

# Hymn Lyrics

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## O thou that movest all, O Power

Men and Women sing.

Men.

O Thou that movest all, O Power  
That bringest life where'er Thou art,  
O Breath of God in star and flower,  
Mysterious aim of soul and heart ;  
Within the thought that cannot grasp Thee  
In its unfathomable hold,  
We worship Thee who may not clasp Thee,  
O God, unreckoned and untold !

Women.

O Source and Sea of Love, O Spirit  
That makest every soul akin,  
O Comforter whom we inherit,  
We turn and worship Thee within !  
To give beyond all dreams of giving,  
To lose ourselves as Thou in us,  
We long ; for Thou, O Fount of living,  
Art lost in Thy creation thus !

Men.

The mass of unborn matter knew Thee,  
And lo ! the splendid silent sun  
Sprang out to be a witness to Thee  
Who art the All, who art the One ;  
The airy plants unseen that flourish  
Their floating strands of filmy rose,  
Too small for sight, are Thine to nourish ;  
For Thou art all that breathes and grows.

Women.

Thou art the ripening of the fallows,  
The swelling of the buds in rain ;  
Thou art the joy of birth that hallows  
The rending of the flesh in twain ;  
O Life, O Love, how undivided  
Thou broodest o'er this world of Thine,  
Obscure and strange, yet surely guided  
To reach a distant end divine !

Men.

We know Thee in the doubt and terror  
That reels before the world we see ;  
We knew Thee in the faiths of error ;  
We know Thee most who most are free.  
This phantom of the world around Thee  
Is vast, divine, but not the whole :  
We worship Thee, and we have found Thee  
In all that satisfies the soul !

Men and Women.

How shall we serve, how shall we own Thee,  
O breath of Love and Life and Thought ?  
How shall we praise, who are not shown Thee ?  
How shall we serve, who are as nought ?

Yet, though Thy worlds maintain unbroken  
The silence of their awful round,  
A voice within our souls hath spoken,  
And we who seek have more than found.