

Robin Mark, Come Heal This Land

Let the exile come, let the stranger come
Let the weary come find rest all you homeless sons
All you widowed ones, all you poor and dispossessed
For a table waits in Your Father's house
There the meek can come and eat
Theres a place of rest at Your Father's breast
Where His mercy is complete

Does a cry ring out from a broken nation
From a people who have been brought low
Was pride in our hearts, did we grieve Your Spirit
Have we blocked the ancient wells that flowed
Here is our covenant prayer
Who call upon Your name
We humble ourselves before You
We humble ourselves

Come heal this land, come heal this land
Come heal this land, come heal this land

Do the tears of One who gave all things for us
Do they fall from Heaven still because of us
For we have tasted grace and we have known Your mercy
But we have not shown this grace to men
Here is our covenant prayer
Who call upon Your name
We humble ourselves before You
We humble ourselves

May this land we love be a place of safety
Be a light for all the nations of this earth
May Your streams of love, may they flow here freely
Here where every stranger finds a home
Here is our covenant prayer
Who call upon Your name
We humble ourselves before You
We humble ourselves

Come heal this land