His Immensity.

Not heaven alone is thine abode,
Maker and Lord of all;
For thou, the ever present God,
Pervadest thro' the whole.

The gentle zephyr speaks thy love;
Thunders and storms thy power:
Thou shin'st in suns, and stars above;
And here in every flower.

Not present more where man is plac'd,
In groves and flowery meads:
Than rocks and sea and barren waste,
And where no footprint treads.

Q
Yet not to earth and those it own,
Thou, Lord, can’st be confin’d;
Thro’ thy creation equal known,
Acknowledg’d, present, kind.

Thro’ all diffus’d, o’er all enthron’d,
Immense is thine abode;
Beyond what countless worlds can bound,
Thro’ all th’existing God.