

In Haiti We Have Brothers

AURELIA 7.6.7.6 D ("The Church's One Foundation")

In Haiti we have brothers whose homes no longer stand;
Our sisters there, and daughters, now grieve a broken land.
When storm and rain came crashing, when winds of terror blew,
Our mothers and our sons there cried out, O God, to you.

With homes now brought to ruin, our sisters fear the worst;
Our sons have no clean water to even quench their thirst.
Our fathers who were injured cry out to you above;
O God, these are our family— the ones we're called to love.

In Cuba and Jamaica are neighbors far away;
In Florida and in Georgia are ones for whom we pray.
In South and North Carolina are folks hurt by the storm;
We weep with people weeping; we grieve with those who mourn.

O God, it seems much easier to help those close at hand,
But you love all your children in every single land.
May we see all who suffer as people loved by you,
And may we seek to serve them, for they're our family, too.

Tune: Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

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