Make Me An Instrument

A Ragamuffin Band

Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace:
where there's hatred, let me sow love;
and where there is injury, pardon;
and where there is doubt, then faith;
and where there's despair, then hope.
It's in dying that I will be born,
and in giving that I will receive,
it's in loving that I will be loved,
this is my faith: it is what I believe.
Lord, make me an instrument.
Make me an instrument.
Lord, I am a stranger traveling
in a brutal yet wondrous land,
far from the promise of home,
on a journey, led by Your hand
to where the lion lies down with the lamb. Father, grant that I'd never seek
to be comforted as to console;
let the blood of Your Son cover me,
touching my spirit, seizing my soul,
Lord, make me an instrument.
Lord, make me an instrument.
Lord make me YOUR instrument.
Let Your divine mystery guide my heart:
it's in dying that I will be born,
and in giving that I will receive,
it's in loving that I will be loved;
this is my faith: it is what I believe.
Christ within me, Christ before me,
Christ behind me, Christ above me,
Christ beneath me, to my left and my right, Christ where I lie and where I arise,
Christ in the hearts of all who think of me, Christ on the lips of all who speak of me,
Christ in the eyes of all who see me
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make me Your instrument, Lord!
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