

Evermore

Thou hast heard our human cry,
And with hope thou dost inspire,
By thy lamp of shaded fire,
Lifted as thou goest by.

Travelling far o'er earth and sea,
Resting not by night or day,
Nought in nature bars thy way,
All things finite reverence thee.

Lightnings, trembling, haste away,
Thunders, wondering, utter dread,
Distance, silent, hides her head—
Thou art passing on thy way.

Time thy timeless desert dares,
Speeding far thy goal to find,
Ever, ever thee behind,
In o'erwhelming awe despairs.

Compass thee ! yea, who is he ?
Who thy nature comprehend ?
Who one thought around thee send ?
Thou wouldst cease, yea, cease to be !