

There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose

James Wallace, 1825.

Frederick Baker, 1876.

There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heav'nly skill is not displayed,
And heav'nly wisdom seen.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But God has given it birth.

There's not a place on earth's vast round
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

Around, beneath, below, above,
As far as space extends,
There He displays His boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.