The Silence of Faith

Adapted from Thomas Campbell, 1825
Horatius Bonar, 1879, alt.

1. I can not mas-ter time and space, Nor bid im- pe-tuous a-ges pass by.
2. I can not bid the tomb dis-gorge The tro-phies of the tyrant’s power;
3. The cur-rent of one hu-man will Is far too strong for me to stay;
4. I see the years like billows break Up-on the pas-sive strand of time, And as they break, sweep off in turn Man’s works of ev-ery age and clime.

Who, what am I a-mid the wreck Of all this beau-ty, -ta
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I can not al-ter noon and night, Nor turn the shad-ows in-to power;
I can not charm the spoil-er’s hate, Nor flush a-gain one pal-lid stem;
The rush-ing flood of a thou-sand wills, How can I hope to baf-fle time, And as they break, sweep off in turn Man’s works of ev-ery age and clime. Who, what am I a-mid the wreck Of all this beau-ty, -ta

I may not span un-measured skies, Nor grasp the Plei-ads flower. A mor-tal ’mid the mor-tal here, I mourn the si-ent, them? I can not al-ter right and wrong, Nor change the false in-
in-my hand; The far and near, the great and small I see, but sad de-cay Of all that makes this world so fair, But can-not to the true; I can-not judge the Judge of all, His thoughts, His love, and power, O’er which I weep, but whose de-cay I can-not
can not understand. I help less sit, hemmed in by power And bid one radiance stay. Fain would I loose the chain of ill That ways, His words review. He speaks! I hear! O voice supreme, Be- hind for an hour? The true is never obsolete, The

will superior to my own, Encompassed round by laws un- fetters this sad, tortured earth, Yet I can but its wrongs and yond all voices sweet, sublime! He the eternal, wise and never old is never stale; I guard the gold of ancient

seen, Controlled by all, controlling none; Yet I can lean on woes Commit to Him who gave it birth. And to the Living true, And I be misted child of time. To Him in foolish- mines, And gather gems, though few and pale; I call them fair— as

Him who guides The sky, and sea, and faithful tides. One I fly For health and immortality. Neness I come, Before Him reverent and dumb. fair as when They dropped from God's bright Heav'n for men.