

Hymn Lyrics

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O Christ, who holds the open gate

O Christ, who holds the open gate,
O Christ who drives the furrow straight,
O Christ, the plow, O Christ, the laughter
of holy white birds flying after.

Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
and thou wilt bring the young green corn,
the young green corn divinely springing,
the young green corn for ever singing.

And when the field is fresh and fair
thy blessèd feet shall glitter there,
and we will walk the weeded field,
and tell the golden harvest's yield.

The corn that makes the holy bread
by which the soul of man is fed,
the holy bread, the food unpriced,
thy everlasting mercy, O Christ.