

40.

THEREFORE I SAY, AMEN, SO BE IT.

So be it, Lord ; the prayers are prayed,
But still we pause on bended knee,
And lingering, though the words are said,
Look fondly up to Thee.

So be it, Lord ; let nothing bad
Scatter our incense on the air,
No wandering thoughts that we have had
Arise to cloud our prayer.

So be it, Father ; yet awhile
We hang upon thy patient ear,
And in the brightness of Thy smile
A moment tarry here.

Like one who on a cloudy day
Has caught a glimpse of the blue sky,
And though the gleam have passed away,
Still looks with longing eye :

Or like a strain of music sweet,
That dies away in mountain ground,
Till one by one the hills repeat
The solitary sound :

So down the full Church falls alone
The Pastor's voice ; it sinks, and then,
Sweet echo to that solemn tone,
We breath our soft, " Amen."