

Beyond, Beyond That Boundless Sea

Josiah Conder, 1824.

Henry Gauntlett.

Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,  
Above the dome of sky,  
Farther than thought itself can flee,  
Thy dwelling is on high;  
Yet dear the awful thought to me,  
That Thou, my God, art nigh.

Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind  
Feels after Thee in vain,  
Thee in these works of power to find,  
Or to Thy seat attain;  
Thy messenger, the stormy wind;  
Thy path, the trackless main;

These speak of Thee with loud acclaim:  
They thunder forth Thy praise,  
The glorious honor of Thy name,  
The wonders of Thy ways;  
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,  
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll  
Through the wide fields of air:  
The waves obey Thy dread control;  
Yet still Thou art not there.  
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,  
Who yet is everywhere?

O! not in circling depth or height,  
But in the conscious breast,  
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,  
There doth His Spirit rest.  
O come, Thou Presence infinite!  
And make Thy creature blest.