

**OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN;
THE LORD'S PRAYER IN A
SERIES OF SONNETS**

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Our Father in heaven; the Lord's prayer in a series of sonnets by William C. Richards

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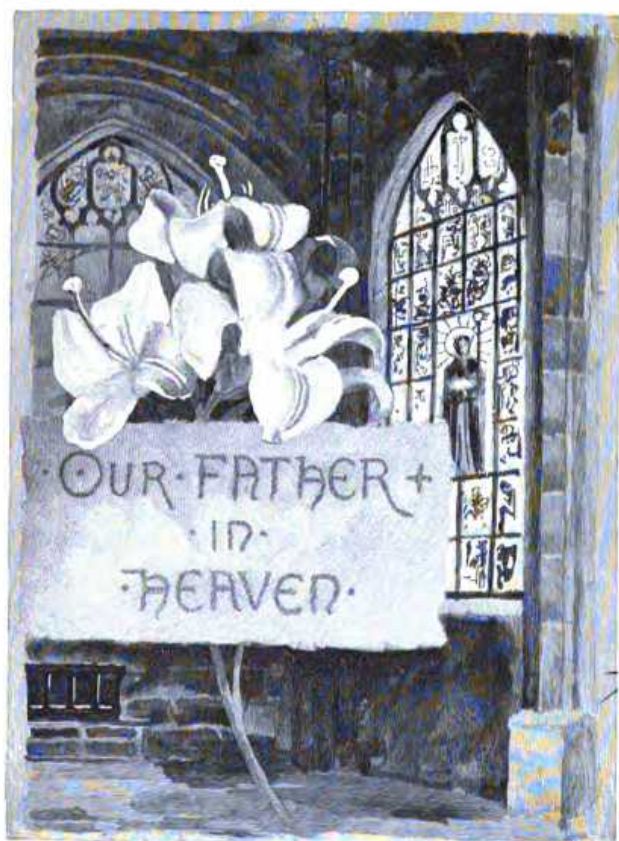
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WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

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OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN

The Lord's Prayer

IN A SERIES OF SONNETS

BY

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

AUTHOR OF "THE MOUNTAIN ANTHEM," "THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD,"
"SCIENCE IN SONG," ETC.



BOSTON

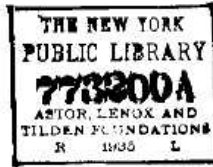
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ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Illustrated Title	EDMUND H. GARRETT.
"Our Father in Heaven"	MISS E. S. TUCKER.
"Which art in Heaven"	MISS ELLEN OAKFORD.
"Hallowed be Thy name"	MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.
"Thy kingdom come"	MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.
"Thy will be done"	MISS E. S. TUCKER.
"On earth, as it is in Heaven"	MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.
"Give us this day our daily bread"	MISS JESSIE McDERMOTT.
"Forgive us our trespasses"	MISS ELLEN OAKFORD.
"As we forgive those who trespass against us"	MISS E. S. TUCKER.
"And lead us not into temptation"	MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.
"But deliver us from evil"	MISS ELLEN OAKFORD.
"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power"	EDMUND H. GARRETT.
Amen	MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

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William Holman Hunt, 1856.



PRELUDE.

"AFTER this manner shall ye pray,"—
Said He by whom we come to God;
Divinely sweet and perfect way,
By suppliant men for ages trod:
From humble lips with unfeigned sense,
When its inspired petitions rise,
Through the dear Master's influence,
They reach OUR FATHER in the skies.

Pure homage at His unseen Throne,
We render in its words divine;
His perfect Law and Will we own,
And to their sway our hearts incline:
Our trust in His great love we place,
For daily bread, and supplicate
For pardon of our sins His grace,
As others our forgiveness wait.

Against the Tempter's charms we plead,
And every evil thought and thing;
So, in our prayer a perfect creed
Of faith and love we bring
To HIM whose Sceptre is Eterne;
Whose Power shall ever be as when
He made the countless stars to burn,
And whose all Glory is—AMEN!

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

SONSHIP.

"Our Father."

OUR Father! hear Thy helpless children plead!
Thou in Thy might, and in our weakness we,
So infinite at distance seem to be,
How can we know and feel in very deed,
With consciousness beyond the formal creed,
The unsummed bliss of Thy paternity,
Our birth and life begot, begun, in Thee,
Till with our hearts, for eyes, we learn to read?

Nor on the blazoned scroll, alone, where shine
The marvels of Thy power, in suns and stars,
Whose gaugeless grandeur mocks our littleness, —
But on the leaves of Thy sweet Book Divine,
Where Thine incarnate Son's deep griefs and scars,
Thy bounteous, boundless love for us express!

HEAVEN.

"Who art in Heaven."

O THOU, Who art in Heaven, in homage kneeling,
Our eyes cast down, we lift our hearts to Thee,
In reverent wonder what Thy Home may be,
Some faint breath of its air upon us stealing!
Prone at Thy feet we chide the daring feeling,
As if our thought with Heaven's immensity
Could cope, our eyes its dazzling portal see,
Till they from Death's kiss wake on Thy revealing!

What more of Heaven can man's weak wisdom reach
Than this, though dim, our Father there abides,
And there, in Him, all perfectness of bliss,
Still incommunicate in seraph's speech?
What else of Heaven Time's cloudy curtain hides,
Enough, my heart, for life, for death, is this!