

Labor Day Hymns

Equity Lost

We who live with great advantage
must not crush with tyrant's boot
but raise up earth's weary workers
to share in their labor's fruit.
People are not born for slavery,
destined for a life of need.
None should toil in cruel condition
so the few can quench their greed.

How we live, each acquisition
grows from out another's toil.
As we press to live unwisely
we another's life defile.
All earth shares in tight connection
resting on inequity;
as some live in grand condition,
others endure poverty.

All is giv'n to us as blessing,
naught to claim as lot deserved.
No life should be born for wasting
but as gift to be preserved.
As we smother in our plenty,
seeking warehouses to store,
myriad lives are counted forfeit
in our chase for ever more.

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Suggested tune
AUSTRIAN HYMN 8.7.8.7.D.
Glorious things of you are spoken

Is There Jubilee Awaiting

Those who labor in the vineyard
often do not taste the wine
made from that they've planted,
nurtured,
stripped full fruited from the vine.

Throughout all man's
misadventures,
some have always borne the yoke,
risking should they falter slightly
white hot sting of master's stroke.

Is there jubilee awaiting
when the balance is retuned:
day when all can know a fresh'ning,
time when hope can be resumed?

All we have comes from the effort
of a chain of other lives
whose life-labors fill our larders:
who as we have claim to thrive.

Our lot is not to be masters
of the earth or of her yield
but to live as one of many
lab'ring in the sacred field.

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Suggested tune
Glory, glory hallelujah (spiritual)

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