

Forgiveness (Mercy's Dance)

lyrics by Constance Morgenstern

Your words were sharp, hard to forget.
My words were short—short on regret.
Doors slammed between us. Fine, except
the road I'd claimed is Christian.
I've wondered, "Could I go around,
not let this block the path I've found?"
Yet I still sit here, counting
all your sins, and I don't skip one.

I... know...,
Christian's call is Mercy's dance,
but mired down in anger, where's the chance
of moving forward to forgive,
... and to live?

Forgiveness. Christ has set the task.
But what if neither of us asks?
And time's not healing very fast
these wounds I've let mud get in.
But I'll move lips, unclench my teeth,
to pray for you, as Jesus preached—
though full forgiving seems a reach,
with arms protective, tucked in.

Still, Christian's call is Mercy's dance,
and Jesus, ahead of me, makes the chance
for rising, moving on to live—
all because of what He gives!

Forgiveness is a springtime thawing,
a mountain stream, a bit more strong....
With Christ, then, running Easter's bright rapids,
who can clasp a grain of wrong?
Your wrongs and mine, washed out and gone!

Praise God, extending Mercy's chance!
Brought to our feet, we rejoin the dance—
bending, moving on to live
Christ-forgiven, to forgive.

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