OUR GOD’S A SANCTUARY

Text: Edward Moran, 2017 Tune: ANGEL’S STORY

1. H. Mann, 1881

Our God's a Sanctuary,  
Her walls do not exclude;  
They're boundless like the prairie  
And wide as dreams pursued.  
Safe under God's surveillance,  
We move to faith from fear;  
With gospel trump our cadence:

The widow's pence is dear.  
  
As pilgrims, we might saunter

To Mecca, Zion, Rome;  
With God our yoke and yonder,  
We're migrants close to home.  
God shields us from all danger  
And heeds the sparrow's fall.  
Fear not the huddled stranger,  
Build bridges--not a wall.  
  
For sure, our God's a shelter  
With arms that open wide  
When hearts become a welter  
Of wintriness and pride.  
Incarnate, God is homeless,  
A Refugee for love,  
Evicted by a Promise  
From habitats above.

God comes to us a stranger,  
No room nor inn nor bed.  
Rude dreams brought forth in manger,  
Rood wood beneath his head.  
See Mary, Joseph stealing  
Through streets and hearts all iced  
Toward habitats appealing  
To carpenter and Christ.

God’s likeness takes on glory  
When caged in human flesh,  
Though bitter be the story  
Of cross athwart the crèche.  
How can the people trust us?  
With hammer, nails, and wood?  
Let’s turn these tools to justice  
And build a world of good.  
  
A world of many mansions  
With lives and loves unique  
Fulfilling God’s intentions,  
Embracing slave and Greek.  
A world where none are homeless  
Where Love alone runs wild,  
A habitat of promise  
For Lion, Lamb, and Child.  
  
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