

If you think that their land
was so pleasant and grand,
look around and see what you are given.
Wealth like yours is unknown,
and yet selfish you've grown;
and you're sure you are worthy of heaven.

So, I sing you my song;
for you, too, get it wrong—
and your values are so far from mine:
not to plowshares but swords
you give the greatest rewards;
gain and profit and greed you enshrine.

"Not me," you retort,
"I'm not one of that sort
with sordid wealth coming out of the ears."
Yet have you one suit
and another to boot?
The Sermon on the Mount should bring you to tears.

Need you never say "No"
to a glass of merlot,
and have you perfumes to put in your bath?
Too much treasure on earth
will then surely give birth
to a harvest of deadly grapes of wrath.

*Home, home, please come home;
there's death where you've chosen to roam.
Come in and let's dine,
I'm supplying the wine;
join the world at my feast of Shalom.*

So, what should I do?
Give my Son up for you
that you may seize him and nail him to a cross,
like the others who dare
to suggest you should care
for one another and count all the rest loss?

I'm among you, you see;
in the poor you see me,
in oppression and hardship and grief;
yet you play and you pray
in your nonchalant way
while the needy go without relief.

I've plighted my troth
to come there where the moth
and the rust have their way with all things.
You'll have at me, too,
as I live among you,
but I'll bring you home on my wings.

This love song I sing
and my healing I bring—
I will never cease singing the song.
For it's life that I seek
for the strong and the weak
that in Me may you all now belong.

*Home, home, please come home;
there's death where you've chosen to roam.
Come in and let's dine,
I'm supplying the wine;
join the world at my feast of Shalom.*

To God Alone Be Glory. Amen.