Not here for high and holy things



Not here for high and holy things we render thanks to thee, but for the common things of earth, the purple pageantry of dawning and of dying days, the splendor of the sea,

the royal robes of autumn moors, the golden gates of spring, the velvet of soft summer nights, the silver glistering of all the million million stars, the silent song they sing, of faith and hope and
love undimmed,
undying still through death,
the resurrection of the world,
what time there comes the breath
of dawn that rustles

through the trees, and that clear voice that saith:

Awake, awake to love and work! The lark is in the sky, the fields are wet with diamond dew, the worlds awake to cry their blessings on the Lord of life, as he goes meekly by.

Come, let thy voice be one with theirs, shout with their shout of praise; see how the giant sun soars up, great lord of years and days!
So let the love of Jesus come and set thy soul ablaze,

to give and give, and give again, what God hath given thee; to spend thyself nor count the cost; to serve right gloriously the God who gave all worlds that are, and all that are to be.

Geoffrey Anketel Studdert-Kennedy