to unbind.
O Christ the Text / the Word of God brought to us
Who spread the feast / and beckoned all to dine;
O Christ who came / determined to renew us
Your kin-dom come / in water, bread, and wine.

O Christ who came / in rushing Wind of Spirit
In Pentecost / of welcome flaming bright
Unstop our ears / that we might finally hear it;
Soften our hearts / as well, restore our sight.
O Calling God / whose voice is never ending,
Whose hope is strong / whose Spirit yet does roam;
O Christ who *comes* / in all we are befriending
Your kin-dom come / your children welcome home.

... O Christ who comes / in welcome wide extending,
Now through our lives / invite your children home.

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2008 David R. Weiss
Tune: Traditional Irish, Londonderry Air (O Christ the Same) – public domain.

* * *

This anthem seeks to raise awareness about the plight of GLBT persons in Uganda and was written to assist retired Anglican Bishop Christopher Senyonjo in his work on behalf of human rights and spiritual dignity for GLBT persons in that country. The anthem laments the fear that frames GLBT lives in Uganda today—and prays its hope for a better future. It intentionally uses a familiar patriotic American tune because several high profile American fundamentalist pastors have carried their anti-gay message to Uganda (echoed in v. 3).

13. Preserve Uganda's Future Hope

Beneath these bright and gracious skies, where hope is freely lent
Yet children watch through vacant eyes, as families are rent.
Be merciful, bring justice now, O hear our urgent plea:
Preserve Uganda's future hope, and set her people free.

By missionary zeal first sown, as hearts for Christ were claimed,
But now against its flesh and bone, is hatred thus inflamed
Be merciful, bring justice now, O hear our urgent plea:
Preserve Uganda's future hope, and set her people free.

O gracious God, take back your word, from preachers on our shores,
Whose lust for blood goes undeterred, and on your children pours
Be merciful, bring justice now, O hear our urgent plea:
Preserve Uganda's future hope, and set her people free.

In Africa, your soul delights, so make her leaders brave,
And guide the path toward human rights, and all your children save
Be merciful, bring justice now, O hear our urgent plea:
Preserve Uganda's future hope, and set her people free.

At last may dawn the day we seek, where love has naught to fear
And every lover truth may speak, and find your kin-dom near
Be merciful, bring justice now, O hear our urgent plea:
Preserve Uganda's future hope, and set her people free.

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2011 David R. Weiss
Tune: Samuel A. Ward, 1847-1903, Materna (America, the Beautiful) – public domain.

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This hymn was written for the 2010 ordination of Jason Chesnut. Each of his chosen texts: Isaiah 6:1-8 (Isaiah's call); Acts 8:26-40 (the Ethiopian eunuch); and John 20:11-18 (Mary weeping at the tomb) is echoed in one verse of the hymn. The final verse has been slightly adapted to be suitable for use at any ordination, the pronoun "his" or "her" becoming specific to the one being ordained (this verse also pays respect to "The Canticle of Turning," whose tune is borrowed here).

14. We Thus Acclaim

May the trembling soul find itself made whole / And the tongue-tangled be at rest.
By the ember bright and the angel's flight / May these lips by our God be blessed.
For many wait and the hour is late / And the harvest is ripe with grain;
Holy voices blend, asking whom to send; Is there one that we might ordain? /
Refrain

When the path may run by the outcast one / Whom the world ever seeks confuse,
Make the words be clear, that they cast out fear / And proclaim to each one good news.
That God does save by the washing wave / And the promise of this wet Word.
Every child of sod is a child of God / At the font when God's grace is heard. /
Refrain

When the mourners weep in their anguish deep / And it seems as if all is lost;
When the searching ones, whether daughters, sons, / Find themselves by their questions tossed;
Then speak their name and the promise claim / As you bid them to share this meal.
In the wine thus poured, there we meet the Lord; In the bread-breaking, mercy seal. / Refrain

From a humble state & from God who's great / Comes this simple & heartfelt plea:
That his* (*or her) heart be new, and his* drum beat true, / And his* tales speak of jubilee
May all his* life, from the joy to strife, / Be the bush where your Presence burns
And from face to face let him* bear your Grace / In each place where the world now turns! / Refrain (*sing twice after last verse*)

Refrain:

We thus acclaim by your holy name / That this one by your Spirit stirred,
May ordained now be to the ministry / Of the meal and the font and the Worc

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2010 David R. Weiss
Tune: Irish Trad., Star of the County Down (Canticle of the Turning) – public domain

* * *

This "Battle Hymn for Creation" moves from biblical imagery to contemporary crises—in hopes of moving us to action.

15. God's wisdom calls to us

In the hovering of the Spirit o'er the formless watery deep
In the Word the split the darkness, giving night and day their keep
In the ocean tides and valleys low and mountain ranges steep
God's wisdom calls to us ...

Through the teeming of the waters where the fish and dolphin dine
Through the greening of the forest where the winding ivies vine
Through the plants that in their goodness bear both fruit and flower fine
God's wisdom calls to us ... / Refrain

On the breezes where the wing-ed birds with gracious joy do soar
On the grassland where the lions sound their regal mighty roar
In the musty mossy bear cave—in it's hibernating snore
God's wisdom calls to us ...

In the whispered word of hope that dared to kiss the earthen clay
In the Breath that filled the lungs where our first kin in waiting lay
In the mys'try of our destiny to be imago Dei
God's wisdom calls to us ... / Refrain

Now the fragile planet cries for help; the creatures loud lament
The flora and the fauna fade; the web of life is rent
The waters bleed with oil as their salty spray is spent
God's wisdom calls to us ...

Comes today the clarion call to claim our kinship with the earth
And to stem the rising poverty that marks too many-a birth
And to tell the monied forces of creation's *priceless* worth
With wisdom let us stand ... / Refrain

Refrain (after vv. 2, 4, 6)

Sacred is the earth created; sacred are the creatures also
Sacred are all peoples even; this wisdom be our cry.

Text: David R. Weiss, b. 1959 © 2011 David R. Weiss
Tune: Trad. American: John Brown's Body (Battle Hymn of the Republic) – public domain.

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