

# THE ODES *of* SOLOMON

A SELECTION RENDERED  
INTO ENGLISH VERSE

*By*

S. P. T. PRIDEAUX, D.D.

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ODES OF SOLOMON

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## FOREWORD

It is thought by some scholars that these beautiful and rapturous second- or even first-century Odes were sung at the Baptism of Catechumens in the Early Church, probably in Syria or Palestine, and it is with a similar object that these translations have been attempted, *i.e.*, that they may serve as hymns at Confirmations and Adult Baptisms. Most of them, indeed, may be sung at all seasons and in all Christian communities. In many cases considerable liberty has been taken with the order of the original, and here and there a thought changed where the sentiment was unsuitable or the allusion obscure. The rendering aims at preserving the sense of the original, and at simplicity and directness, rather than at literal translation or literary grace.

I am most grateful to the Most Rev. J. H. Bernard, D.D., Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and to Dr. J. Rendel Harris, for

their kind and courteous permission to use their translations and editions; to the Rev. E. G. Selwyn, B.D., editor of *Theology*, both for the suggestion that this work should be undertaken and for permission to reprint.

The tunes suggested are taken chiefly from "The English Hymnal" (E.H., Humphrey Milford); "Hymns of the Kingdom" (H.K., Humphrey Milford); and "Songs of Praise" (S.P., Humphrey Milford). "Additional Hymns" is published by Novello and Co.; "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (A.M.) and the "Second Supplement" by William Clowes and Sons; and the Church and School Hymnal by the S.P.C.K.

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## THE ODES OF SOLOMON

### 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., 632 : Montgomery. L.M.

### III

#### THE COMING OF LOVE

Love who can know except Love come to him ?  
Except he be beloved, who Love espy ?  
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.

In Him is life for those who life desire ;  
So saith the Spirit, and He doth not lie ;  
Praise Him and learn His ways, ye sons of men,  
And serve with wise and ever watchful eye.

Tune, E.H., 429 : All Souls. 10.10.10.10.

## 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 evil hopes do Thou make void,  
Their counsels bring to naught ;  
Let their devices fall on them,  
The cunning toils they wrought.

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 : Rodmell. c.m.

## VII

## THE JOY OF THE LORD

THE Lord ! The Lord ! He is my joy,  
In Him my heart doth rest ;  
A ready help is He ; my path  
Is of all paths the best.

His very Self He did reveal  
 By His simplicity ;  
 I saw Him and I trembled not,  
 He gracious was to me.

Though great He made Himself like me,  
 In lowliness how kind !  
 My nature and my form He took  
 That I might learn His mind ;  
 Was reckoned and became as I  
 That I might put Him on,  
 Nor turn from Him and leave the path  
 On which His feet have shone.

All-knowing He, the Incorrupt,  
 Creator, All in All,  
 My weakness saw ere I was born  
 And knew that I should fall ;  
 All-wise He knew and pitied me  
 In His abounding grace,  
 Gave me to take His sacrifice  
 And plead before His Face.

Lift up your voices, then, ye Saints,  
 Your joyful news proclaim ;  
 And ye who sing "The Lord shall come,"  
 Go out to greet His Name ;

Come forth, ye seers, behold Him nigh,  
 He stands before you now ;  
 With harp and voice sing ye His love  
 And low before Him bow.

Hatred and jealousy are gone  
 And ignorance is fled,  
 The knowledge of our gracious Lord  
 On all around is shed ;  
 Our hearts are with His sunshine filled,  
 Our tongues His power confess ;  
 The whole creation lifts its voice  
 To hymn His loveliness.

Tune, E.H., 211 : Old 81st. D.C.M.

## VIII

### THE OPEN HEART

OPEN your hearts to the joy of the Lord,  
 Let love fill your hearts and your lips  
 overflow ;  
 Bring Him a harvest, your holiness bring,  
 With tongues ever watchful His glory to  
 show.

Ye who were humbled rise up and stand forth,  
 Ye silent ones tell how your tongues were  
 set free ;  
 The Lord is your helper, your peace was made  
 sure  
 Or ever your war was, and mighty is He.

Hear now the word that the Truth would reveal,  
 Receive ye the knowledge the Most High  
 imparts ;  
 Flesh has not heard it, the word that He speaks,  
 Unknown is the message He brings to your  
 hearts.

Keep ye My secret, by it are ye kept ;  
 And keep ye My faith, for My faith keeps  
 you ;  
 My knowledge discern, ye who know Me in  
 truth ;  
 And love with affection where love is My  
 due.

I know My own, and or ever they breathed  
 I took knowledge of them and on them set  
 My sign ;

I fashioned their limbs, they are all in My  
 sight ;  
 They drink of My milk, and their life it is  
 Mine.

They are My work and the strength of My  
 thoughts,  
 I took pleasure in them and am not put to  
 shame ;  
 Who shall assail them? At My right hand  
 I set My elect and they bear My Name.

Tune, E.H., 245 : Quedlinburg ; or S.P., 160 : Birming-  
 ham. 10.10.10.10.

## IX

## THE READY EAR

OPEN your ears and I will speak with you ;  
 Give me your souls and I will give you mine.  
 The Lord in His good pleasure gives you life,  
 Perfect, eternal, in His Son divine.



Be rich in God the Father and His Word ;  
 Be strong, ye saints, redeemed by His grace ;  
 I cry you peace, that none in war shall fall,  
 And those who know Him never lose His  
 Face.

Blessèd are they who set upon their heads  
 Of Truth the everlasting diadem ;  
 Great is its price and men have fought for it,  
 And righteousness has given it to them.

Put on your crown in His true covenant,  
 The names of those who conquer in the strife  
 Shall written be within His holy Book  
 Who wills you shall have victory and life.

Tune, E.H., 438 : Song 22. 10.10.10.10.

## 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 give to me ;  
 Thou canst supply our every need—  
 Oh, hear us speedily.

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

## XV

## JOY

Joy like the sun when I watch for the morning,  
 So is the Lord both my joy and my sun,  
 Bidding me rise with the light of His dawning,  
 Scatt'ring the darkness, a new day begun.

Eyes hath He given me with holy revealing,  
 Ears became mine and His truth have I  
 heard;  
 Thought hath He quickened, all knowledge  
 unsealing,  
 And I have found pure delight in His Word.

Lo! at His call have I error forsaken,  
 He is my path and Himself is the goal;  
 Bounty ungrudged from His Hand have I  
 taken,  
 Richest salvation received for my soul.

Beauty excelling is mine and I die not—  
 Deathless is life in the land of the Lord;  
 All who are faithful, He saith—and I lie not—  
 Fully and freely shall have their reward.

Tune, E.H., Appendix, 9: Epiphany; or Church and  
 School Hymnal, 138 (ii): Springfield. 11.10.11.10.

## XX

## THE PRIEST

PRIEST of the Lord am I,  
 Within His court I stand,  
 To Him I offer sacrifice  
 As He doth me command.  
 Not as men serve the flesh  
 Or in the world have part,  
 His sacrifice is righteousness  
 And purity of heart.

Blameless present thy soul;  
 Thy neighbour do not wrong;  
 Deceive him not, nor take for thine  
 What doth to him belong.  
 His life is as thine own,  
 Nor bought nor sold can be;  
 His needs are thine, his weal and woe  
 Entrusted are to thee.

Freely be clothed with grace;  
 Come, enter Paradise;  
 Make thee a garland from its tree  
 And let thy songs arise.

The Lord shall be thy rest,  
His glory go before,  
His kindness and His grace be thine  
In truth for evermore.

Tune, E.H., 644 : "Ich halte treulich still." D.S.M.

## XXI

## LIGHT

My arms I lifted high,  
To Christ I turned my face,  
For He has cast my bonds from me  
And saved me by His grace.

Uplifted by His help  
I bade all darkness flee,  
And, clothed with light, my members found  
From pain and sorrow free.

I thought upon the Lord  
And ever stronger grew ;  
In glory incorruptible  
His fellowship I knew.

Uplifted in His light  
I served before His throne,  
And in His Presence sang His praise,  
Confessed Him Lord alone.

My heart was filled with joy,  
My happiness ran o'er ;  
With swelling heart and bursting lips  
I'll praise Him evermore.

Tune, E.H., 485 : Sandys. S.M.

## XXV

## THE REFUGE

FROM bonds set free to Thee I fled,  
For Thou art my salvation,  
My helper and my strong right hand,  
My God, my jubilation.

My enemies Thou didst restrain  
And I no more shall see them ;  
For Thou wast with me, and Thy grace  
Did give me power to flee them.

By many counted but as dross,  
 Despised and forsaken,  
 Thyself didst come and raise me up  
 With help and power unshaken.

Thou gav'st a lamp on either hand,  
 All shall be light around me ;  
 Thy Spirit clothed me and did loose  
 The chains of death that bound me.

For Thy right hand did lift me up  
 And sent for sickness healing ;  
 Thy righteousness gave holiness,  
 Thy truth in power revealing.

Thy gentleness did make me great,  
 My foes are fled for ever,  
 And in Thy Name I'll make my boast  
 Whose rest has ending never.

Tune, E.H., 490 : St. Columba. 8.7.8.7.

## XXVI

## PRAISE

I PRAISED the Lord for I am His,  
 And I will speak His holy song ;  
 I hold His harp within my hands,  
 To Him my heart and soul belong.

I'll cry to Him with my whole heart,  
 With all my members tell His praise ;  
 I'll sing His rest, nor silent be,  
 But hymns of high thanksgiving raise.

Both north and south confess His name,  
 From east to west His praises sound ;  
 The hilltops His perfections tell,  
 And echo to their utmost bound.

Yet who can pen a worthy psalm ?  
 Or read the psalms that He doth write ?  
 Who find salvation for his soul,  
 And train his soul to walk aright ?

And who may utter what He saith,  
 The wonders of the Lord make plain ?  
 He would be one himself with God  
 Could man to such a height attain.

Enough it is to know and rest,  
 And in His rest the singers stand,  
 Like brimming streams which flow to help  
 All those who ask on either hand.

Tune, S.P., 329 : Illsley. L.M.

## XXIX

## HOPE

As His praise is, so He made me ;  
 As His goodness, so His gift ;  
 As His mercies, so He raised me ;  
 As His beauty, did uplift ;  
 From the depths of hell He drew me ;  
 All my foes He did abase ;  
 From the mouth of death He took me ;  
 Justified me by His grace.

I believed in His Anointed,  
 For I saw He was the Lord ;  
 Signs He showed me, light He sent me,  
 Gave to me His mighty sword

To subdue the people's vauntings,  
 Make the mighty bow the knee,  
 Warring by His Word, and winning  
 By His power the victory.

As the chaff before the east wind  
 So He made my foes to fly ;  
 I did praise Him—Hallelujah !  
 Hallelujah ! Lord Most High.  
 Tho' the son of His handmaiden,  
 Tho' a servant, weak and frail,  
 In the Lord my hope is rooted,  
 And in Him I shall not fail.

Tune, E.H., 301 : Hyfrydol. 8.7.8.7.D.

## XXX AND XXXII

## LIVING WATERS

FILL ye waters at your pleasure  
 From the fountain of the Lord ;  
 Living waters now are opened  
 For the thirsty, by His Word.  
 Take your rest beside His fountain,  
 Sit you down, no further roam ;  
 Fair it is and pure and restful,  
 Sweeter than the honeycomb.

From the Lord's lips see it flowing,  
 From the Lord's heart is its name ;  
 All unknown and all undreamed of,  
 Boundless and unseen it came.  
 Blest are they who of its waters  
 Drink, and find their rest thereby,  
 Singing praises for His bounty  
 To the Son of God Most High.

There is joy to all the blessed  
 Now from sin and death set free,  
 Light from Him Who dwells within them,  
 Who is Truth eternally ;

He is strong and He is holy,  
 Son of God Who rules the height,  
 Firm He stands unmoved for ever  
 In the everlasting might.

Tune, E.H., 568 : "Daily, daily." 8.7.8.7.D.

## XXXIII

## GRACE

RETURN, return, ye sons of men,  
 And come, ye daughters, nigh ;  
 Forsake corruption, turn to Me,  
 And listen to My cry.

The grace of God My message is,  
 That I may enter in  
 To make you wise in ways of truth,  
 And save your souls from sin.

I am your Judge, by God's command,  
 And they who put Me on  
 Shall have no hurt, but theirs shall be  
 My pure dominion.

My chosen ones they walk in Me,  
 And those who seek My Face  
 I make to trust My Holy Name,  
 And teach them all My ways.

To God the Father let us sing,  
 And to the Christ, His Son,  
 Who with the Eternal Spirit reign,  
 For ever Three in One.

Tune, E.H., 408 : St. Paul's. C.M.

## XXXIV

## THE SIMPLE HEART

No way is hard to those of simple heart,  
 Nor can a wound assail the upright mind ;  
 No storm can shatter the enlightened thought ;  
 Where Beauty reigns all harmony I find.

Earth and the things of earth but shadows are,  
 The imaginings of those who do not know ;  
 All truth's above ; and grace salvation brings  
 That ye may live and all His praises show.

Tune, S.P., 37 : Magda. 10.10.10.10.

## XXXV

## PEACE

In quietness His dew  
 The Lord distilled on me,  
 And o'er my head a cloud of peace  
 Kept guard continually.

The earth and heaven did shake  
 And smoke at His behest  
 In fear and judgment, yet I found  
 In His commandment rest.

Ah ! more than shelter He,  
 More than foundation-stone ;  
 His dew was as a mother's milk,  
 His arms a mother's own.

His bounty made me great ;  
 Redeemed He set me right ;  
 With hands and soul upraised I knew  
 Rest in His perfect height.

Tune, E.H., 236 : Carlisle. S.M.

## XXXVI

## REST

I RESTED on the Spirit of the Lord ;  
 He made me stand and set me up on high ;  
 I saw the perfect glory of my God ;  
 I made a song to praise Him worthily.

Before His Presence I was born anew,  
 Tho' but a man was placed among God's sons,  
 Among the enlightened ; praised Him with His  
 choir ;

And great was I among His mighty ones.

According to His greatness so He wrought,  
 According to His newness made me new ;  
 His own perfection did my head anoint ;  
 As close companion to His side I drew.

Then like a cloud of dew my voice broke forth,  
 And from my heart a stream of righteousness ;  
 In peace I can approach Him ; all my ways  
 His Spirit governs and establishes.

Tune, A.M., New Ed., 1904, 533 : Shiplake. 10.10.10.10.

## XL

## THE RAPT SOUL

RICH as is the sweetness  
 Of the honey-bee,  
 Full as is a mother's love,  
 So I hope in Thee.

As the rushing fountain,  
 So my brimming soul  
 Pours His praises, and my tongue  
 Doth His Name extol.

Shining with His gladness,  
 In His love most dear  
 Triumphant, I give to Him  
 Trust and holy fear.

He gives life immortal,  
 Those who in it share  
 See nor death nor hell, but find  
 Sure redemption there.

Tune, A.M., Second Supplement, 773 : North Coates ;  
 or S.P., 6 : Glenfinlas. 6.5.7.5.



## XLI

## THE NEW SONG

Now praise the Lord, His children all,  
 His faith and truth confessing ;  
 Each one He knows ; we live in Him ;  
 We sing His love and blessing ;  
 His life He gives us in His Christ ;  
 A day of wondrous story  
 Has shined on us, and great is He  
 Who gives us of His glory.

See, on the face of every child  
 There glows the heavenly splendour ;  
 Come one and all in His great Name  
 His worthy praise to render.  
 By night and day shall His dear love  
 Be all our meditation ;  
 We'll honour Him in His goodness,  
 His joy our exultation.

Amazed all those who look on me  
 Now of the heavenly city ;  
 Father of Truth, He me begat,  
 Remembered in His pity ;

Since time began have I been His,  
 He from the first possessed me ;  
 His bounty now has given me life,  
 His loving thought has blessed me.

His Word is with us all our way,  
 He gives us life and healing ;  
 Once humbled, now exalted high  
 Through His own righteous dealing  
 His Father's glory now He wears,  
 On us His radiance casting,  
 The Saviour, Son of God Most High,  
 The Word from everlasting.

One is the Christ, and known was He  
 Before the world's foundation,  
 For ever in His Name and Truth  
 To bring to us salvation.  
 All ye who love Him lift your hearts  
 And voices high before Him—  
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
 A new song to adore Him.

Tune, E.H., 292 : St. Gall. 8.7.8.7.D.

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