

Lament Spoken Word

By Jonny Parker

Our God and King, you invite us to sing,
Songs of lament, expressing inner torment.
As scripture has shown, We approach your throne,
And In anguish groan, are we alone?
Our hands are outstretched as spirits grow faint,
And so to you Lord, we bring our Complaint.

Wave after wave of sadness and sorrow,
Drowning today and dreading tomorrow.
The waters deep, the mountain steep,
Has the shepherd abandoned us, his sheep?
Day and night our tears are food,
“Where is our God?” To lift this mood.
Has his love vanished? Have his promises failed?
Have his plans been derailed and the enemy prevailed?
Rejoicing and praise feel like distant days,
The present marked by malaise and dismays.
Smiles apprehended, Laughter suspended,
In their place a darkness has descended.
We feel rejected, neglected, disconnected,
This is not the Christian life we expected.
We are hard pressed, distressed, depressed,
Come quickly to answer our desperate requests.
We are weary of weeping, joy keeps seeping,
We find no rest despite all the sleeping.
Souls and bodies weak with grief,
God of all comfort won't you grant some relief?

Yet, amidst our upset, we won't forget.
We consider your works and mighty deeds,
Most clearly seen in a Saviour who bleeds for our misdeeds,
Who now intercedes and in all things leads.
With suffering familiar our man of sorrows,
Into your hands we place our tomorrows.
You will sustain through every pain,
Redeeming it all that it works for our gain.
We take refuge in the shadow of your wing,
To promises we cling and through sobbing we sing.
Send us your light and faithful care,
Only you can lift this heavy despair.

As we go through this test, hear our request for rest.
May others be blessed as we attest,
to your steadfast faithfulness.
Amidst our wailing, would we keep proclaiming,
Our God's love for us is unfailing.
On you Fix our eyes, the God all wise,
Who graciously supplies the Word that guides,
And speaks into lives that would hope arise.
Though you bring grief, compassion you show,
These tears we sow here below,
Will one day be wiped in your glories glow.
Lament will cease, our souls finally at peace.
Until that day when you recreate,
Please Lord help us to hope and wait.

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