

The church is history of era and time,
Whose weight and salvation wait in rhyme;
A tune and colour and voice highlight,
The breath of the saviour in the wind at night.

And all of creation surrender to this,
The beauty of passion and loves sweet kiss;
For hope in the world is but earthly desire,
For the voice of the angels and heavenly choir.

Now our song and our hymn over music and chorus,
As God of our hearts loves dearly to serve us;
John has his eye set well straight on thee,
The sovereign and lord our Christ on the tree.

And those who do love him know they are saved,
From all of the nations and all that was slaved;
As beauty is brilliant in the mind of the cross,
The mind that has suffered and bodies soul no loss.

For love him we do as does he doeth us,
The perfect now uniting all those who were lost;
For sin and the meaning of cup and the bread,
Beats the hell out of your heart and puts heaven in your head.

Well all we have left, is the prayer for the divine,
Where government and monarch are our lords designing;
The word on the money or coin, note and song,
Sing in echoes of glory where the wrong time was long.

Signed,

Written in pleasure