

Foundations of Faith



Some Poems and Songs shared by Maria Fontaine

Higher Ground

I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining every day;
Still praying as I'm onward bound,
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

Lord, lift me up and let me stand,
By faith, on Heaven's tableland,
A higher plane than I have found;
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

My heart has no desire to stay
Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
Though some may dwell where these abound,
My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.

I want to live above the world,
Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;
For faith has caught the joyful sound,
The song of saints on higher ground.

I want to scale the utmost height
And catch a gleam of glory bright;
So still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found,
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

Lord, lift me up and let me stand,
By faith, on Heaven's tableland,
A higher plane than I have found;
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. - 1898

Jesus, I Am Resting, Resting

Jesus, I am resting, resting,
In the joy of what Thou art;
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.

Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee,
And Thy beauty fills my soul,
For by Thy transforming power,
Thou hast made me whole.

O, how great Thy lovingkindness,
Vaster, broader than the sea!
O, how marvelous Thy goodness,
Lavished all on me!

Yes, I rest in Thee, Beloved,
I know what wealth of grace is Thine,
I know Thy certainty of promise,
And I have made it mine.

Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold Thee as Thou art,

And Thy love, so pure, so changeless,
Satisfies my heart;

Satisfies its deepest longings,
Meets, supplies its every need,
Surrounds and covers me with blessings:
Thine is love indeed!

Ever shine Thy face upon me
As I work and wait on Thee;
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
Earth's dark shadows flee.

Jean Sophia Pigott - 1876

Come Ye Yourselves Apart

Come ye yourselves apart and rest a while,
Weary, I know, of the press and throng;
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil
And in My quiet strength again be strong.

Come, tell Me all that you have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears;
I know with difficulty souls are wooed and won;
Your fervent prayers are always wet with tears.

Come ye and rest! The journey is too great,
And you will faint beside the way and sink,
The bread of life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

Then, fresh from converse with Me, you shall
return

And work till daytime softens into even;
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in Heaven.

1872

Calm Me

Lord, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude
The sounds that greet my ear;
Keep me calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

Keep me calm in the hour of buoyant health,
And in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
And in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him Who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy Name.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,

Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with heavenly hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Horatius Bonar - 1857

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;

Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!
O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!

We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

There is a Calm

There is a calm the quiet in spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distressed;

There is light that gilds the darkest hour.
When dangers thicken and when tempests lower,
It is through faith and prayer and praise that
calm is given,

That peace remains when all beside is riven,
That light shines down to man direct from
Heaven.

It'll all be Right

Pray on, pray on, O weary not,
Tho' great thy conflict be;
Look bravely up, and trust in Him
Whose love abides with thee.

Remember how He led thee forth,
Thro' toil and dangers past;
Tho' yet unanswered is thy prayer,
It'll all be right at last.

It'll all be right, it'll all be right,
It'll all be right at last;
Pray on, pray on, O weary not,
It'll all be right at last.

It'll all be right, it'll all be right,
It'll all be right at last;
Pray on, pray on, O weary not,
It'll all be right at last.

Pray on, pray on, and never faint,
Tho' oft severely tried;
If thine a persevering faith,
It will not be denied;

That thou shalt gain thy heart's desire
His Word this does attest.
Believest thou? Then rest assured,
It'll all be right at last.

Pray on, pray on, with steadfast hope,
For thou shalt yet prevail;
"Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done,"
The promise cannot fail.

Cling firmly to the solid rock,
And hold the anchor fast;
The clouds will break, the light will come,
It'll all be right at last.

Fanny Crosby

Why Worry?

Why worry, when you can pray?
Trust Jesus, He'll be your stay.
Don't be a doubting Thomas,
Rest fully on His promise,
Why worry, worry, worry, worry,
When you can pray?

Sometimes

Sometimes I just like to sit here silently with
You.
You already know.
You already understand.
I don't have to say the right thing, or anything
at all;

You accept me.
You see my thoughts as they form and dance.
Words could never aptly express them.
You could verbalize Your every thought
perfectly,
Yet You sometimes choose silence too.
There's just something about being together,
Not having to say a thing,
Because we feel it, we sense it, we know it.

Wait Thou, My Soul

Wait thou, my soul, upon the Lord—
He is thy strength and life:
Lift up thy heart—mount up and fly
Above the stress and strife;

For there thy strength shall be renewed
In that celestial sphere;
Then, through the valley thou canst walk
By faith and not by fear.

Wait thou, my soul, upon the Lord,
And with the wings of faith,
Rise up to mountaintops of truth
Where each reviving breath
Shall fill thy soul with songs of joy;
And on the sacred height,

Renew thy strength to walk the plain,
Amid the gloom of night.
Thou art too weak to walk the paths
Where days seem dark and long?

Then wait on Him, thy gracious Lord,
Until the victor's song
Thou, too, hast heard amid the heights
And cherished as thine own—

Until on mountaintops of faith
The triumph has been won.
Wait then upon the Lord, yea, wait
Till earthly cares grow dim;

Yea, mount above the clouds of gray
And fellowship with Him.
There He will train thee for the task,
Whatever duties call,
And in the strength renewed by Him
Thou shalt not faint nor fall.

Crown Him

Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb
upon His throne.
Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns all
music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing of Him Who died
for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King through
all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His
hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty
glorified.
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye at
mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven, one with the
Father known,
And the blessed spirit through Him given from
yonder glorious throne.
All hail, Redeemer, hail! For Thou hast died
for me;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail throughout
eternity!

Beneath the Wing of Night

Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.
There is an arm that never tires

When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.
That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;

That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.
But there's a power which man can wield

When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

Teach me to pray, Lord.

Teach me to wait on You and let You work. Show me the value of Your power to intervene as compared to my ability to mess things up. Let me plug into You as the eternal power source, and let me feel it clearly when I try to run around on my own tiny batteries. Make me a useful part of Your plan by showing me that my part is not to try to fix everything, but rather to put it in Your hands so You can fix it.

Teach me how to let down my burdens at Your feet one by one and leave them there. Instruct me in the art of tapping into the universe of power that is waiting for my command, if only I am willing to labor in prayer. Help me to go slow enough, to wait enough, that You have time to give the answers I have sought You for. Let me grow to depend on prayer as my defense, my insurance, my rest, my joy, my labor. Teach me to pray, Lord, that I might truly leave a mark on history. For some trust in their own intelligence and strength, some labor with their hands and endeavor to be great, but I will depend on You, my Lord and God, and through my prayers, You will change the course of history.

The Joy of the Lord

The joy of the Lord is the strength of His people,
The sunshine that scatters their sadness and gloom;
The fountain that bursts in the desert of sorrow,
And sheds o'er the wilderness, gladness and bloom.

The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's burdens,
And gives to each duty a heavenly zest;
It sets to sweet music the task of the toiler,
And softens the couch of the laborer's rest.

The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's trials,
And lifts the crushed heart above sorrow and care;
Like the nightingale's notes, it can sing in the darkness,
And rejoice when the fig tree is fruitless and bare.

Oh, The Joy of the Lord!

Oh, the joy of the Lord is my strength and my song,
My sorrow and sighing are o'er;
I'll rejoice in the Lord, I'll rejoice in the Lord,
I'll rejoice in the Lord evermore!

Oh, the joy of the Lord is my strength and my song,
My sorrow and sighing are o'er;
I'll rejoice in the Lord, I'll rejoice in the Lord,
I'll rejoice in the Lord evermore!

Oh, the joy of the Lord is my strength and my song,
My sorrow and sighing are o'er;
I'll rejoice in the Lord, I'll rejoice in the Lord,
I'll rejoice in the Lord evermore!

I Paused for My Love

I paused for my Love
At the close of day,
Exhausted and torn,
Life's joy ebbing away.

By suffering and strife,
I had made it through,
But Your eyes, though still loving,
Held a saddened hue.

"Is it I who have made You sad?"
Weary and worn
I had come to my King,
Expecting "Well done,"

Maybe angels will sing!
Slow, dragging my spoils,
Through effort, hard won.
But the pain I perceive
Has now hidden the sun.

"Is there more I've not done?" I ask.
"I thought You'd be glad
When the task was complete,
And my long day was done,

My work laid at Your feet.
What have I done wrong?
Did I fail once again?
Did I miss some small part?

Did I fall down in sin?
Why do I sense such deep pain?"
He said, "My darling, My hands do not long
For one tired and worn.

My eyes draw not joy
From one bleeding and torn.
I long for a bride
With no thought but of Me,

I reach out to touch you,
But what do I see?
Lifeless works, but not you, in My arms.”
I exclaimed in dismay,

“Oh, fool that I am!
For my labors in vain,
While striving to please
Had only brought Him more pain.

Do I try even harder
His love now to win?
What strength do I have
Now to win Him again?

Oh, forgive me for failing!” I cry.
He answered me,
“Cast aside all this strife.
Bring yourself now to Me,
Fill the role as My wife,
Find My love pure and free.
For I long for your touch,
Nothing more than your heart.

But it can't be divided,
I can't claim just a part.
Then My joy you will evermore see.”
Now I walk with my Love

At the close of the day,
My efforts without Him
Have faded away.
It's His work, Him I praise,

We now labor as one,
Till at last 'neath the stars,
Hand in hand, we do run,
And a deep, wondrous joy

From His eyes lights my way,
And my heart is at peace,
As His lips gently say,
“I love you, My queen and My bride.”

Madame Guyon

Lord, speak to me that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou has sought, so let me seek
Thine erring children lost and lone.

O Lead Me Lord

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
Lord, wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine Own sweet rest to me
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In ardent thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances Havergal

Temple Time

Your presence was meant to cover me,
The breath of Your Spirit to comfort me,
Your body destined to love me,
And Your whispers to bathe me in calm.
Yet oft I struggle and tire in battle,
Grow weary and lonely because,
I neglected the simple wonder,
Of time in the temple to pause.
Oh, refresh my spirit with one breath;
Clarify my mind with one strain
Of Your heavenly, exotic music,
To clear all my thoughts away.
Come solve every problem with one glimpse,
And make it worth it all.
Come shower Your fragrance upon me,
And cradle me in Your song.
For I long to hear Your beautiful music;
I wish to marvel at Your sky;
How I crave the breath of Your elixir;
To the height of Your presence I fly.

Praise the Lord

Praise the Lord, sing hallelujah,
From the heavens praise His Name!
Praise the Lord, our great Creator,
All His angels praise proclaim.

All His hosts together praise Him,
Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
Praise the Lord, O heaven of heavens,
And the clouds that roam the sky!

Let them praise the Lord, their maker,
They were made at His command,
God established them forever,
His decree shall ever stand.

Let the Earth sing hallelujah,
Raging seas and creatures all,
Fire, and hail, and snow, and tempests,
Stormy winds that hear His call.

All the fruitful trees and cedars,
Every hill and mountain high
Creeping things, and beasts, and cattle,
Birds that in the heavens fly.
Kings of Earth, and all the people,
Princes great, Earth's judges all,
Praise His Name, young men and maidens,
Aged men and children small.

Praise the Lord, sing hallelujah,
For His Name alone is high,
And His glory is exalted
Far above the Earth and sky!

William Kirkpatrick

Make My Heart Anew

God, Who touchest Earth with beauty,
Make my heart anew;
With Thy Spirit recreate me,
Pure and strong and true.

Like Thy springs and running waters,
Make me crystal pure;
Like Thy rocks of towering grandeur,
Make me strong and sure.

Like Thy dancing waves in sunlight,
Make me glad and free;
Like the straightness of the pine trees
Let me upright be.

Like the arching of the heavens,
Lift my thoughts above,
Turn my dreams to noble action:
Ministries of love.

God, Who touchest Earth with beauty,
Make my heart anew;
Keep me ever by the Spirit,
Pure and strong and true.

Mary Edgard

In His Treasuries

With the staff that had failed in my need,
Where the road had been stony and steep;
With the lamp that was smoking and dim,
Though the darkness was growing more deep;

Weary, too weary to pray,
And too heavy-hearted to sing,
Faint with the toils of the way,
I came to the court of the King.

There where the fountains fall cool,
Their waters unfailing and pure;
There where the ministering palms,
Stand like His promises sure,

Oh! there was peace in its shade,
Oh! there was rest in its calm;
And its sweet silences lay,
On my bruised spirit like balm.

Long did I kneel in His court,
And walk in His garden so fair;
All I had lost or had lacked,
I found in His treasures there;

Oil to replenish my lamp,
His kindness a crown for my head,
For the staff that had wounded my hand,
The rod of His mercy instead.

A garment of praises I found,
For the sullen, dark garb I had worn,
And sandals of peace for the feet,
That the rocks and the briars had torn;

Joy for my mourning He gave,
Making my spirit to sing,
And, girded with gladness and strength,
I went out from the court of the King.

Annie Johnson Flint

He Giveth More Grace

He giveth more grace as our burdens grow greater,
He sendeth more strength as our labors increase;
To added afflictions He addeth His mercy,
To multiplied trials He multiplies peace.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,
When our strength has failed ere the day is half done,
When we reach the end of our hoarded resources
Our Father's full giving is only begun.

His love has no limits, His grace has no measure,
His power no boundary known unto men;
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus
He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again.

Annie Johnson Flint

I Needed the Quiet

I needed the quiet so He drew me aside,
Into the shadows where we could confide.
Away from the bustle where all the day long
I hurried and worried when active and strong.

I needed the quiet tho' at first I rebelled,
But gently, so gently, my cross He upheld
And whispered so sweetly of heavenly things
Tho' weakened in body, my spirit took wings

To heights never dreamed of when active all day.
He loved me so greatly He drew me away.
I needed the quiet. No prison my bed,
But a beautiful valley of blessing instead—
A place to grow richer in Jesus to hide.
I needed the quiet so He drew me aside.

Thy Word is Like a Garden

Thy Word is like a garden, Lord, with flowers
bright and fair;
And everyone who seeks may pluck a lovely
cluster there.

Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; and
jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths for every
searcher there.

Thy Word is like a starry host: a thousand rays
of light
Are seen to guide the traveler and make his
pathway bright.

Thy Word is like an armory, where soldiers
may prepare;
And find, for life's long battle day, all needed
weapons there.

Oh, may I love Thy precious Word, may I ex-
plore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean, may light
upon me shine!

Oh, may I find my armor there! Thy Word my
trusty sword,
I'll learn to fight 'gainst every foe the battles
of the Lord.

Still My Spirit, Lord

Still my spirit, Lord, so that You can then fill it;
Fill it with all the goodness and power and
wisdom of You.
I don't want to leave this place with just a few
drops in me,
Or being a quarter full, or half full, or even
"almost" full.

Still me long enough that I will receive all that I
need,
That I will stay open as You pour in everything
I crave,
Every ingredient to combine for the perfect
beverage,
That I may go from here and pour it out to
others.

I have nothing to give them, nothing to quench
their thirst with,
Unless my pitcher has been filled by You first.
I know they are thirsty, and I want to slake their
thirst,
But I am thirsty too, and my thirst must be
quenched.

It is a thirst that cannot be satisfied in a day, or a
lifetime,
For I will always and forever long and yearn to
drink You in.
So I come to You today, and every day, and
throughout each day.
I come to drink You in, and You nourish me.

I know I need You, and I want You with every
thing in me.
It's just the sitting still that sometimes gets to
me.
And as much as my heart wants it, carnality tries
to pull me away.
I know I need sustenance and refreshing of
spirit,

Yet sometimes I leave having had only a few sips,
When I could have drunk in cup after cup after cup.
So still me and quiet me today, and keep me here with You
Until I am complete; thirst slaked, pitcher filled,
mission accomplished.

You Can Turn the Tide with Praise

Do you feel like a pincushion and the Devil's got the pins?
Does it seem like though you're fighting, still each time he always wins?
When you want a fresh new start, but all your sins he just replays,
What you need is a new vision, and it floods in as you praise.

Praise can heal and cleanse and feed and save,
But don't think that is all.
Praise can smash and crush the Devil's pow'r,
So that you stand strong and tall.

Are your walls all weak and shaky and the storm's a rollin' in?
Do you feel like you are sinkin' in the deep quicksand of sin?

You've planned the day out to a T, yet each plan he still waylays.
What you need is a new vision; you can blast right through with praise!

Praise can heal and cleanse and feed and save,
But don't think that is all.
Praise can smash and crush the Devil's pow'r,
So that you stand strong and tall.

Do your troubles feel like bowlin' balls and you're the leading pin?
Do the works you thought were made of gold turn out to be just tin?

Does the path of hope that once was clear seem lost in foggy haze?
What you need is a new vision; you can turn the tide with praise.

Praise can heal and cleanse and feed and save,
But don't think that is all.
Praise can smash and crush the Devil's pow'r,
So that you stand strong and tall!

Claim the power of praise and hit him back, the victory's yours to win!
As you praise you'll wash defeat away, you've done the Old Boy in.

He'll be fleeing as your arms go up, his plans are set ablaze.
'Cause you claimed a brand-new vision through the weapon of pure praise.

Praise can heal and cleanse and feed and save,
But don't think that is all.
Praise can smash and crush the Devil's pow'r,
So that you stand strong and tall!

So I Send You

So send I you to labor unrewarded,
To serve unpaid, unloved, unsought, unknown,
To bear rebuke, to suffer scorn and scoffing,
So send I you to toil for Me alone.

So send I you—to loneliness and longing,
With heart a-hungering for the loved and known;
Forsaking home and kindred, friend and dear one,
So send I you—to know My love alone.

So send I you—to leave your life's ambitions,
To die to dear desire, self-will resign,
To labor long and love where men revile you,
So send I you—to lose your life in Mine.

So send I you—by grace made strong to triumph
O'er hosts of hell, o'er darkness, death, and sin,
My name to bear, and in that name to conquer—
So send I you, My victory to win.

So send I you—to take to souls in bondage
The word of truth that sets the captive free,
To break the bonds of sin, to loose death's fetters—
So send I you, to bring the lost to Me.

So send I you—My strength to know in weakness,
My joy in grief, My perfect peace in pain,
To prove My power, My grace, My promised presence—
So send I you, eternal fruit to gain.

So send I you—to bear My cross with patience,
And then one day with joy to lay it down,
To hear My voice, "Well done, My faithful servant—
Come, share My throne, My Kingdom, and My crown!"

Margaret Clarkson

O For a Thousand Tongues

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the Earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Glory to God, and praise and love
Be ever, ever given,
By saints below and saints above,
The church in Earth and Heaven.

Charles Wesley

I Sing the Mighty Power

I sing the mighty power of God, that made the
mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad, and built
the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained the sun to rule
the day;
The moon shines full at God's command, and
all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord, who filled the
Earth with food,
Who formed the creatures through the Word,
and then pronounced them good.
Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
where'er I turn my eye

If I survey the ground I tread, or gaze upon the
sky.
There's not a plant or flower below, but makes
Thy glories known,
And clouds arise, and tempests blow, by order
from Thy throne;
While all that borrows life from Thee is ever

in Thy care;
And everywhere that we can be, Thou, God,
art present there.

Isaac Watts

Jesus, Thou everlasting King

Jesus, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept Thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee.
Let every act of worship be
Like our marriages, Lord, to Thee.

Like the blessed hour when from above,
We first received the pledge of love.
The gladness of that happy day,
Oh, may it ever, ever stay;

Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, or love grow cold.
Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy Name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts

Jesus!

Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
I'll say aloud Your Name,
Till it softly, slowly,
Sets my heart aflame.
Jesus, name of cleansing,
Washing all my stains;
Jesus, name of healing,
Balm for all my pains.
Jesus, name of boldness,
Making cowards brave;
Name that in the battle
Certainly will save.
Jesus, name of gladness,
Through the vale of tears,
Till I reach the Homeland
And the eternal years.

O Jesus, Jesus

O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord!
Indulge me when I say,
For very love, Thy sacred Name
A thousand times a day.

O Jesus, Lord, with me abide;
I rest in Thee, whate'er betide;
Thy gracious smile is my reward;
I love, I love Thee, Lord!

I love Thee so I know not how
My transports to control;
I love Thee so I know not how
My feelings to control;

Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.
For Thou to me art all in all,
My honor and my wealth;

My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.
Burn, burn, O love, within my heart,
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned, and burned away.

O light in darkness, joy in grief,
O heav'n begun on Earth;
Jesus, my Love, my Treasure,
Who can tell what Thou art worth?

What limit is there to this love?
Thy flight, where wilt Thou stay?
On, on! Our Lord is sweeter far
Today than yesterday.

Frederick W. Faber

O That I Had a Thousand Voices

Ye forest leaves, so green and tender,
That dance for joy in summer air;
Ye meadow grasses, bright and slender,
Ye flowers, so wondrous sweet and fair,

That live to show His praise alone,
Help me to make His glory known.
Ye creatures that have breath and motion,
That fill with life, Earth, sea and sky,

Oh, join me in my heart's devotion,
As I exalt the Lord most high:
My utmost powers can ne'er aright
Declare the wonders of His might.

Joyful, Joyful

Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee, God of glory,
Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee, open
ing to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness; drive the
dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness, fill us with the
light of day!

All Thy works with joy surround Thee, Earth
and Heaven reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around Thee, center of
unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain, flowery
meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain call us to
rejoice in Thee.

Mortals, join the happy chorus, which the
morning stars began;
Father love is reigning o'er us, brother love
binds man to man.
Ever singing, march we onward, victors in the
midst of strife,
Joyful music leads us Sunward in the triumph
song of life!