

**UNIVERSAL
HYMN**

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Universal Hymn by Philip James Bailey

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PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

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BY

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UNIVERSAL HYMN.



ALL things, O God, by Thee made, are to Thee
Holy, and with true praisefulness inspired;
Nature and all her powers, Thy servitors,
Our friends and fellow-worshippers: and man,
Arch-priest of earth, most bounden Thee to adore.

Thou, O great Sun, whose life eliciting ray
But shadoweth forth His greater grace, who showers

On spiritual and natural world alike
His inexhaustless good : sun-kindler, Him,
Sun-quencher, praise thou and adore, who thee
Fixed in full heaven His mighty miniature;
Him, infinite centre, unseen, from whose force
Original, radiate all things, and to whom,
Inly illumining every soul of life,
Parental, they relapse ; even as thy beams,
Though world-soiled, thine all brightening breast regain.
Sun, magnify thy maker !

Moon, whose gleam
Reflective, types the God-light, wherewith shines
Man's soul, lead thou, through each sabbatic change
That errant essence to One invariable;
And, as some pilgrim maid, from shrine to shrine
Circling, insatiate of all sanctities,

Her resolute soul to expand with fullest faith,
And holiest memories; teach us, light of night,
By thy superb procession through yon skies,
Mansioned with many a world of bliss, to enlarge
Our spirits with love of God, nor know of wane,
Save in the world's attraction; so best serving
Our Lord and thine.

Twin spheres, perpetual rest
This showing, pauseless motion that, between
Whose fires, for purifying, the storied day,
The night, earth's star tipped shadow pass, and space,
World spangled, 'neath whose sensible folds, His garb,
The formless spirit within we trace; your Lord
Attest, the eternal reason of the whole;
Hidden in Himself, self manifestive cause;
Former of forms; who, source and sum of life

Bade being be ; and, from His boundless deeps
Of reason, drew law primitive and supreme.

Ye orbs, self moved, which, rounding with our own,
The infinite within, without, yourselves
Find nought but God, oh, shout aloud your proofs,
All heavens may hear ; and even the nebulous star,
Of pale, irresolute sheen, with fearful joy
Vibrant, conclude God is, our Lord, our Sire ;
Not chaos, chance, nor matter ; law inert,
Unconscious ; nor ourselves, contingent, weak,
Who might have been, as now, or not have been.
Chance hurled him prostrate in the dust when asked
The crucial question ; chaos cowed his head
In twice redoubled darkness, witting nought ;
Mute matter heard not ; no ! it was mind most skilled
All made by one omnific word ; all named

His children ; laid on every head His hand,
Whose radiant impress shows there still ; and dowered
With natural life, second to nought save soul.
Wherefore, bright worlds, your parent spirit exalt ;
Leap 'mid your solar dance ; with awful mirth
Joy in yourselves and gladden in your God.
He through your space spread tome, of light and peace,
And fates more blessed than these, of rights divine
And heavenly royalties, His starry rede
To man predictive speaks, whose words are worlds.

Stars restful, who, day's dazzling veil withdrawn,
Heaven's sanctuary illumine, your laws, powers, spheres,
Graduate, each gift of the variousness He sole
Holds in perfective fulness, reason of thanks
Past numbering, Him, through all life mundane, adore
Harmoniously. Time's tawdry pageants pass.