

Beauteous Are the Flowers of Earth

William Dix.

John Stainer, 1875.

Beauteous are the flowers of earth,
Flowers we bring with holy mirth,
Bright and sweet and gay;
Will our Father deign to own
Gifts we lay before His throne,
On this happy day?

Yes, He will; for all things bright
Are most precious in His sight,
And He loves to see
Children come with flowers for Him
Whom the flaming seraphim
Worship ceaselessly.

Yes, He will; for children's love
Makes this world like Heaven above,
Where no evil reigns,
And where all unite to bring
Purest offerings, and sing
Love's unending strains.

Yes, He will; for hearts that turn
To the sick and poor, and learn
How to make them glad,
Shine like beacons on the strand
Of the far-off, happy land,
To the lost and sad.

So our lowly gifts to Thee,
Lord of earth and sky and sea,
Thou wilt kindly take;
Every little flower we bring,
Every simple hymn we sing,
And not one forsake.