

Creator of the rolling flood,
 On whom Thy people hope alone;
 Who can't'st by water and by blood,
 For man's offences to atone;
 Who, from the labours of the deep,
 Did'st set Thy servant Peter free,
 To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
 And build a glorious Church for Thee;
 Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
 And leaning on Thy bounteous Hand,
 To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
 And on Thy sacred Rock to stand;
 And when, our livelong toil to crown,
 Thy call shall shall set us the spirit free,
 To cast with joy our burden down,
 And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee.

(From "Tales of Kirkbeck."