

Hymn Lyrics

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God of the prophets, bless the prophets' sons

God of the prophets! Bless the prophets' sons,
Elijah's mantle o'er Elisha cast;
each age its solemn task may claim but once;
make each one nobler, stronger, than the last.

Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attend
to thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
to human need; their lips make eloquent
to gird the right and every evil break.

Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors, they
for pardon and for charity and peace.
Ah, if with them the world might, now astray,
find in our Lord from all its woes release!

Anoint them kings; aye, kingly kings, O Lord.
Anoint them with the Spirit of thy Son.
Theirs not a jeweled crown, a blood stained sword;
theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.

Make them apostles, heralds of thy cross,
forth may they go to tell all realms thy grace;
inspired of thee, may they count all but loss,
and stand at last with joy before thy face.