

WE LIMIT NOT THE TRUTH OF GOD

English words by George Rawson, 1835.

We limit not the truth of God
to our poor reach of mind,
by notions of our day and sect,
crude, partial and confined.
No, let a new and better hope
within our hearts be stirred:
*The Lord hath yet more light and truth
to break forth from His Word.*

Darkling our great forefathers went
the first steps of the way;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
into the perfect day;
and grow it shall, our glorious Sun
more fervid rays afford:
*The Lord hath yet more light and truth
to break forth from His Word.*

Translation into Cornish by Ken George,
1994 Jun 06

Ny strothyn ni gwiryonedh Duw
dhe gompas agan bryz,
dre dybyans agan oes ha loeth,
re ynn ha re verr spys.
re bo govenek nowydh, gwell,
ow kwellhe agan cher:
*'ma golow ha gwiryonedh hwath
dhe dhoz diworth an Ger.*

Yn tewlder agan tazow veur
dre gammow eth yn-bann;
nynz o ma's bora, hwath dhe dhoz
dhe wolow dydh moy splann;
ha doz a wra an gwres a Dhuw
yn-dann an Howl somper:
*'ma golow ha gwiryonedh hwath
dhe dhoz diworth an Ger.*

Translation into Cornish by Ken George,
2009 Sep.

Ny strothyn ni gwiryonedh Duw
dhe gompas agan bryz,
dre dybyans agan dydh ha rann,
andhien, ynn keffrys:
re bo govenek nowydh, gwell,
yn agan kolonn drez:
*yma dhe'n Arludh golow hwath
a'y er dhe dhoz yn-mes.*

Yn tewl yth e an dazow veur
an kynsa kamm yn nos;
nynz o saw bora, hanter kler,
dhe vyttin hwath dhe dhoz;
dhe dhydhweyth berfyth ev a dyv
pan ro an Howl y des:
*yma dhe'n Arludh golow hwath
a'y er dhe dhoz yn-mes.*

The valleys passed, ascending still,
our souls would higher climb,
and look down from supernal heights
on all the bygone time.
Upward we press, the air is clear,
and the sphere-music heard:
*The Lord hath yet more light and truth
to break forth from His Word.*

O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
us increase from above;
enlarge, expand all Christian souls
to comprehend Thy love,
and make us all go on to know
with nobler powers conferred:
*The Lord hath yet more light and truth
to break forth from His Word.*

A-ugh an nans, ughella hwath
y hwrussen moz gans nell,
ha mires a'n ughelder bras
orth termyn gylls pell.
War-vann yth en, dhe'n purra ayr,
an ilow pel yw kler:
*'ma golow ha gwiryonedh hwath
dhe dhoz diworth an Ger.*

A Daz ha Mab ha Spyrys Sans,
gwra bras 'gan enev ni,
may fo konvedhys marthys gwell
mys Dha gerenza jy;
may fo azwonnys genen ni
puphuni yn moy kler
*boz golow ha gwiryonedh hwath
dhe dhoz diworth an Ger.*

This version was lost, so

Tune: Ellacombe

A-ugh an nans, hwath hwans yma
dhe'n enev moz yn-bann,
ri mir war ozow gylls kyns
diworth an nev a-vann.
Yn-bann yth en, an ayr yw kler
ha'n ilow nevek nes:
*yma dhe'n Arludh golow hwath
a'y er dhe dhoz yn-mes.*

A Daz, A Vab, A Spyrys Sans,
dannvenewgh dhyn an gras
ha'n nerth, may fo enevow tuz
moy efan ha moy bras,
ha gwell gonvedhys k'renza Duw
gans skians ledanhyz:
*yma dhe'n Arludh golow hwath
a'y er dhe dhos yn-mes.*

this second translation was made.