Hymn 64 4v with intro
Mr Anon, Score Deerhurst

Live for something, be not idle
look around you for employ;
sit not down to useless dreaming
labour is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary
selfish hearts are often sad
life for you has many duties
active be, your heart made glad.

Scatter blessings in your pathway
gentle words and cheering smiles
better far than gold and silver
are their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
ever on the grateful earth
so let sympathy and kindness
gladden all to gentle mirth.

On the hearts oppressed and weary
drop the tear of sympathy
whisper words of hope and comfort
give, and your rewards shall be;
joy unto your soul returning
from this perfect fountain head
freely, as you freely give it
shall the grateful light be shed.

May the aid of Christ victorious
and the Father’s boundless love
with the Spirit’s light all-glorious
rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
with each other and the Lord
and possess in sweet communion
joys which earth cannot afford.