Chilton Foliat 10.10.10.10





Awake, O Lord, as in the time of old! Come, Holy Spirit, in Thy power and might; For lack of Thee our hearts are strangely cold, Our minds but blindly groping towards the light.

Doubts are abroad: make Thou these doubts to cease! Fears are within: set Thou these fears at rest! Strife is among us: melt that strife to peace! Change marches onward: may all change blest!

Make us to be what we profess to be; Let prayer be prayer, and praise be heartfelt praise; From unreality, O set us free, And let our words be echoed by our ways.

Turn us, good Lord, and so shall we be turned: Let every passion grieving Thee be stilled: Then shall our race be won, our guerdon earned, Our Master looked on, and our joy fulfilled.

Henry Twells