

A prophet's plea

Spirit of my Lord and God
Sing sweetly to me
My Confidence, my Rod
For Thou hast set me free

In God I'm truly blessed
This joy I cannot keep
Gives freedom to the oppressed
And comforts those who weep

Glad tidings to the poor
Full of faith, so rich in state
Thy blessed children I adore
His Word no longer waits

Then may my joy give rise
Like light illumines darkness
That Love may open eyes
To strengthen faith from sadness

God's mercy I will plea
For He has anointed me

By Fr. Ralph O. Roberts
Third Sunday in Ordinary Time C
Cf. Luke 1:1-4; 4:14-21
7/10/2015