Thou who sentest thine Apostles







Thou who sentest Thine apostles Two and two before Thy face, Partners in the night of toiling, Heirs together of Thy grace, Throned at length, their labors ended, Each in his appointed place.

Praise to Thee for those Thy champions Whom our hymns today proclaim; One, whose zeal by Thee enlightened Burned anew with nobler flame; One, the kinsman of Thy childhood, Brought at last to know Thy name. Praise to Thee! Thy fire within them Spake in love, and wrought in power; Seen in mighty signs and wonders In Thy Church's morning hour; Heard in tones of sternest warning When the storms began to lower.

God the Father, great and wondrous In Thy works, to Thee be praise; King of saints, to Thee be glory, Just and true in all Thy ways; Praise to Thee, from both proceeding, Holy Ghost, through endless days.

John Ellerton

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