

# Mending Song

by Joyce Johnson Rouse

Alchemists of old  
Would take the base  
To make it gold  
And heal the space.

My base is not  
The metal sort  
– It's love forgotten  
In my heart.

Make songs that sing  
Of what's happening  
And let them bring  
A mending.

Could I have done better?  
Would that I'd done better.  
Lord, O make it better.

Alchemist Old  
You work the fire  
Lend us Your mold  
Our lives entire

Draw forth the gold  
From hidden hurt  
–From inner grave  
Your Love assert.

O, God a song  
To draw along  
Make right what's wrong  
Make mending.

Could I have done better?  
Would that I 'd done better.  
Lord, make it better.

