

I Send You

Words & Music by Michael Maw

Inspired by Matthew 25:31-46

In the news today,
children starve and even pass away.
I can't bear to think:
parched lips thirsting for a little drink.
O my God, surely You see
all the pain and misery.
Why won't You act and open Your hand?
They'll be fed by Your command.

“But I send you to feed the hungry soul
and take from your own plate
to make their stomach full.
Oh, I send you to pour the water out.
The cup in your own hand
will end a thirsty drought.
Yes, I send you.”

In the alleyway,
there he lays dreaming of a better day.
Now no one thinks of him.
So lost, trying to fill a hole within.
O my God, surely you care
for lonely hearts with no clothes to wear.
Why won't you act and send from above?
All they need is the Savior's love.

“But I send you to take the stranger in,
to open up your home
and treat them as your kin.
Oh, I send you to shelter them from cold.
The coat from your own back
will warm a freezing soul.
Yes, I send you.”

In room sixty-five,
she's crying: doctors say she won't survive.
Behind these prison bars
fierce eyes cover up a hidden scar.
O my God, surely you hear
suffering cries and chains of fear.
Why won't you act and heal by Your power?
Set them free in this trying hour.

“But I send you to hold the hand in pain,
to comfort them with hope
and soothe their weary frame.
Oh, I send you to sing into their night
the song that set you free
will make their future bright.
I send you!”

O my Lord, now I see:
when they prayed You called on me.
How can I not dare to go
when desperate hearts will need to know?