

## Our Song

by Nathanael Zuellig

Our song is a minuet,  
A second chance with each new step;  
A hymn of heart to him who art  
The tonic of our souls.

The hours sing, the minutes rap,  
The seconds chant their epitaphs.  
The clocks quick hands endlessly dance,  
Swinging from pole to pole.

The scales weigh both good and bad  
With harmony held within their grasp;  
Our dissonance pleads, "Oh, please release!  
Come peace and make me whole!"

Twelve tones echo through space and time  
And time, too, has his twelve divides—  
Israel's tribes, the kin of Christ—  
Symphonies young and old.

The keys of life are black and white,  
The organ roars through countless pipes;  
The wind of God is sent abroad  
And howls through every hole.

The instruments are you and I,  
With one accord — bind heart and mind,  
Oh come and join this ode to joy,  
Let praise like billows roll!

One rhythm binds both East and West,  
One Spirit, pulse and beat in chest,  
One movement swift toward Heaven's wish:  
May love no more grow cold!

Let all God's works in concert sing—  
Yes, sing 'til all creation rings,  
With trumpet blast and cymbal crash  
Now shout with joy so bold!

Oh, beat the drums in every ear,  
Proclaim the anthem loud and clear;  
Let all lost sheep who fell asleep  
Be brought into His fold!

The thunder claps — the earth, it shakes  
The skies rain down showers of praise  
To God and Christ, the Lord of life  
Who rose and sacked Sheol!

The temple fills with smoke and sound;  
The air is thick, our spirits bound,  
With lifted hands and hearts aglow,  
With dancing feet battering the floor,  
With loved ones past and present know:  
Death is no more! Sing and adore:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow!  
Praise Him all creatures here below!  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost!