

Praise to the Heavenly Wisdom
John Ellerton, 1888.
William Monk, 1886.

Praise to the heavenly Wisdom
Who knows the hearts of all
The saintly life's beginnings,
The traitor's secret fall;
Our own ascended Master,
Who heard His Church's cry,
Made known His guiding presence,
And ruled her from on high.

Elect in His foreknowledge,
To fill the lost one's place;
He formed His chosen vessel
By hidden gifts of grace;
Then, by the lot's disposing,
He lifted up the poor,
And set him with the princes
On high for evermore.

For on the golden breastplate
Of our great priest above,
Twelve are the stones that glisten
And throbs that heart of love;
And twelve the fair foundations
Of Salem's jasper wall;
And twelve the thrones predestined
Within her judgment hall.

No mystic gem is lacking
In that divine array;
No empty throne shall darken
The glory of that day;
For lo! on twelve the Spirit,
The Father's promise, came;
And twelve went forth together
To preach the saving name.

Still guide Thy Church, Chief Shepherd,
Her losses still renew;
Be Thy dread keys entrusted
To faithful hands and true;
Apostles of Thy choosing
May all her rulers be,
That each with joy may render
His last account to Thee!