

Song lyrics for Steve Bell's presentation for *Growing in Wisdom*:

ONE CAN HOPE

Music and lyrics by Steve Bell

Some are born indigenous
Some are born a stranger
Some are born ambiguous
Yet born to be a neighbour
In the glad garden-city of God
In the glad garden-city of God

Some know mostly happiness
Others, only sorrow
Some fight the fight through weariness
With yearnings for the morrow
In the glad garden-city of God
In the glad garden-city of God

And oh, my soul
There is more going on than you know
Yes oh, my soul
One can hope

Some lives are lived contentedly
Some lives are lived in longing
Some bear another's night
By keeping vigil for their dawning
In the glad garden-city of God
In the glad garden-city of God

And oh, my soul...

Some are born indigenous
Some are born a stranger
Some are born ambiguous
Yet born to be a neighbour...

Psalm 62 (Wait Alone in Stillness)

by Steve Bell

On God alone my soul in stillness waits
The glory and the joy of my salvation
The rock on which all form of fury breaks
My stronghold so that I will not be shaken

Wait alone in stillness oh my soul
Wait alone in stillness, wait along oh my soul
The steadfast love of God be all my strength
My refuge...
My hope...
My elation

The enemies of love in vain rehearse
A plot to undermine the hope of nations
With tongues they bless, but with their hearts they curse
And lie in wait to bait love's termination

Wait alone in stillness oh my soul
Wait alone in stillness, wait along oh my soul
The steadfast love of God be all our strength
Our refuge...
Our hope...
Our elation

We children of the earth are but a breath
On the scales (we are) lighter than a feather
I believe, and I have heard it said
All power belongs to God, altogether

Wait alone in stillness oh my soul
Wait alone in stillness, wait along oh my soul
The steadfast love of God be all our strength
Our refuge...
Our hope
And our elation

THE GLAD SURPRISE

Music by Steve Bell and Mike Janzen

Lyrics by Steve Bell, Malcolm Guite, Jason Johnson

Jesus of the Nazi gallows
Jesus of the lynching tree
Jesus of the Gazan rubble
Jesus of the refugee

Jesus of the queer beleaguered
Jesus of the hunted child
Jesus of the missing women
Native to the sacred wild

Oh, what love...
Jesus in the rolling waters
Spirit in the wind that blows
Pleased to hold "all things" together
Cosmic centre, mystic rose
Jesus with us from the cradle
Jesus with us through the grave
Jesus with a world against him
Ready, nonetheless, to save

Oh, what love...

Jesus of the midnight struggle
Sweating blood to do love's will
Supple to the kiss of Judas
For his own betray him still
Jesus of the crucifixion
Darkness and despairing cries
Jesus of the great reversal
Jesus of the glad surprise

Oh, what love...

For The Journey

Music and Lyric by Steve Bell

May the Lord bless and keep you
May his face shine upon you
May his graciousness be like an endless stream
May the Lord show his favour
To your house and your neighbour
Till the last remaining strains of striving cease
May he grant you peace

In my heart there's a sadness building up
Every turn adds to the cup
Where the losses match the measure of my gains
In the shadow of this curse
Where the best implies the worst
If you're like me, you'll need to hear somebody pray