

Faint Falls the Gentle Voice of Prayer

Henry Timrod, 1864.

Benjamin Everett, 1871.

Faint falls the gentle voice of prayer,
In the wild sounds that fill the air,
Yet, Lord, we know that voice is heard,
Not less than if Thy throne it stirred.

Thine ear, Thou tender One, is caught,
If we but bend the knee in thought;
No choral song that shakes the sky
Floats farther than the Christian's sigh.

Not all the darkness of the land
Can hide the lifted eye and hand;
Nor need the clanging conflict cease,
To make Thee hear our cries for peace.