

Oh God, our old lord,
You're good to me;
The death you died there,
On a cross at cavalry.

And when you'd died,
You left your spirit;
That all believers would,
Received the gift and fear it.

First the gift of life alone,
Which was God incarnate;
Oh his almighty throne,
That I may live my life my own.

Second was love above all else,
That I could see someone past myself;
I was to know and understand,
That in my giving was the fellowship of man.

Third was mighty in the world,
That you would win all in the world;
That through your strength two would unite,
To walk together and win the fight.

Fourth was wisdom that we need,
It gave courage to men to lead;
That those who heard would help others heed,
The four gifts of goodness by god to read.

Signed,

The Twelfth Commandment