

Father

The floor of earth, the dome of heaven I
scan,
But oh, must I, a finite, feeble man,
Bewildered with the boundless, fail to find
An ever-living, ever-loving mind ?

No, no ! the name of father lifts the veil,
And, lifting, tells a soothing glorious tale
Of Him whose children numbered are by
none,
Creator of the earth and regal sun.

Of luminaries all—the God of might
Unlimited ; the God of truth and right ;
Yea, greater still, in earth or heaven above—
A Father merciful, the God of love.

O name of Father ! in thy bosom lies
The lesson sorrow's heart alone can prize ;
From finite strength and love my father
showed
I rise to infinite—the Father, God !