

O Gift of Gifts!

Frederick Faber, 1849.

John Dykes, 1867.

O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!

My God, how can it be

That Thou, who hast discerning love

Shouldst give that gift to me?

How many hearts Thou mightst have had

More innocent than mine,

How many souls more worthy far

Of that sweet touch of Thine!

Ah, grace, unto unlikeliest hearts

It is thy boast to come;

The glory of thy light to find

In darkest spots a home.

How can they live, how will they die,

How bear the cross of grief,

Who have not yet the light of faith,

The courage of belief?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,

Seems trifles less than light:

Earth looks so little and so low

When faith shines full and bright.

O happy, happy that I am!

If thou canst be, O faith,

The treasure that thou art in life,

What will thou be in death?