

SONG

Life gives us better than it takes away,
In brighter hope and broader, fuller day.

There is no past, but all things move and blend
In sure fulfilment of a promised end.

We leave the misty capes and vales we trod
For the glad sunshine on the Hills of God.

To slow, grand measure up the aisle of years
Move truths enfranchised from long bonds and
tears.

Hands that groped darkly for the truth of things
Hold the clear signet of the King of Kings.

Broad waves, that tossed in fierce white passion
heat,
Fall into psalm and kiss the resting feet.