A Hymn

O God of earth and altar, bow down and hear our cry.

Our earthly rulers falter, our people drift and die;

the walls of gold en-tomb us, the swords of scorn divide. Take
not thy thunder from us, but take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches, from

lies of tongue and pen, from all the easy speeches that

comfort cruel men, for sale and profane
nation, of honour and the sword, from sleep and from dam-

nation, deliver us, good Lord. Tie

in a living tether the prince and priest and thrall,

bind all our lives together smite us and save us
A Hymn

53

all; in ire and ex ul ta tion, a

57

flame with faith, and free, lift up a li ving na tion, a

61

sin gle sword to thee. lift up a li ving

65

na tion, a sin gle sword to thee.

circa 3:30"