

*Poetry.*  
THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

I love my "Book of Common Prayer,"  
It breathes a tone divine,  
The sense of truth and beauty there  
Is such a sweet and sober tone.  
It is a sacred volume, a book,  
The spirit's inspiring book,  
It guides to Christ alone.  
It is a Sacred Treasure,  
Of cows and thoughts entwined  
Of those who wove Eternity,  
And spurned the light of Time,  
A precious Volume, a book of God,  
Do we not all love this day?  
It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?

It is a book of martyrs' blood—  
Sacrificed for their Country's sake—  
Salvation is its key!

The Bard of Latona bids his lyre,

"The Shun of Zion awaits,"

The third of each prophetic word,

And spurned the light of Time,

A precious Volume, a book of God,

Do we not all love this day?