

The old, old story

Dear Lord and Father of mankind
Forgive our foolish ways;
For most of us, when asked our mind,
Admit we still most pleasure find
In hymns of ancient days,
In hymns of ancient days.

The simple lyrics, for a start,
Of many a modern song,
Are far too trite to touch the heart;
Enshrine no poetry, no art;
And go on much too long,
And go on much too long.

O, for a rest from jollity
And syncopated praise!
What happened to tranquillity?
The silence of eternity
Is hard to hear these days,
Is hard to hear these days.

Send thy deep hush, subduing all
Those happy claps that drown
The tender whisper of thy call;
Triumphalism is not all,
For sometimes we feel down,
For sometimes we feel down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strummings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress
Of always having to be blessed;
Give us a bit of peace,
Give us a bit of peace.

Breathe through the beats of praise-guitar
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let drum be dumb, bring back the lyre,
Enough of earthquake, wind and fire,
Let's hear it for some calm,
Let's hear it for some calm.