

Roll Out, O Song, to God!

Frank Sewall(1837-1915)

Julian Smyth.

Roll out, O song to God!

Move on, ye throngs of men!

Chances and changes come and go;

God changeth not! Amen.

And on the throngs of men,

On worrying care and strife,

Sinks down, as if from angel tongues,

The word of hope and life.

Down in the darksome ways

And worrying whirl of life

Sinks, like a strain of vesper song,

The thought of His great strife;

Who, of the virgin born,

Made all our chains His own,

And broke them with His own right arm,

Nor left us more alone.

Amid the weak, One strong,

Amid the false, One true,

Amid all change, One changing not,

One hope we ne'er shall rue.

In whose sight all is now,

In whose love all is best:

The things of this world pass away,

Come, let us in Him rest.