



*THE KING OF KINGS.*

ALL, Thou, my Light, my Life, my Universe !

O, touch with power the weakness of my lips,  
That so my thoughts may sail the tide of verse,  
A golden fleet of passion-laden ships.

Hail, Thou, my Universe : my morn, my even,

My night, my day, my midnight, and my noon,  
My sunlight from the which all clouds are driven,  
And to mine hours of dark a silver moon.

O, fill for me all seasons and all time,

An orb to every cycle of delight,

Sphering all blisses in a golden clime,

Magnificently boundless, fair, and bright,  
Wherein the soul immersed is raised above  
Itself, to oneness with Eternal Love.

FRANK WATERS.