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MAUNDY THURSDAY, ALL THE WORLD IS STILL

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Maundy Thursday, all the world is still  
The planes wait, grounded by departure gates  
The street is empty and the shopping mall  
Deserted. Padlocked, the playground waits  
Against the day that children play again  
Till then our sad refrain is just refrain.

Maundy Thursday, all the world is still  
And Jesus is at supper with his friends  
No longer in the upper room, that hall  
In Zion where the story starts and ends,  
For he descended from it long ago  
To find his new friends in the here and now.

Maundy Thursday, all the world is still  
And Jesus is at supper with his friends  
Our doors are locked for fear, but he has skill  
In breaking barriers. With ease he bends  
Our prison bars, slips past the sentry post  
And joins us as the guest who is our host.

Maundy Thursday, all the world is still  
But in cramped quarters on the fifteenth floor,

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In lonely towers made of glass and steel,  
And in the fierce favelas of the poor,  
Touching with wounded hands the wounds he tends  
Christ Jesus is at supper with his friends.