

The Lord is on that Mainline

I know The Lord is on that mainline
Tell Him what you want
The Lord is on that mainline
Tell Him what you want
The Lord is on that mainline
Tell Him what you want

Call Him up and tell Him what you want
Well, the line ain't never busy
Tell Him what you want
Woh, that line ain't never busy
Tell Him what you want
Well, the line ain't never busy
Tell Him what you want
You and call Him up
And tell Him what you want

Well, if you want in His kingdom
Tell Him what you want
If you want in His kingdom
Tell Him what you want
If want in His kingdom
Tell Him what you want

Call Him up, call Him up, call Him up, call Him up
You can call Him up and tell Him what you want

Well, if you're sick and wanna get well
Tell Him what you want
Well, if you're sick and you wanna get well
Tell Him what you want
If you're sick and you wanna get well
Tell Him what you want

Call Him up and tell Him what you want
And if you're feeling down and out
Tell Him what you want
And if you're feeling down and out
Tell Him what you want
And if you're feeling down and out
Tell Him what you want

Call Him up and tell Him what you want
I know The Lord is on that mainline
Tell Him what you want
The Lord is on that mainline
Tell Him what you want
The Lord is on that mainline
Tell Him what you want

Call Him up, call Him up, call Him up, call Him up
You gotta call Him up and tell Him what you want.



In the Garden

I come to the garden alone
While the dew is still on the roses
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear
The Son of God discloses

And He walks with me
And He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known

He speaks and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing

And He walks with me
And He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known

I stayed in the garden with Him
Though the night all around me is falling
But He bids me go, through the voice of woe
His voice to me is calling

And He walks with me
And He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known
None other has ever known

Lion of the Spirit
By Brother Shankara

I don't roar much, do I?
Though I'm told time and again
I am a lion of the spirit,
I don't want to hear it.

I shrink away from wilderness
and the open sea. Instead, I'll sail
the bay or walk a well-marked trail,
then text a friend, "a stsfyng day."

Returning home to my familiar
cul de sac, I'm happy to be back,
to sink into a favorite chair,
to sip a drink and drift into a nap.

Perchance to dream: I'm in a forest
glade — ahead I see a huge brown bear
tied standing upright to a tree,
bound securely with a seaman's heavy line.

Then suddenly the bear's released, the rope
is gone. Falling forward onto all four
paws, he shakes his head and stretches
every bone and sinew all along his spine.

On his right there is a well worn path
into the woods — wide near the glade,
narrowing and quickly fainter as it
winds away among the close-grown trees.

Still stiff, the bear's first steps are shaky
as he shuffles from where he's fallen,
toward the path — yet, soon he's supple,
moving smoothly out of the sunlit

Glade and into the dappled shadows
among the trees. Ten yards in he stops,
twitches his stubby tail, turns his head,
looks back to the tree where he'd been tied.

And then the bear roars — a roar so loud
it shakes the dreamer half awake. I
watch as the bear trots deeper into
the woods and the dream dwindles away.

Fully awake, now I take in the dim
room around me and see so clearly
every rope that binds me. Tears come. I
stand and roar and roar and roar, at last.