

# There is a book, who runs may read

John Fawcett, c1822

Relief  
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There is a Book that all may read,  
[or There is a Book, who runs may read,]  
Which heav'nly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that Book, to show  
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,  
A wondrous race they run;  
But each their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its Sun.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display,  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
The Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast giv'n me eyes to see,  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere.

J. Keble