Infinitude

Thy mercy, O LORD, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep: O LORD, thou preservest man and beast.

Psalm xxxvi. 5-6.

1.

If I could pace with measured tread

The trackless course the stars have run,

If I could sail my barque across

The sea of lights beyond the sun,

And if at voyage end I came

Unto the misty edge of things

And in the thund'rous overflow

Plunged o'er, whence the eternal springs,

Then greater still, O LORD, would be

The vast infinitude of Thee.

2.

Your steadfast love and loyal care
Like starry skies are o'er me spread,
Whose spangled glories calm my fears

When darkness makes for me a bed. Bright constellations shape the script

By which in trial I construe

Your covenant of ceaseless grace

And mercies for me ever new.

3.

Your faithfulness arrayed on high

A bow of promise is to me,

An arch of varicolored truth,

Your Word, my perfect panoply.

Above me tow'rs Your awesome Name;

Majestic is the glory cloud

That leads me on my weary way

Unto the place Your oath avowed.

4

Your righteousness, like Ararat,

In grandeur mounts above the plain,

With snow-clad peaks of purity

Unsullied by the creature's stain.

Since all Your ways and all Your acts

Are ever just and clean and right,

On Thee I stand, O Mighty Rock,

And doubt and gloom are put to flight.

5

Your judgments, like the sea's expanse,

To sense and sight are all laid bare;

Your justice is the deep below

In which Your suit you do prepare,

Where cryptic tides of rectitude

Impartial and discerning flow;

Unfathomed yawns the dread abyss

Wherein my secret thoughts You know.

6.

No height, nor depth, nor length, nor breadth

Can e'er avail to compass Thee,

Nor can created thing compare

With Your divine sublimity.

Could I an epic fortress build

To the infinitude of Thee.

Of steel and stone for my repose,

Could angel warriors stand without

With flaming swords against my foes,

Then swifter still, LORD, shall I flee

-Matthew W. Hanna

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