

Here Am I

Here am I,
where underneath the bridges
of our winter cities
homeless people sleep.
Here am I,
where in decaying houses
little children shiver,
crying at the cold.
Where are you?

Here am I,
with people in the lineup
anxious for a handout,
aching for a job.
Here am I,
where pensioners and strikers
sing and march together,
wanting something new.
Where are you?

Here am I,
where two or three are gathered
ready to be altered,
sharing wine and bread.
Here am I,
where those who hear the preaching
Change their way of living
Find the way to life
Where are you?

CCLI Song # 1081450

For The Beauty of the Earth

For the beauty of the earth,
for the glory of the skies,
for the love which from our birth
over and around us lies;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.

For the beauty of each hour
of the day and of the night,
hill and vale, and tree and flower,
sun and moon, and stars of light;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
for the heart and mind's delight,
for the mystic harmony
linking sense to sound and sight;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love,
brother, sister, parent, child,
friends on earth and friends above,
for all gentle thoughts and mild;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.

For thy church, that evermore
lifteth holy hands above,
offering up on every shore
her pure sacrifice of love ;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.

For thyself, best Gift Divine,
to the world so freely given,
for that great great love of thine,
peace on earth, and joy in heaven:
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.

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