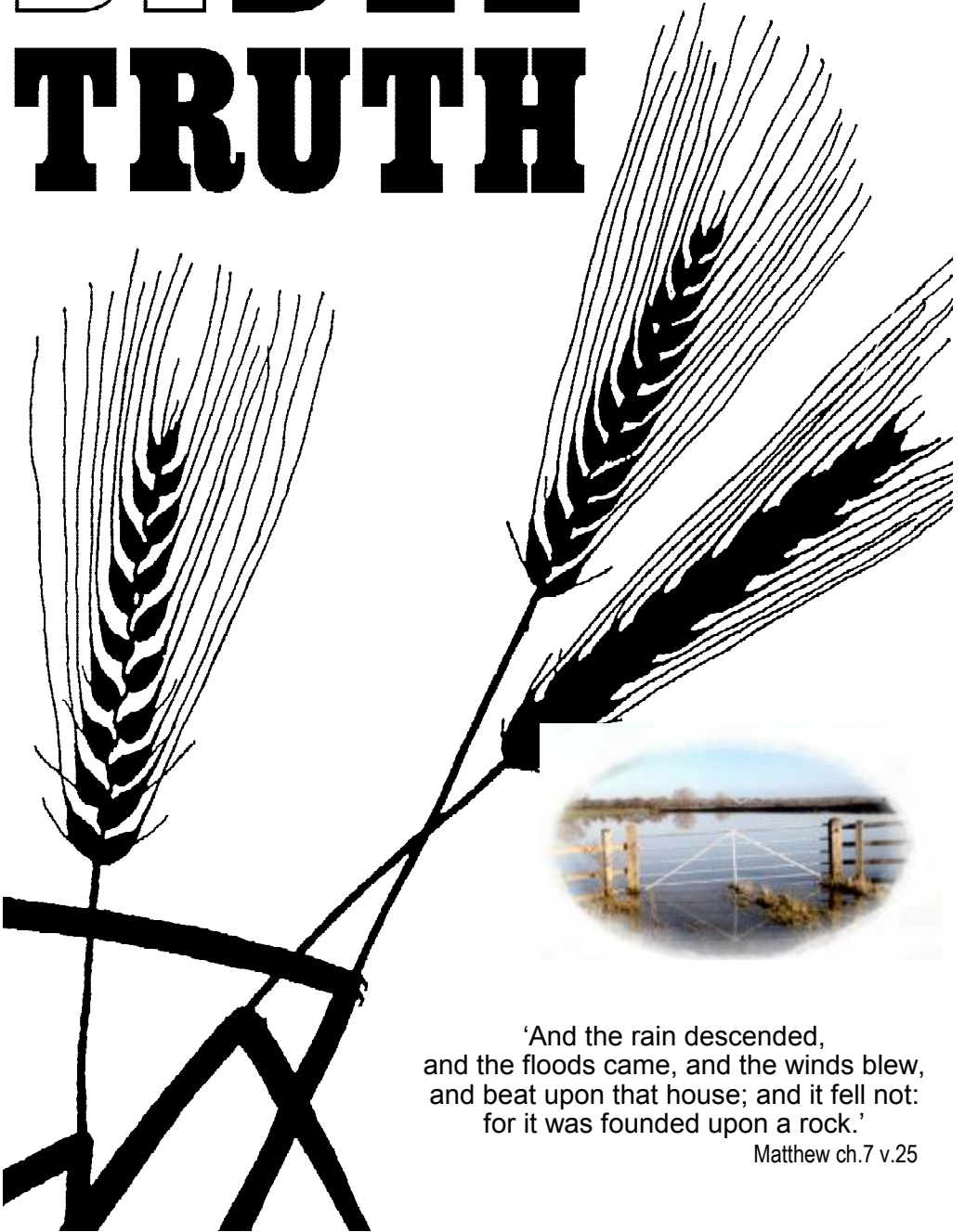


# BIBLE TRUTH

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'And the rain descended,  
and the floods came, and the winds blew,  
and beat upon that house; and it fell not:  
for it was founded upon a rock.'

Matthew ch.7 v.25

## My Vision of England

My English heritage stirs up English blood,  
What England means to me I dare not tell!  
It overwhelms my soul — a mighty ocean flood  
Whose surging passion nought indeed can quell.  
My England, my country, my dear dear land,  
My blessing and my loving all in all;  
Can I help loving Thee, England my England?  
Or turn from Thee, England my own?

My yeoman fathers loved thee, England mine!  
Those men of Somerset, my native shire,  
Bled and gladly died for Thee, my country dear;  
Did mighty deeds of valour unsung on harp or lyre,  
Left village home, and farm, and combe  
In far-flung battlefields to face untimely doom —  
Can I love Thee less than they did, England mine?  
Or turn from Thee, England my own?

Born of English sires of English blood and speech,  
Heroes of my own — my English Race;  
They dearly loved this land — this lovely land  
Of fields so green and hills with verdure strewn;  
When all is ended and life's journey's done and o'er,  
I pray no other blessing than to rest in English clay;  
Can I help loving Thee, England my England?  
Or turn from Thee, England my own?

This glorious island home of beauty fair,  
This picture-postcard parklike atmosphere;  
No better country than this England mine,  
No better people found on earth's wide-open plains,  
No sweeter tongue than that which Shakespeare spake,  
No greater wish is mine than rest in Thee;  
I love Thee, yea, I love Thee, England my England!  
I cannot turn from Thee, England my own!

*By the late Rev. Dr Norman Court*