

Father Of Israel Whose Word

FATHER of Israel, whose word
Worlds—even the worlds unformed—have heard.
In the rich missive from whose throne
The wondrous future is made known.

God—only puissant—the High,
Whose foot-mark is immensity;
Throned in the cycles beyond time.
Crowned with infinitudes sublime.

Camped in the light beyond all dream,
Girt with all magnitudes supreme :
Creator of all marvellous things :
Saviour—from whom all bounty springs :—

Oh, bow thine ear and bend thine eye !
Scan Israel's lack, hear Judah's cry !
Thy chosen Tribes all outcast yet,
Their princely origin forget.

Even Judah knows not in his need
The Priest who for his life must plead ;
And Israel slights, discredits yet,
The glowing words before him set,

And neither of the twain can see
Their grand approaching jubilee,
When silver trumps and rapturous peals
Cite the roused earth to Him who heals.