Hymn lyrics 11.28.21

Hymn #53 I Walk the Unfrequented Road

I walk the unfrequented road with open eye and ear;
I watch afield the farmer load the bounty of the year.

I filch the fruit of no one's toil — no trespasser am I —
and yet I reap from every soil and from the boundless sky.

I gather where I did not sow, and bend the mystic sheaf,
the amber air, the river's flow, the rustle of the leaf.

A beauty springtime never knew haunts all the quiet ways,
and sweeter shines the landscape through its veil of autumn haze.

I face the hills, the streams, the wood, and feel with all akin;
my heart expands; their fortitude and peace and joy flow in.

Hymn #54 Now Light is Less

Verse 1)
Now light is less; noon skies are wide and deep;
the ravages of wind and rain are healed.
The haze of harvest drifts along the field
until clear eyes put on the look of sleep.

Verse 2)
The garden spider weaves a silken pear
to keep inclement weather from its young.
Straight from the oak, the gossamer is hung.
At dusk our slow breath thickens on the air.

Verse 3)
Lost hues of birds the trees take as their own.
Long since, bronze wheat was gathered into sheaves.
The walker trudges ankle deep in leaves;
the feather of the milkweed flutters down.

Verse 4
The shoots of spring have mellowed with the year.
Buds, long unsealed, obscure the narrow lane.
The blood slows trance-like in the altered vein;
our vernal wisdom moves through ripe to sere.

Hymn #87 Nearer, My God, to Thee

Verse 1)
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me;
still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Verse 2)
Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

Verse 3)
There let the way appear steps unto heaven;
all that thou sendest me in mercy given;
angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

Verse 4)
Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,
out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
so by my woes to be nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

Verse 5)
Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
sun, moon, and stars forgot, upwards I fly,
still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.