

## Tune My Heart

Hast Thou a perfect song, a boundless hymn  
of ancient pride, and glory born anew,  
of hope unfurled, and wisdom bright and grim,  
of somber joy, and wrath unleashed and true?

REFRAIN

Instruct my lips to chant, my tongue to cry!  
That canticle doth charm my soul to fly!

Hast Thou a chorus sparkling on the tongue  
of stars triumphant, lofting spears reclaimed,  
borne swiftly on the servile winds, and sung  
in crimson howls of fiercely hast'ning flame?

Hast Thou an anthem metered ring by ring:  
celestial hammers temp'ring sober fear  
to breastplates forged against what devils sling,  
and echoed by cloak-bought swords drawn, singing, clear?

Jonathan Sanford