

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.

