

He rides the wind on fiery wing:  
 The thunders free his dread right arm:  
 For him they speak—for him are still;  
 They own and work the Godhead's will!"

Answer me, thou life-teeming earth,  
 And ye bright worlds above,  
 Who sang creation's dawning birth—  
 Hold ye the Lord of Light and Love?  
 And are your burning rays  
 His glory's shadowed blaze?

Forth shouted earth—forth sang each star,—  
 "Not here the great Jehovah's throne—  
 Not here abides the Mighty One!  
 We sing his praise from pole to pole,  
 But hold not here creation's soul!"

Mysterious power! unconfined  
 By earth or heaven's decree:

Ah! how many mortals, frail and blind,  
 Uplift their hope to thee?  
 Thick darkness robes thee round:  
 Where may'st thou, Lord, be found?

Then answered He, the Unseen Mind,—  
 "Go, mortal!" span infinitude,  
 Or grasp the sunbeam's blazing flood:  
 Go! stay the seas, or chain the wind;  
 They own, they work their Maker's will:  
 Repent, adore, and be thou still!"