

Sing us a lullaby

By [Rachel Hackenberg](#)

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Sing us a lullaby, Rachel, the kind of lullaby  
that you've been singing across a lifetime:  
a tune to calm the grieving mothers' tears,  
a melody with the strength to wing comfort  
to the souls of children interrupted by violence.

Sing us a lullaby, Mary, a heart-rending psalm  
that leans on God's faithfulness in the midst of  
unpredictable life, in the midst of troubled days;  
one like the psalm you sang over Jesus because  
who knows how the world will receive any child  
as he grows. Sing a swaddling lullaby of blessing.

Sing us a lullaby, Hannah, to tune our hearts  
to such a faith in the Holy One that we release  
our lives and loves and wounds to the One,  
to the Great Keeper who can hold this life  
more securely than we ever could, who can  
make of this life, of our loves, of our wounds  
a song of exultation to complete every lullaby.

Teach us your song of exultation, Miriam,  
you who witnessed generations of children  
impoverished, beaten, tormented and slain.  
Sing your song for us once, and then again,  
until we catch on to its tune and harmonies  
intricately woven between lament and promise.  
We long to pick up our weary feet to dance and  
to sing with faith, "The LORD saves and restores."

Originally posted at [Hackenberg's blog](#)