

Now quit your care and anxious fear

French Carol

Quittez, Pasteurs



Now quit your care
And anxious fear and worry;
For schemes are vain
And fretting brings no gain.
To prayer, to prayer!
Bells call and clash and hurry,
In Lent the bells do cry,
"Come buy, come buy,
Come buy with love the love most high."

Lent comes in the spring,
And spring is pied with brightness;
The sweetest flowers,
Keen winds, and sun, and showers
Their health do bring
To make Lent's chastened whiteness,
For life to men brings light
And might, and might
And might to those whose hearts are right

For is not this
The fast that I have chosen? -
The prophet spoke -
To shatter every yoke
Of wickedness
The grievous bands to loosen
Oppression put to flight,
To fight, to fight,
To fight 'til every wrong's set right.

For righteousness
And peace will show their faces
To those who feed
The hungry in their need,
And wrongs redress,
Who build the old waste places,
And in the darkness shine.
Divine, divine,
Divine it is when all combine!

Then shall your light
Break forth as doth the morning;
Your health shall spring,
The friends you make shall bring
God's glory bright,
Your way through life adorning;
And love shall be the prize.
Arise, arise,
Arise! and make a paradise!

Percy Dreamer