

# The Silence of Faith

Horatius Bonar, 1879, alt.

Adapted from Thomas Campbell, 1825

♩=135



1. I can-not mas - ter time and space, Nor bid im - pe - tuous a - ges  
2. I can-not bid the tomb dis - gorge The tro - phies of the ty - rant's  
3. The cur-rent of one hu - man will Is far too strong for me to  
4. I see the years like bil - lows break Up - on the pas - sive strand of



stay; 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



day. I may not span un - meas - ured skies, Nor grasp the Plei - ads  
flower. A mor - tal 'mid the mor - tal here, I mourn the si - lent,  
them? I can - not al - ter right and wrong, Nor change the false in -  
clime. Who, what am I a - mid the wreck Of all this beau - ty,



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 un - der - stand. I help - less sit, hemmed in by power And  
 bid one ra - diance stay. Fain would I loose the chain of ill That  
 ways, His words re - view. He speaks! I hear! O voice su - preme, Be -  
 hin - der for an hour? The true is nev - er ob - so - lete, The

will su - per - ior to my own, En - com - passed round by laws un -  
 fet - ters this sad, tor - tured earth, Yet I can but its wrongs and  
 - yond all voic - es sweet, sub - lime! He the e - ter - nal, wise and  
 nev - er old is nev - er stale; I guard the gold of an - cient

- seen, Con - trolled by all, con - trol - ling none; Yet I can lean on  
 woes Com - mit to Him who gave it birth. And to the Liv - ing  
 true, And I be - mist - ed child of time. To Him in fool - ish -  
 mines, And gath - er gems, though few and pale; I call them fair— as

Him who guides The sky, and sea, and faith - ful tides.  
 One I fly For health and im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 - ness I come, Be - fore Him rev - er - ent and dumb.  
 fair as when They dropped from God's bright Heav'n for men.