

This Is My Song

FINLANDIA

This is my song, O God of all the na-tions, a song of peace for
May truth and free-dom come to eve-ry na-tion, may peace a-bound where

lands a - far and mine. This is my home, the coun-try where my heart is;
strife has raged so long; That each may seek to love and build to-geth-er,

here are my hopes, my dreams, my ho - ly shrine; but oth-er hearts in
a world u - nit - ed, right - ing ev - 'ry wrong; a world u - nit - ed

oth-er lands are beat-ing with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.
in its love for free-dom, pro-claim-ing peace to-geth-er in one song.

et Streams of Living Justice

William Whitla | THAXTED (1916)

Richard Webster (b. 1952)



1 Let streams of liv - ing jus - tice flow down up - on the earth;
2 For heal - ing of the na - tions, for peace that will not end,



give free - dom's light to cap - tives, let all the poor have worth.
for love that makes us lov - ers, God grant us grace to mend.



The hun - gry's hands are plead - ing, the work - ers claim their rights,
Weave our var - ied gifts to - geth - er; knit our lives as they are spun;



the mourn - ers long for laugh - ter, the blind - ed seek for sight.
on your loom of time en - roll us till our thread of life is run.




Make lib - er - ty a bea - con, strike down the i - ron pow'r;
O great weav - er of our fab - ric, bind church and world in one;





a - bol - ish an - cient ven - geance; pro - claim your peo - ple's hour.
dye our tex - ture with your ra - diance, light our col - ors with your sun.



Creator of the Intertwined



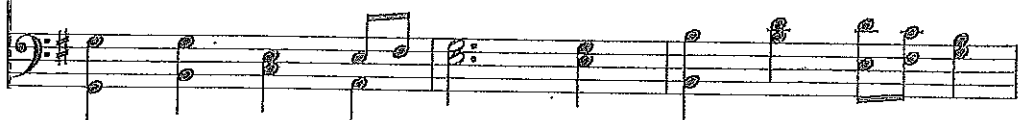
1 Cre - a - tor of the in - ter - twined, you made each soul u -
2 The song of peace best sung by all: strength born of u - ni -
3 In e - vil's wake we all are hurt; when prick'd all hu - mans
4 Teach us to cher - ish what is strange and so the rich - er



nique: each one with ears to hear faith's call, each
ty. In har - mo - ny we cel - e - brate your
bleed. With com - mon wounds and shared de - spair, we
be; to lis - ten with our hearts and speak with



one with voice to speak. Each wor - ships where the
gift: di - ver - si - ty. Can we not sing each
seek the balm we need. We do not ask be -
lov - ing hon - es - ty. From dif - f'rent sourc - es



turn over

call is heard— in for - est, tem - ple, dome, on
oth - er's songs? Speak un - fa - mil - iar prayer? Re -
fore we reach to of - fer our em - brace. We
com - fort comes, each seeks for the Di - vine: your

moun - tain top, in up - per room— the soul must find a home.
joic - ing in the boun - ty of the dif - f'ren - ces we share?
do not ask, "How do you pray?" We reach with arms of grace.
voice speaks man - y lan - gua - ges, just one of them is mine.