







Strong Son of God, immortal love, Whom we, that have not seen Thy face, By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust; Thou madest man, he knows not why, He thinks he was not made to die: And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine, The highest, holiest manhood, Thou. Our wills are ours, we know not how; Ours wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day; They have their day and cease to be; They are but broken lights of Thee, And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Alfred Tennyson