

Hymn lyrics 10.10.21

#52 In Sweet Fields of Autumn

Verse 1

In sweet fields of autumn the gold grain is falling,
the white clouds drift lonely, the wild swan is calling.
Alas for the daisies, the tall fern and grasses,
when wind-sweep and rainfall fill lowlands and passes.

Verse 2

The snows of December shall fill windy hollow;
the bleak rain trails after, and March wind shall follow.
The deer through the valleys leave print of their going;
and diamonds of sleet mark the ridges of snowing.

Verse 3

The stillness of death shall stoop over the water,
the plover sweep low where the pale streamlets falter;
but deep in the earth clod the black seed is living;
when spring sounds her bugles for rousing and giving.

#315 This Old World

Verse 1

This old world is full of sorrow, full of sickness, weak and sore;
if you love your neighbor truly, love will come to you the more.

Verse 2

We're all children of one family; we're all brothers, sisters, too;
if you cherish one another, love and friendship come to you.

Verse 3

This old world can be a garden, full of fragrance, full of grace;
if we love our neighbors truly, we must meet them face to face.

Verse 4

It is said now, "Love thy neighbor," and we know well that is true;
this, the sum of human labor, true for me as well as you.

#318 We Would Be One

Verse 1

We would be one as now we join in singing
our hymn of love, to pledge ourselves anew
to that high cause of greater understanding
of who we are, and what in us is true.
We would be one in living for each other
to show to all a new community.

Verse 2

We would be one in building for tomorrow
a nobler world than we have known today.
We would be one in searching for that meaning
which binds our hearts and points us on our way.
As one, we pledge ourselves to greater service,
with love and justice, strive to make us free.