

THE ODES OF SOLOMON

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

I.

THE CROWN

A CROWN ! a crown is on my head,  
Of vigorous root and blossoms free,  
A crown of truth that withers not,  
For 'tis Thyself who crownest me.

And Thou, O Lord, Thyself art Crown,  
Thy full perfection here I see,  
Salvation, Life, and Fruitfulness,  
My Crown and Joy eternally.

Tune, E.H., 14: "Puer nobis nascitur."

III.

THE COMING OF LOVE

Love who can know except Love come to him ?  
Except he be beloved, who Love descry ?  
Me the Lord loved and now I love the Lord,  
And where His rest is there also am I.

No strangers we—His is no grudging heart,  
The Lord Most High is merciful and free;  
Now we are one, the Lover and the loved,  
As He the Son is, I a son shall be.  
(or) The Eternal Son His Sonship shares with me.

In Him is life for those who life desire;  
So saith the Spirit, and He doth not lie;  
Wherefore sing praise to God, ye sons of men,  
And serve with wise and ever watchful eye.

Tune, Hymns of the Kingdom, 92: Woodlands. Or E.H., 429: All Souls.

V.

SALVATION

I love Thee, Lord; I praise Thee, Lord;  
Forsake me not, Most High.  
Thou art my hope; Thy grace is free,  
And I shall live thereby.

Let my foes come and find me not,  
And have no light to see;  
In cloudy darkness let them grope  
And not take hold of me.

Their counsel do Thou turn to naught,  
 On their head let it fall;  
 Their evil hopes do Thou make void,  
 Their mighty power enthral.

In God's my hope, I will not fear,  
 He my salvation is;  
 I will not fear, He is my Crown  
 Against my enemies.

Tho' all things shake my feet stand firm,  
 I live tho' all things die;  
 For He's with me and I with Him  
 To all eternity.

Tune, E.H., 186: Rodwell.

## XIV.

## THE HEAVENLY FATHER

To Thee, O Lord, my eyes I turn,  
 For Thou my Father art;  
 My Mother, too—Thou feedest me  
 And joy dost aye impart.

Turn not Thy mercies then from me,  
 Thy kindness still extend;  
 Stretch out at all times Thy right hand  
 And guide me to the end.

Thee would I please, and meekly bow  
 And own Thy glorious name;  
 Confirm in me Thy love's fair fruit  
 And keep me from all shame.

Teach me Thy truth. Open to me  
 Thy Holy Spirit's lyre;  
 With fullest chord I'll sing Thy praise  
 And join the heavenly choir.

Thy tender mercies numberless  
 So shalt Thou pour on me;  
 Thou canst supply our every need —  
 Then hear us speedily.

Tune, A. and M., Second Supplement, 267: Westminster New.