

VIII

THE ETERNAL HOME

**T**HEE, Infinite God, with my whole being,  
I greet !  
Let all my senses, in abasement meet,  
Spread out and touch the world beneath Thy feet.

Let all my mind, like summer rain-cloud bent  
Low to the earth with weight of showers unspent  
Bend low to Thee, in worship reverent.

Let all my songs, in their diversity,  
Finding one channel to a silent sea,  
In voiceless adoration wait on Thee.

Like homesick cranes that seek their mountain nest  
With tireless flight, let all my life, in quest  
Of its true home, strive to Thy sheltering breast.