

WE SING OF LIFE

We sing of life that barely seems to stop:
 where day or night you'll find a place to shop;
 where buses, trains and cars are never calm,
 and blaring sirens rarely cause alarm.

We sing of life where shops will close at five:
 and come the winter little seems alive;
 where buses rarely rumble down the streets,
 and isolation young and old defeats.

We sing of life where people stop and talk,
 where light are bright and it feels safe to walk.
 It may be village, town or city street:
 we celebrate with joy the hope we meet.

We sing of life where hope is hard to find:
 Where prejudice and fear and fill the mind.
 It may be village, town or city street:
 We pray today that fear with hope will meet.

We sing of life: for Christ calls us to live,
 And of his resurrection hope to give.
 If village, town and city life we sing:
 That Christ will through us, and we in him.