

Veda Hille, Tuktoyaktuk Hymn

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
Tuktoyaktuk, plain dirt roads;
They all lead to Thy wooden house;
Lord, we have built this house for Thee,
On frozen ground by northern sea.
The winter's dark is cold and long;
We call Thee Lord, we bid Thee come,
White crosses in our graveyard stand;
Protect us in Thy willful land.
From sudden storm
Guns that jam
Alcohol
Late spring break up
Thin ice
Rogue bear
Engine failure, engine failure
Failure, failure
Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own. 1
Tuktoyaktuk Amen