

Forty days and forty nights

thou wast fasting in the wild;
forty days and forty nights
tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day,
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed,
Prowling beasts about Thy way,
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

Let us Thy endurance share
And from earthly greed abstain,
With Thee watching unto prayer,
With Thee strong to suffer pain.

Then if evil on us press,
Flesh or spirit to assail,
Victor in the wilderness,
May we never faint or fail.

So shall peace divine be ours,
Holier gladness ours shall be,
Come to us angelic powers,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
thou my best thought by day or by night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, thou my true word,
I ever with Thee, Thou with me Lord;
thou my great Father, I thy true son;
thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my battle-shield, sword for the fight;
be thou my dignity, thou my delight,
thou my soul's shelter, thou my high tower:
raise thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise:
thou mine inheritance now and always;
thou and thou only, first in my heart;
High King of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, after victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun.
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
o'er the world's tempestuous sea;
guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
for we have no help but thee;
yet possessing every blessing,
if our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
all our weakness thou dost know;
thou didst tread this earth before us;
thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
love with every passion blending
pleasure that can never cloy;
thus provided, pardoned, guided,
nothing can our peace destroy.