



I Have a God

You have a God who's far away, I want a God that's near
An isolated God you have, who never shed a tear
A God above who sits supreme, condescendingly looks down
I have a God who loves so deep, His Son did wear a crown.

I speak of Christ, that lovely man, He is the God of grace
He wept and prayed, worked at a bench, and many knew His face
He stood beside a broken heart, He touched the leper's skin
I have a God who came so close, despite my every sin.

He comes beside me, day by day, and covers me around
He gives me liberty from sin, and habits holding down
And when I fall he does not chide, but looks with saddest eye
And as I sit and look at Him, then I begin to cry.

My child, my child, come to my arms, they're ever opened wide
And look and see the nail prints, and opened wounded side
I am the God from Heaven above, I am your priest so high
I'll succor and I'll care for you, until you're in the sky.

*. . . . Rowan Jennings
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