



## **St Gregory's Parish Poetry Prayer Walk**

### **ECCLESIASTES 3, KING JAMES VERSION**

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:  
A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant,  
and a time to pluck up that which is planted;  
A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down,  
and a time to build up;  
A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn,  
and a time to dance;  
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;  
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;  
A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;  
A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;  
A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

### **WILD GEESE, BY MARY OLIVER 1986**

You do not have to be good....

### **PRAYER CAROL ANN DUFFY 1992**

Some days, although we cannot pray, a prayer...

### **CORPUS CHRISTI, BY EVELYN UNDERHILL**

Come, dear Heart!  
The fields are white to harvest: come and see  
As in a glass the timeless mystery  
Of love, whereby we feed  
On God, our bread indeed.  
Torn by the sickles, see him share the smart  
Of travailing Creation: maimed, despised,  
Yet by his lovers the more dearly prized  
Because for us he lays his beauty down—  
Last toll paid by Perfection for our loss!  
Trace on these fields his everlasting Cross,  
And o'er the stricken sheaves the Immortal Victim's crown.

From far horizons came a Voice that said,  
'Lo! from the hand of Death take thou thy daily bread.'  
Then I, awakening, saw  
A splendour burning in the heart of things:  
The flame of living love which lights the law

Of mystic death that works the mystic birth.  
I knew the patient passion of the earth,  
Maternal, everlasting, whence there springs  
The Bread of Angels and the life of man.

Now in each blade  
I, blind no longer, see  
The glory of God's growth: know it to be  
An earnest of the Immemorial Plan.  
Yea, I have understood  
How all things are one great oblation made:  
He on our altars, we on the world's rood.  
Even as this corn,  
Earth-born,  
We are snatched from the sod;  
Reaped, ground to grist,  
Crushed and tormented in the Mills of God,  
And offered at Life's hands, a living Eucharist.

**PIED BEAUTY, Gerard Manley Hopkins 1880**

Nothing is so beautiful as Spring  
When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;  
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush  
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring  
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;  
The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush  
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush  
With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

What is all this juice and all this joy?  
A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning  
In Eden garden. – Have, get, before it cloy,  
Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,  
Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,  
Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

**THY GOD, THY LIFE, THY CURE. [I THANK YOU GOD FOR MOST THIS AMAZING]  
E.E.CUMMINGS 1950**

## **GLORIFICAMUS TE, Ancient Irish Prayer Anon**

I offer Thee  
Every flower that ever grew,  
Every bird that ever flew,  
Every wind that ever blew,  
Good God!

Every thunder rolling,  
Every church bell tolling,  
Every leaf and sod!  
Laudamus Te!

I offer Thee  
Every wave that ever moved,  
Every heart that ever loved,  
Thee, my Father's Well-Beloved.  
Dear Lord.

Every river dashing,  
Every lightning flashing,  
Like the angel's sword.



### **BENEDICIMUS TE!**

I offer Thee  
Every cloud that ever swept  
O'er the skies and broke and wept  
In rain, and with the flowerlets slept. My King!

Each communicant praying,  
Every angel staying  
Before Thy throne to sing. Adoramus Te!

I offer Thee  
Every flake of virgin snow,  
Every spring of earth below,  
Every human joy and woe. My Love!

O Lord! And all the glorious  
Self o'er death victorious,  
Throned in heaven above. Glorificamus Te!

### **TRINITY SUNDAY, GEORGE HERBERT 1633**

Lord, who hast form'd me out of mud,  
And hast redeem'd me through thy blood  
And sanctifi'd me to do good;

Purge all my sinnes done heretofore:  
For I confesse my heavie score,  
And I will strive to sinne no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,  
With faith, with hope, with charitie;  
That I may runne, rise, rest with thee.

**PEACE, HENRY VAUGHAN**

My Soul, there is a country  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a winged sentry  
All skillful in the wars;  
There, above noise and danger  
Sweet Peace sits, crown'd with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious friend  
And (O my Soul awake!)  
Did in pure love descend,  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flow'r of peace,  
The rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
For none can thee secure,  
But One, who never changes,  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

**PRIMARY WONDER, DENISE LEVERTOV (1923 -97)**

Days pass where I forget the mystery.



### **PSALM 121, MODERN ENGLISH VERSION**

I will lift up my eyes to the hills,  
from where does my help come?  
My help comes from the Lord,  
who made heaven and earth.

He will not let your foot slip;  
He who keeps you will not slumber.  
Behold, He who guards Israel  
shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is your guardian;  
the Lord is your shade at your right hand.  
The sun shall not harm you during the day,  
nor the moon during the night.

The Lord shall protect you from all evil;  
He shall preserve your soul.  
The Lord shall preserve your going out and your coming in  
from now and for evermore.

### **THE SAME STREAM OF LIFE, RABINDRANATH TAGORE (1861-1941)**

The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day  
runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth  
in numberless blades of grass  
and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth  
and of death, in ebb and in flow.

I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life.  
And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment.

### **SERENITY PRAYER**

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change,  
the courage to change the things I can,  
and the wisdom to know the difference.

### **TRADITIONAL GAELIC BLESSING**

May the road rise up to meet you.  
May the wind be always at your back.  
May the sun shine warm upon your face;  
the rains fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again,  
may God hold you in the palm of His hand.

