

HEAL OUR EVERY WOUND

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Translation © Phillip Hurley SJ.

**At the end of our days we will abide
with your love and grace to heal our every wound.**

Life will tempt us to count the cost of loving.
Winding paths taking their toll within us.
As we stumble once again over the same stone,
despairing that we ever will walk freely.
Yet we are children of a God madly in love,
who sows passion for truth within our being,
and gives us roots that search for living water
that branching forth, we greet your kingdom coming.

**At the end of our days we will abide
with your love and grace to heal our every wound.**

In ourselves we will wage a conflict mortal.
Ranks of time will surround, pressing upon us.
While our hearts carry scars of every battle,
and rejoicing and music seem a lost dream.
Even so, we will be dancing together,
following your lead in crossing every border.
With a fire of hope we are in motion;
humanity with love divine uniting.

**At the end of our days we will abide
with your love and grace to heal our every wound.**

In our weakness we still find strength and vision,
dreaming futures that ward off desperation.
We shall never lose sight of our tomorrow,
though wind and sea lash at the present moment.
If perchance, after taking up your standard,
we waiver in our common purpose as companions,
even in our weakness we shall walk beside you
because your good news is life to every nation.

**At the end of our days we will abide
with your love and grace to heal our every wound.**