Lord of all majesty and might

David's Harp 88.88.88







Lord of all majesty and might, Whose presence fills the unfathomed deep, Wherein unaccounted worlds of light Through countless ages vigil keep; Eternal God, can such as we, Frail mortal men, know aught of Thee?

Beyond all knowledge Thou art wise, With wisdom that transcends all thought Yet still we seek with straining eyes, Yea, seek Thee as our fathers sought; Nor will we from the quest depart Till we shall know Thee as Thou art.

Frail though our form, and brief our day, Our mind has bridged the gulf of years, Our puny balances can weigh The magnitude of starry spheres: Within us is eternity; Whence comes it, Father, but from Thee? For, when Thy wondrous works we scan, And Mind gives answer back to mind, Thine image stands revealed in man; And, seeking, he shall surely find. Thy sons, our heritage we claim: Shall not Thy children know Thy Name?

We know in part: enough we know To walk with Thee, and walk aright; And Thou shalt guide us as we go, And lead us into fuller light, Till, when we stand before Thy throne, We know at last as we are known.

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