

In Christ I Feel the Heart of God

Lucy Larcom, 1881.

Ebenezer Prout.

In Christ I feel the heart of God

Throbbing from Heav'n through earth;

Life stirs again within the clod,

Renewed in beauteous birth;

The soul springs up, a flower of prayer,

Breathing His breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God,

From His pure height reached down,

By blessed ways before untrod,

To lift us to our crown;

Vict'ry that only perfect is

Through loving sacrifice, like His.

Holding His hand, my steadied feet

May walk the air, the seas;

On life and death His smile falls sweet,

Lights up all mysteries;

Stranger nor exile can I be

In new worlds where He leadeth me.

Not my Christ only; He is ours:

Humanity's close bond;

Key to its vast, unopened powers,

Dream of our dreams beyond.

What yet we shall be none can tell:

Now we are His, and all is well.