

Soon its base by breakers lashed
Must crumble and decay,
And o'er the ruins of its walls
The waves of ocean play.

Not so with our Maker's works—
Earth, sun, and moon, and stars;
Nor time, nor raging flood, nor fire
His universe e'er mars.

The sun his fiery chariot rides
Each day across the sky,
And nightly do the Pleiades
Their lanterns hang on high.

Since the world was fresh and young
The moon her course has run,
About her parent earth revolved
While circling round the sun.

God, who loveth all His works,
Doth oversee them all;
Without His knowledge to the earth
May not a sparrow fall.

God is beauty, power and love,—
Himself, infinity!
When earth and sky are rolled away
God is eternity!