

We muddle through this world tempest-tossed,
Beleaguered by distractions here below,
And fearing we can't find the way; we're lost

Unless, until, and if a word can show
A glimpse, a hint, a glimmering in the mind
That urges us to move, to seek, to know

The root and ground of love. For here we find
Our Maker does not leave His work half done,
But brings forth life and growth by His design.

The light that brings forth life has also won
The victory over death: the dragon-slayer
Whose work in this dark age is never done . . .

And so we too are called to fight: to pray,
That we may persevere - though we are weak -
To harden wills to serve Our Lord each day.

Indeed he calls us to him, week by week:
To celebrate with joy and festal song
The King of kings among us, hidden, meek . . .

The one who bore the Cross for all our wrongs,
The King of life, who died, and reigns alive,
The one who calls us Home where we belong.