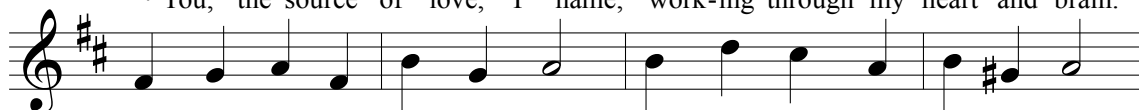


This, My Song, A Skeptic's Hymn

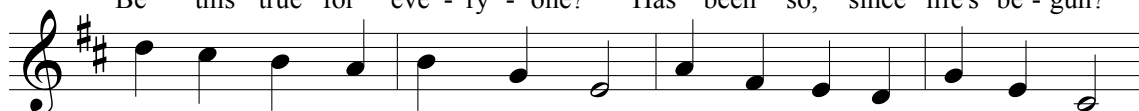
William Flanders



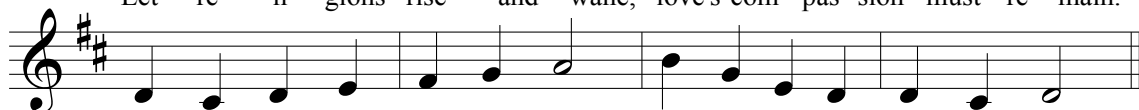
1. This, my song, a skept-ic's hymn, ode to mys - ter - y with - in,
2. Blind be - lief and full as - sent by ma - tur - i - ty are rent.
3. Noth - ing more this heart can move, than to know that I do love,
4. You, the source of love, I name, work - ing through my heart and brain.



sung to You no one can prove, dwell - ing there, as real as love.
Ques - tions fol - low ques - tions asked, taunt the pres - ent as the past,
and as cru - cial to be - lieve, I my - self can love re - ceive.
Be this true for eve - ry - one? Has been so, since life's be - gun?



Of your forms por - trayed with - out, all e - voke a ling' - ring doubt.
chal - lenge all au - thor - i - ty, scrip - ture, doc - trine, his - tor - y,
Be this but a mo - ment's grasp, such con - vic - tion long will last,
Let re - li - gions rise and wane, love's com - pas - sion must re - main.



Your own pres - ence You be - stow. From ex - per - i - ence, I know.
leav - ing what my heart has known, what ex - per - i - ence has shown.
firm - er than mere faith or guess. This ex - per - i - ence will test.
This is what a seek - er learns. This ex - per - i - ence af - firms.