

# BLESS THE ARMS THAT COMFORT

Mary Louise Bringle

CRANHAM  
Gustav Holst, 1874–1934



1. Bless the arms that com-fort, strong to shoul-der  
2. Bless the ears that lis-ten, shar- ing joys and  
3. Bless the feet that fol- low, like Na- o- mi's



care, gen- tle in their heal- ing, reach- ing  
fears— laugh- ing in our tri- umphs, weep- ing  
Ruth— con- stant friend through sor- row, speak- ing



through de-spair. Bless the hands that la- bor:  
with our tears. Bless the eyes whose wis- dom  
ho- ly truth: though our jour- neys lead us



Mar- tha's dai- ly deeds; Mar- y's pre- cious  
sees through pride's fa- çade, cher- ish- ing our  
far in time and space, God a- noints com-



oint- ment, balm for dif- f'rent needs.  
weak- ness with the heart of God.  
pan- ions, min- is- ters of grace.

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