



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

GOD.

BAIL, Thou great mysterious Being !
Thou the unseen, yet All-seeing,
To Thee we call.
How can a mortal sing Thy praise,
Or speak of all Thy wondrous ways ?
God over all.

God of the great old solemn woods,
God of the desert solitudes
And trackless sea ;
God of the crowded city vast,
God of the present and the past,
Can man know Thee ?

God of the blue vault overhead,
Of the green earth on which we tread,
Of time and space ;
God of the worlds which Time conceals,
God of the worlds which Death reveals
To all our race.