

# You Are On Our Side

**Bethany Dillon**

The orphan clings to Your hand  
Singing the song of how he was found  
The widow rejoices

For her oppressors are silenced now You sit at the table with the wounded and the poor

You laugh and share stories with the thief and the whore

When You could just be silent and leave us here to die

Still, You sent Your Son for us

You are on our side The runaway falls at Your feet

You are what he has searched for

The rich man is broken

When he stands beneath a sky full of stars You sit at the table with the wounded and the poor

You laugh and share stories with the thief and the whore

When You could just be silent and leave us here to die

Still, You sent Your Son for us

You are on our side You sit at the table with the wounded and the poor

You laugh and share stories with the thief and the whore

When You could just be silent and leave us here to die

Still, You sent Your Son for us

You are on our side Still, You sent Your Son for us

You are on our side

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