



- 2. Thus were thy martyr saints of old made out of nature's weakness strong; their righteous spirits waxing bold, thy fear their care the whole day long: they heeded not the voice of men, they heard not this world's praise or blame; thy light was on their goings then, they lived thy greatness to proclaim.
- 3. O God! thy tale of former days with very shame our soul hath stirred. Are we devoted to thy praise? Are we impartial in thy Word? Alas, do we behave as those created, chosen for thine own? Dead to the world, its joys, its woes; alive to thee, to thee alone.
- 4. Where are thy Nazarites whom thou didst cleanse thy hidden foes to meet? Thou only, Lord, canst tell them now; men do not know them in the street. Are we, thy servants, seen to stand attentive to thy guiding eye, one host, prepared, at thy command, to do, to suffer, or to die?
- 5. O God of Truth! the same today as through the ne'er returning years, in ruin still art thou our stay: thou driest still the mourner's tears. thy mercy triumphs o'er our sin: thy glory shines all clouds above; thou endest what thou dost begin Eternal Wisdom: Light and Love!

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