

Medical Mission Sisters, Speak To Me, Wind

Speak to me, wind, of my Lord.
Talk to me, wind, of my Lady and Lord.
I am alone, far from my home,
a child in s storm who is restless roaming.
O speak to me, wind, of my Lord.

Speak to me, stars, of my Lord.
Talk to me, start, of my Lady and Lord.
My little lamp leaps in the night.
If there be no oil, how shall it give light.
O speak to me, stars, of my Lord.

Speak to me, trees, of my Lord.
Talk to me, trees, of my Lady and Lord.
My roots run deep to the land of my birth,
yet ev'ry branch lifts away from the earth.
O speak to me, trees, of my Lord.

Speak to me, brook, of my Lord.
Talk to me, brook, of my Lady and Lord.
I'm always running away from my source,
twisting and tumbling and losing my course.
O speak to me, brook, of my Lord.

Sing to me morning and night.
Shout it in darkness and whisper in light.
My Lord is King, my Lady are Queen.
We live in a Kingdom that I've never seen.
O sing to me morning and night.