

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ODE OF SOLOMON.

RENDERED IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY J. RENDEL HARRIS, M.A., LITT.D., D.THEOL.

ODE 26.

I poured out praise to the Lord ;
For I am His :
And I will speak His holy song,
For my heart is with Him.
For His Harp is in my hands,
And the Odes of His Rest shall not be silent.
I will cry unto Him from my whole heart ;
I will praise and exalt Him with all my members.
For from the East and even to the West
Is His praise :
And from the South and even to the North
Is His confession :
And from the top of the hills to their utmost bound
Is His perfection.
Oh ! that one could write the Odes of the Lord,
Or that one could read them !
Oh ! that one could train his soul for life,
That his soul might be saved !
Oh ! that one could rest on the Most High,
That from His mouth he might speak !
Oh ! that one could interpret the wonders of the Lord !
For he who interprets would be dissolved,
And that which is interpreted would remain.
For it suffices to know and to rest ;
For in the rest the singers stand ;
Like a river which has an abundant fountain,
And flows to the help of them that seek it.

Hallelujah !

ODE 26.

Fountain head of endless bliss,
 He is mine and I am His ;
 Let me music's call obey,
 Rise and tune a heavenly lay.

In my hands His holy Lyre,
 On my lips His sacred Fire,
 Music heavenly in my breast.
 Songs of peace and songs of rest.

Heaven to earth for music calls ;
 Sing His praise, ye ransomed thralls,
 Rescued from the galling chain,
 Sing His praise and sing again.

Sound it forth from East to West,
 Sing again the songs of rest ;
 South is warbling to the North,
 Warble thou His work, His worth.

Far beyond horizon's bound,
 Hill to hill takes up the sound ;
 Echoes back the furthest zone,
 Join and make His praise thy own.

Oh ! that one could join the strain,
 Mingle with that glad refrain ;
 Capture angel songs for earth,
 Dower of the second birth.

Oh ! that Jesus from on high
 Gave me heaven's minstrelsy ;
 Set my songful soul to tell
 All his wealth unsearchable.

Still when I pursue the chase,
 Following Praise from place to place,
 Making higher, further flight,
 In the depth or in the height,

Fails my spirit in the spheres,
Languishes and disappears ;
Fades from off the heavenly plains,
Passes, while its song remains.

Could I once that music reach,
Once attain that sacred speech,
Once expound that wondrous Love,
Gladly would I then remove ;

Gladly leave my finished quest,
Finding once His songs of rest ;
This the fount of life for me,
This the river, this the sea.