

1 Bless the arms that comfort,
strong to shoulder care,
gentle in their healing,
reaching through despair.
Bless the hands that labor
Martha's daily deeds;
Mary's precious ointment,
balm for different needs.

2 Bless the ears that listen,
sharing joys and fears—
laughing in our triumphs,
weeping with our tears.
Bless the eyes whose wisdom
sees through pride's façade,
cherishing our weakness
with the heart of God.

3 Bless the feet that follow,
like Naomi's Ruth—
constant friend through sorrow,
speaking holy truth:
Though our journeys lead us
far in time and space,
God anoints companions,
ministers of grace.

Mary Louise Bringle

CRANHAM (Holst)