

THE ODES OF SOLOMON

A FURTHER SELECTION RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, WITH
SUGGESTED TUNES, BY S. P. T. PRIDEAUX, D.D.

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XX.

THE PRIEST

PRIEST of the Lord am I,
Within His court I stand,
To Him I offer sacrifice
As He doth me command.
Not as men serve the flesh
Or in the world have part,
His sacrifice is righteousness
And purity of heart.

Blameless present thy soul;
Thy neighbour do not wrong;
Deceive him not, nor take for thine
What doth to him belong.
His life is as thine own,
Nor bought nor sold can be;
His needs are thine, his weal and woe
Entrusted are to thee.

Freely be clothed with grace;
Come, enter Paradise;
Make thee a garland from its tree
And let thy songs arise.
The Lord shall be thy rest,
His glory go before,
His kindness and His grace be thine
In truth for evermore.

Tune, E.H., 644: "Ich halte treulich still."

XXI.

LIGHT

My arms I lifted high,
To Christ I turned my face,
For He has cast my bonds from me
And saved me by His grace.

THEOLOGY

Uplifted by His help
 I bade all darkness flee,
 And, clothed with light, my members found
 From pain and sorrow free.

I thought upon the Lord
 And ever stronger grew;
 In glory incorruptible
 His fellowship I knew.

Uplifted in His light
 I served before His throne,
 In His Presence I sang His praise,
 Confessed Him Lord alone.

My heart was filled with joy,
 My happiness ran o'er;
 With swelling heart and bursting lips
 I'll praise Him evermore.

Tune, E.H., 485: Sandys.

XXV.

THE REFUGE

From bonds set free to Thee I fled,
 For Thou art my salvation,
 My helper and my strong right hand,
 My God, my jubilation.

My enemies Thou didst restrain
 And I no more shall see them;
 Thy face was with me, and Thy grace
 Did give me power to flee them.

By many counted but as dross,
 Despisèd and forsaken,
 Thyself didst come and raise me up
 With help and power unshaken.

Thou gav'st a lamp on either hand,
 All shall be light around me;
 Thy Spirit clothed me and did loose
 The chains of death that bound me.

For Thy right hand did lift me up
 And sent for sickness healing;
 Thy righteousness gave holiness,
 Thy truth in power revealing.

Thy gentleness did make me great,
 My foes are fled for ever,
 And in Thy name I'll make my boast
 Whose rest has ending never.

Tune, E.H., 490: St. Columba.

XXVI.

P R A I S E

I praised the Lord for I am His,
 And I will speak His holy song;
 I hold His harp within my hands,
 To Him my heart and soul belong.

I'll cry to Him with my whole heart;
 With all my members tell His praise;
 I'll sing His rest, nor silent be,
 But hymns of high thanksgiving raise.

From east to west His praises sound,
 Both south and north confess His name;
 The hilltops His perfections show,
 Their utmost bounds echo the same.

Yet who can pen a worthy psalm ?
 Or read the psalms that He doth write ?
 Who find salvation for his soul,
 And train his soul to walk aright ?

And who may utter what He saith,
 The wonders of the Lord make plain ?
 He would be one himself with God
 Could man to such a height attain.

Enough it is to know and rest,
 And in His rest the singers stand,
 Like brimming streams which flow to help
 All those who ask on either hand.

Tune, E.H., 243: Solothurn.

XXIX.

H O P E

As His praise is, so He made me;
 As His goodness, so His gift;
 As His mercies, so He raised me;
 As His beauty, did uplift;
 From the depths of hell He drew me;
 All my foes He did abase;
 From the mouth of death He took me;
 Justified me by His grace.

I believed in His Anointed,
 For I saw He was the Lord;
 Signs He showed me, light He lent me,
 Gave to me His mighty sword
 To subdue the people's vauntings,
 Make the mighty bow the knee,
 Warring by His Word, and winning
 By His power the victory.

THEOLOGY

As the chaff before the east wind
 So He made my foes to fly;
 I did praise Him—Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Lord most High.
 Tho' the son of His handmaiden,
 Tho' a servant, weak and frail,
 In the Lord my hope is rooted,
 And in Him I shall not fail.

Tune, E.H., 301: Hyfrydol.

XXX. AND XXXII.

LIVING WATERS

Fill ye waters at your pleasure
 From the fountain of the Lord;
 Living waters now are opened
 For the thirsty, by His Word.

Take your rest beside His fountain,
 Sit you down, no further roam;
 Fair it is and pure and restful,
 Sweeter than the honeycomb.

From the Lord's lips see it flowing,
 From the Lord's heart is its name;
 All unknown and all undreamed of
 Boundless and unseen it came.

Blessed they who of its waters
 Drink, and find their rest thereby,
 Singing praises for His bounty
 To the Son of God most High.

There is joy to all the blessed
 Now from sin and death set free,
 Light from Him who dwells within them,
 Who is Truth eternally;

He is strong and He is holy,
 Son of God who rules the height,
 Firm He stands unmoved for ever
 In the everlasting might.

Tune, E.H., 568: "Daily, daily."

