

sep 28

the thought of God

the thought of God, the thought of Thee  
who liest in my heart,  
and yet beyond imagined space  
outstretched and present art, --

the thought of Thee, above, below,  
around me and within,  
is more to me than health and wealth,  
of love of kith and kin.

the thought of God is like the tree  
beneath whose shade i lie,  
and watch the fleets of snowy clouds  
sail o'er the silent sky.

'tis like that soft invading light,  
which in all darkness shines,  
the thread that through life's sombre web  
in golden pattern twines.

it is a thought which ever makes  
life's sweetest smile from tears,  
and is a daybreak to our hopes,  
a sunset to our fears;

one while it bids the tears to flow,  
then wipes them from the eyes,  
most often fills our souls with joy,  
and always sanctifies.

within a thought so great, our souls  
little and modest grow,  
and, by its vastness awed, we learn  
the art of walking slow.

the wild flowers on the mossy ground  
scarce bends its pliant form,  
when overhead the autumnal wood  
is thundering like a storm.

so is it with our humbled souls  
down in the thought of God,  
scarce conscious in their sober peace  
of the wild storms abroad.

to think of Thee is almost prayer,  
and is outspoken praise;  
and pain can even passive thoughts  
to actual worship raise.

o Lord! i live always in pain,  
my life's sad undersong,  
pain in itself not hard to bear,  
but hard to bear so long.

little sometimes weighs more than much,  
when it has no relief;  
a joyless life is worse to bear  
than one of active grief.

and yet, o Lord! a suffering life  
one grand ascent may dare;  
penance, not self-imposed, can make  
the whole of life a prayer.

all murmurs lie inside Thy will  
which are to Thee addressed;  
to suffer for Thee is our work,  
to think of Thee our rest.

frederick william faber, 1814-1863