

SIX LYRICS OF THE HIGHER LIFE

I.

THE NEW SONG.

Time was my heart, a lightsome troubadour,
Sang many an idle song, in ardent praise
Of fame, adventure, love—whatever sways
The soul to pride or passion; but when the lore
Of Heavenly Wisdom opened, more and more
My heart grew weary of its empty lays;
For who shall laud earth's idols, when once he weighs
Their glitter with the gold of Heaven's store?

Almighty Ruler of my life and heart!
From Thee my lips have learned a nobler strain—
Love's endless song of praise—since Thou apart
To Calvary's Cross hast led me, there to find
In that wan figure on its throne of pain
Beauty and Love and all Perfection shrined.