

## My Name Is Palestine

A voice cries out in the wilderness  
I hear her call – but I don't know her name  
The voice cries again in the wilderness  
My name is Palestine - I will remain

She's holding a flag - so very high  
Raises her voice with such a strong cry  
She's a symbol of a people who refuse to die  
Says, "My name is Palestine - I will survive"

*Chorus*  
*I will survive...*

The forces of darkness can't extinguish the flame  
Of the freedom in your eyes and the love you retain  
These are more powerful than the weapons of war  
With their terror and lies – but you bring something more

All across Palestine they've had enough  
Of killing and wounding from Israeli guns  
They want no more occupation, no more siege,  
No more brutality – they just want peace

*Chorus*  
*I will survive...*

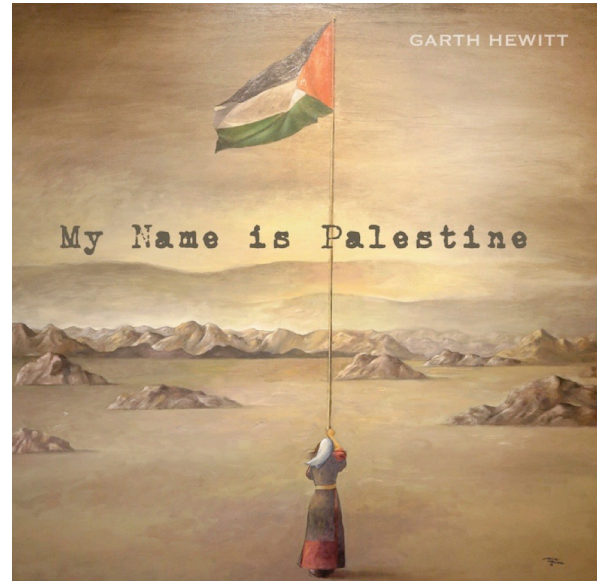
Make a road in the desert for a new dawn to come  
Make a road in the desert for equality to bloom  
Make a road in the desert for human rights to come  
Make a road in the desert for freedom to come

It's a place they've tried to make disappear  
It's a people they've tried to make you fear  
But the welcome they give you always means  
Palestine gets under your skin

*Chorus x 2*  
*I will survive...*

Make a road in the desert...

She's holding the flag - so very high  
Raises her voice with such a strong cry  
A symbol of a people who refuse to die  
Says, "My name is Palestine - I will survive"  
My name is Palestine - I will survive



## Making Holy Dreams Come True

What have they done to the "Little Town"?  
Imprisoned it in a concrete wall  
Bethlehem - once a holy city  
Trapped inside a ghetto wall  
Here where angels sang of peace  
Where love and hope were born anew  
Once surrounded by a heavenly host  
Now surrounded by a concrete view

Yet people crushed and hidden away  
Still celebrate on Christmas Eve  
Lighting candles for the child -  
They still remember - still believe  
So light a candle this Holy Night  
For Bethlehem and Beit Sahour  
And for all the people caught inside  
That cold and grey prison wall

Longing for a world of peace  
Where all are treated equally  
Where all can recognise their worth  
Where all can live with dignity  
Where all can join hands with neighbours  
Whether Muslim, Christian or Jew  
And find a way to live together  
Making Holy dreams  
Making Holy dreams come true

## In the Storms of Life

*Chorus:*

*In the storms of life we are not alone  
In the storms of life we are not alone  
Though the wind may howl and the  
waves may overwhelm  
Even in the darkest times we are not alone*

I see darkness rising - I see bad politicians  
But they have forgotten that you can't kill the spirit  
In the valley of despair turns out we're not alone

*Chorus:*

*In the storms of life...*

There was fire there was fury –  
there was hatred there was war  
Separation of families - building of walls  
Breaking of laws – the holy laws of love  
They wanted love of neighbour to be forgotten and lost

God is weeping at the war machine  
God is wounded by our bombs  
We are making money out of weapons and  
killing  
And our world is suffering the pain  
So lets go to the river and lay our weapons  
down  
And study war no more  
So lets go to the river and be baptised  
And study war no more

*Chorus:*

*In the storms of life...*

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## Deportees (plane crash at Los Gatos)

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotten  
The oranges are stacked in their creosote dumps  
They're flying them back to the Mexico Border  
To pay all their money to wade back again

My father's own father he waded that river  
They took all the money he made in his life  
My brothers and sisters came working the fruit trees  
And they rode on the trucks till they laid down and died

*Chorus:*

*Goodbye to my Juan...*

Some of us are illegal and some are not wanted  
Our work contract's out and we have to move on  
It's six hundred miles to the Mexican border  
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves

*Chorus:*

*Goodbye to my Juan...*

We died in your hills and we died in your deserts  
We died in your valleys and died on your plains  
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your  
bushes  
Both sides of the river we died just the same

*Chorus:*

*Goodbye to my Juan...*

The skyplane caught fire over los Gatos Canyon  
The fireball of lightning, it shook all our hills  
Who were these friends, who were scattered like  
dry leaves  
The radio said, "They were just deportees"

*Chorus:*

*Goodbye to my Juan...*

*Words by Woody Guthrie, Music by Martin  
Hoffman  
C Woody Guthrie Publications, Inc. & TRO-  
Ludlow Music, Inc. (BMI)*

## Sing Aaron Sing

Flying into JFK  
To hear Aaron Neville play  
Down at BB King's  
On 42<sup>nd</sup> Street  
Can't wait for the man to sing  
Start singing those soulful songs  
His voice is like a holy thing  
Gotta hear him sing.... in New York City

*Chorus:*

*Sing Aaron sing  
Fly Aaron fly  
Let our spirits soar  
As your voice goes high  
Sing your Christmas prayer  
Make it a holy night  
Let the voice of a battered angel  
Lead us towards the light – so sing Aaron sing*

It was a cold New York evening  
The snow was coming down  
We set out from Harlem  
To the very heart of town  
His special band starts playing  
Then the drummer speaks it right  
Says there's too much hate - in the world  
So we're bringing love tonight... to New York City

*Chorus:*

*Sing Aaron sing...*

He starts with Stand By Me  
Then he shares his Christmas prayer  
Prays that all the broken hearted people  
Will find a way to heal... in New York City

And when he sings Ave Maria  
The whole place goes very quiet  
'Cos Aaron brings redemption  
Right into the room tonight  
Says he's hoping for a miracle  
Says he wants a better place  
For the whole of the human race  
And he's here to bring some grace - to New York City

*Chorus:*

*Sing Aaron sing...*

## This Place

Well this old place has had its day  
We've brought our best and worst to pray  
We've broken bread and raised the cup  
And said goodbye to ones we loved

Well this old place has reeled us in  
Seen girls to women, boys to men  
Within these walls we've found our  
hearts  
And loved each other as we are

This place has called us all to order  
This place has drawn us deeper in  
It's held our laughter and our tears  
It's promised hope and blessed our fears  
Taught us prayers and hymns of praise  
And made us who we are today

This place has taught us something  
That's more than make believe  
Within these walls, it's holy air we breath  
And this old place has rocked the boat  
It's questioned all we thought was known  
And laid it on the altar here  
So we might then see our way clear

This place has reached across our  
borders  
This place has called us home again  
And here there is no high or low  
No us or them left in the cold  
No privileged soul too proud to pray  
None left unloved to find their way

This place has called us all to order  
This place has drawn us closer in  
It's held our laughter and our tears,  
Delivered hope, and blessed our fears  
Called us here again today  
To bow our heads - now let us pray...  
Let us pray

*Written by Tom Kimmel c 2005  
Morrisette music (ASCAP)*

## Victor Jara

Victor Jara of Chile lived like a shooting star  
He fought for the people of Chile with his songs and his guitar  
His hands were gentle and his hands were strong

Victor Jara was a peasant boy barely six years old  
He sat upon his father's plough and watched the earth unfold  
His hands were gentle and his hands were strong

When the neighbors had a wedding or one of their children died  
His mother sang all night to them with Victor by her side  
Her hands were gentle and her hands were strong

He grew up to be a fighter against the peoples' wrongs  
He listened to their grief and joy and turned them into songs  
His hands were gentle and his hands were strong

He campaigned for Allende canvassed night and day  
He sang take hold of your neighbour's hand the future begins today  
His hands were gentle and his hands were strong

When the generals seized Chile they arrested Victor then  
They caged him in a stadium with five thousand frightened men  
His hands were gentle and his hands were strong

Victor stood in the stadium his voice was loud and strong  
And he sang for his fellow prisoners till the guards cut short his song  
His hands were gentle and his hands were strong

They broke the bones in both his hands and beat him on the head  
Tortured him with electric shocks then they shot him dead  
His hands were gentle and his hands were strong

Victor Jara of Chile lived like a shooting star  
He fought for the people of Chile with his songs and his guitar  
His hands were gentle and his hands were strong

*Victor Jara was a singer/songwriter killed by the Junta of Chile on September 16th 1973*

*Music Arlo Guthrie - Words Aidrian Mitchell - Arico Music Inc. ASCAP (US)*

## To the God Whose Name is Mercy

To the God whose name is mercy  
To the God whose name is mercy  
To the generous God of mercy  
We take our stand with you

So tell the earth to shake with marching feet  
Of messengers of peace  
Proclaim my way of love  
To every nation and every race –  
Show mercy and show love

*To the God whose name is mercy...*

Let old ways be over – no more hate  
There shall be no more war  
My people shall be one  
To every nation and every race –  
Show mercy and show love

*To the God whose name is mercy...*

We take our stand with you

Reach out our hand to you

*Chorus Inspired by words of Pope Francis,  
Verses influenced by words of  
US Trappist Monk Thomas Merton*

## Whose Garden Was This?

Whose garden was this?  
It must have been lovely  
Did it have flowers?  
I've seen pictures of flowers  
And I'd love to have smelled one

Whose river was this?  
You say it ran freely?  
Blue was its colour?  
I've seen blue in some pictures  
And I'd love to have been there

*Chorus:*

*Ah, tell me again, I need to know.  
The forest had trees, the meadows were green,  
The oceans were blue, and birds really flew -  
Can you swear that was true?*

Whose grey sky was this?  
Or was it a blue one?  
Nights there were breezes  
I've heard records of breezes,  
And you tell me you've felt one?

Whose forest was this?  
And why is it empty?  
You say there were bird songs,  
And squirrels in the branches,  
And why is it silent?

*Chorus:*

*Ah, tell me again, I need to know...*

Whose garden was this?  
It must have been lovely  
Did it have flowers?  
I've seen pictures of flowers,  
And I'd love to have smelled one

*Words and music by Tom Paxton, 1970  
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## Let Nothing Disturb You

Let nothing disturb you  
Let nothing frighten  
Everything passes  
But God remains

God stays beside you  
God your companion  
Closer than breathing  
God still remains

*Chorus:*  
*God remains – God still remains*  
*Light in the darkness*  
*Voice of the voiceless*  
*God still remains*  
*God remains – God still remains*  
*Bringer of justice*

God of hope  
God of grace  
God of love  
And love still remains

*Chorus:*  
*God remains – God still remains...*

Let nothing disturb you  
Let nothing frighten  
Everything passes  
But God remains

Nada te turbe  
Nada te espante  
Solo Dios  
basta

*Friend to the outcast*  
*God still remains – God*  
*remains*

God of mercy  
God of peace  
God of love  
And love still remains

## Love Is The Way

Deep in the heart of the infinite darkness  
A tiny blue marble is spinnin' thru space  
Born in the splendor of God's holy vision  
And sliding away like a tear down His face

Closer you see the whole wide holy wonder  
Of oceans and mountains and rivers and trees  
And the strangest creation of many, the human  
A creature of laughter and freedom and dreams

Now the warriors are wavin' their old rusty sabres  
Preachers are preachin' a gospel of hate  
By their behavior, determined to teach us  
A lesson we're soon to be learnin' too late

Look closer my brother, we're killin' each other  
We better stop and get started today  
Because life is the question and life is the answer  
And God is the reason and love is the way

Life is the question and life is the answer  
And God is the reason and love is the way

Life is the question and life is the answer  
And God is the reason and love is the way

*Words and music Kris Kristofferson*  
*Resaca music Publishing*



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*Making Holy Dreams Come True*