

Blow, winds of God

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
the mists of earth away;
shine out, O Light divine, and show
how wide and far we stray.

Our thoughts lie open in thy sight;
and naked to thy glance
our secret sins are in the light
of thy pure countenance.

To thee our full humanity,
its joys and pains, belong;
the wrong of man to man on thee
inflicts a deeper wrong.

Yet weak and blinded though we be,
thou dost our service own;
we bring our varying gifts to thee,
and thou rejectest none.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
all labor vainly done;
the solemn shadow of thy Cross
is better than the sun.

And if our hearts and flesh are weak
to bear an untried pain,
the bruised reed thou wilt not break,
but strengthen and sustain.

The healing of thy seamless dress
is by our beds of pain;
we touch thee in life's throng and press,
and we are whole again.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
to turn aside from thee is hell,
to walk with thee is heaven.

(1807-1892)