A PRAYER

SACRED SONG

WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

POEM BY ALFRED NOYES

High in E♭    Low in C
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(in U. S. A.)

G. Schirmer, Inc., New York
A Prayer

Alfred Noyes

Thou, whose deep ways
in the sea, Whose foot-steps are not known, To-night a world

turned from Thee Is waiting at Thy throne. The tow'ring Ba-beis that

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raised Where scoffing sophists brawl, The little anti-

brats we praised— The night is on them all. The fool hath

said— The fool hath said— And we who deemed him wise,

We who believed that Thou wast dead, How should we seek Thine eyes?
How should we plead to Thee for power, Who scorned Thee yester-
day? How should we kneel in this dread hour? Lord, teach us how to pray.

Grant us the single heart once more, That mocks no sacred thing, Th
sword of truth our fathers wore When Thou wast Lord and King.
Let darkness unto darkness tell Our deep unspoken prayer, For while our souls in darkness dwell, We know that Thou art there.