

Hymn Lyrics

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There is a book, who runs may read

There is a book, who runs may read,
which heavenly 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 shew
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 all their radiance, all their glow,
each borrows of its Sun.

The Savior lends the light and heat
that crowns his holy hill;
the saints, like stars, around his seat,
perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in heaven
what are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom God has given,
our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fixed unswerving root,
hope their unfading flower,
fair deeds of charity their fruit,
the glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
it steals in silence down;
but where it lights, the favored place
by richest fruits is known.

One Name above all glorious names
with its ten thousand tongues
the everlasting sea proclaims,
echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
thy boundless power display:
but in the gentler breeze we find
thy 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 given me eyes to see
and love this sight so fair,
give me a heart to find out thee,

and read thee everywhere.