

(450-550)

Grant me sweet Christ the grace to find

Son of the Living God!

A small hut in a lonesome spot

To make it my abode.

A little pool but very clear

To stand beside the place

Where all men's sins are washed away

By sanctifying grace.

A pleasant woodland all about

To shield it from the wind

And make a home for singing birds

Before it and behind.

A southern aspect for the heat

A stream along its foot,

A smooth green lawn with rich topsoil

Propitious to all fruit.

A lovely church, a home for God

Bedecked with linen fine,

Where over the white Gospel page

The Gospel candles shine.

A little house where all may dwell

And body's care be sought,

Where none shows lust or arrogance,

None thinks an evil thought.

And all I ask for housekeeping

I get and pay no fees,

Leeks from the garden, poultry, game,

Salmon and trout and bees.

My share of clothing and of food,

From the King of fairest face,

And I to sit at times alone,

And pray in every place.