

I know not how the grain appears after the tiller sows.
I know not how the little seed into the tall tree grows.
I know not whence the wild wind comes that frets the
 mountain pines
I only know where ever I go, God's presence round me
 shines.

I see him when the storm clouds burst upon the smiling plain
I see him in the bow's bright span after the summer's rain.
I see him in the noon days glare - the midnight's deepest
 gloom,
I know he framed the rock ribbed hills and gave the rose its
 bloom.

I hear him in the thunder's peal and in the tempest's roar.
I hear him when the ocean's surge breaks on the sandy shore.
I know his voice is in the breeze and to my listening ears -
He speaks
From out the depth of space in music of the spheres.

The lowest whisper of my soul of God doth teach me more
Than all the dogmas or the creeds or churchmens deepest
 lore.

And yet alone I cannot sense God's fullest mystery
I feel the need of fellowship, the human unity.

Yet still I hold to reverence God we need no creed or form
Go worship him neath Heaven's blue arch or where the raging
 storm

Uproots the monarchs of the woods or plough the surging main
Or where the singing streamlet winds along the grassy plain.

Behold, God neath Niagara's roar and in the breezy spray
Or where the swan, with out-stretched wings sweeps up the
 Milky Way.

For God cannot be found within a church's narrow creed
But ye who seek will find Him in the wildest wayside weed.

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