

Lord God of All, Forgive Us

Lord God of All, forgive us that
we've drawn our lines again,
made maps and placed such barriers
as nowhere seen in Heav'n.
Forgive us when we'd limit love
or set 'our' land apart.
Lord, migrants always had a place
within your wider heart.

It was a tenet of your law:
In harvests, *don't* be sure
to gather ev'ry grape or sheaf,
but leave some for the poor,
for orphans, widows, foreigners,
the people passing through.
Lord, you reminded Israel
that they'd been migrants, too.

From Pharaoh, armies, slavery,
you'd brought out Israel,
as Egypt, once receptive,
had become no place to dwell.
Still later, our Lord Jesus Christ
taught hospitality.
"I was a stranger," he said simply,
"and you welcomed me."

So, open shuttered hearts of ours,
while opening our view
to see, past maps and barriers,
the Kingdom giv'n by you.
Then move us, Lord, with thankfulness,
and spirit to explore
the lives of all those, welcomed,
in the boundless heart of yours.

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