

Enoch Walked with God

**Breaking hearts ! broken hearts ! ye are desolate and
lone.**

**And low voices from the past o'er your 'present ruin
moan ;**

**In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest
alloy,**

**And a starless night hath followed on the sunset of your
joy.**

Broken hearts ! God is joy.

**Homeless hearts ! homeless hearts ! through the dreary,
dreary years,**

**Ye are lonely, lonely wanderers, and your way is wet
with tears ;**

**In bright or blighted places, wheresoever you may roam,
Ye look away from earthland and murmur, "Where is
home ?"**

Homeless hearts ! God is home.