

A Song of Longing

By Ken Medema

For John Yarrington and the Chancel Choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Houston

Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.
The fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above.
We share our mutual woes, our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows the sympathizing tear.

I long to see a church where the air is warm and welcome,
Where people meet beyond the walls of race and clan and creed.
I long to see church where mercy grows like gardens,
Where hope and health meet hand in hand and loving takes the lead.

I long to see a church come alive in ev'ry culture,
Speaking peace in ev'ry language, Speaking hope in ev'ry tongue,
Alive with conversation with connection and communion,
Where words of love are spoken, and songs of love are sung,
and songs of love are sung.

Chorus:

I long to hear the music, I long to feel the Spirit,
I long to know the God love that can turn a soul around,
To taste the bread of friendship, the wine of sweet communion,
I long to know the God pow'r that can bring the barriers down,
that can bring the barriers down.

I long to see a church where I learn the way of Jesus,
And put my feet on that narrow road He spoke of long ago.
I long to see a church where people lift each other,
to make the fright'ning choices that will help our spirits grow.

I long to see a church where ev'rybody matters,
where ev'ryone, no matter who, has special gifts to give.
I long to see a church where I can learn to be a servant,
To give, receive, belong, believe: that's how I long to live.

Chorus

I long to see a church all dressed in generosity,
Where giving is a joyful thing, a happy sacrifice.
I long to see church where no one needs to go without.
No matter how much love may cost, people run to pay the price.

I long to see a church filled with care for God's creation,
Seeking healing on this planet, our beloved holy ground.

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I long to see church whose banquet table gathers
The rich and poor, the high and low, the crim'nal and the crown,
The crim'nal and the crown.

Chorus

Elect from ev'ry nation, yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation, one Lord, one faith, one birth.
One Holy Name she blesses, partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses with ev'ry grace endued.