

O Name, All Other Names Above
Frederick Hosmer, 1878.
W. F. Hurndall.

O name, all other names above,
What art Thou not to me?
Now I have learned to trust Thy love
And cast my care on Thee.

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which Thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone Thy fullness fill?

Thrice blessed be the holy souls
That lead the way to Thee,
That burn upon the martyr rolls
And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when Thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God.

The thought of Thee all sorrow calms,
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph palms
Who finds in God his all.