My faith, it is an oaken staff







My faith, it is an oaken staff, The traveler's well loved aid; My faith, it is a weapon stout, The soldier's trusty blade, I'll travel on, and still be stirred, By silent thought or social word; By all my perils undeterred, A soldier pilgrim staid.

I have a Captain, and the heart Of every private man Has drunk in valour from His eyes Since first the war began: He is most merciful in fight, And of His scars a single sight The embers of our failing might Into a flame can fan. I have a Guide, and in His steps When travelers have trod, Whether beneath was flinty rock Or yielding grassy sod, They cared not, with force unspent, Unmoved by pain, they onward went, Unstayed by pleasures, still they bent Their zealous course to God.

My faith, it is an oaken staff,
O let me on it lean!
My faith, it is a trusty sword,
May falsehood find it keen!
Thy Spirit, Lord, to me impart,
O make me what Thou ever art,
Of patient and courageous heart,
As all true saints have been.

Thomas T. Lynch