

Slow-wheeling Saturn, of the misty beam,  
 Circles but atoms with his mighty wing;  
 And bright-eyed Sirius, but a sentry, glows  
 Upon the confines of infinity.

Where Thou art not, ev'n Nothing cannot be!  
 Where Thy smile is, is Heaven; where not—  
 all woes,  
 Sin's chaos and its gloom. Grant Thy smile be  
 My light of life, to guide me up to Thee!

### III. *Hallowed be Thy name.*

Hallowed be Thy name! In every clime,  
 'Neath every sky! Or in this smiling land,  
 Where Vice, bold-brow'd, and Craft walk  
 hand in hand,  
 And varnish'd Seeming gives a grace to Crime;  
 Or in the howling wild, or on the plain,  
 Where Pagans tremble at their rough-hewn  
 God;  
 Wherever voice hath spoke, or foot hath  
 trod;  
 Sacred Thy name! The skeptic wild and vain;  
 Rous'd from his rosy joys, the Osmanlite;  
 The laughing Ethiop; and the dusk Hindoo;  
 Thy sons of every creed, of every hue;  
 Praise Thee! Nor Earth alone. Each star  
 of night,  
 Join in the choir! 'till Heaven and Earth ac-  
 claim—  
 Still, and forever, Hallowed be Thy name!

### IV. *Thy kingdom come.*

Thy kingdom come! Speed, angel wings, that  
 time!  
 Then, known no more the guile of gain, the  
 leer  
 Of lewdness, frowning power, or pallid fear,  
 The shriek of suffering or the howl of crime!  
 All will be Thine—all blest! Thy kingdom  
 come!  
 Then in Thy arms the sinless earth will rest,  
 As smiles the infant on its mother's breast.  
 The dripping bayonet and the kindling drum  
 Unknown—for not a foe: the thong unknown,  
 For not a slave: the cells, o'er which Des-  
 pair  
 Flaps its black wing and fans the sigh-swol-  
 len air,  
 Deserted! Night will pass, and hear no groan!  
 Glad Day look down nor see nor guilt nor  
 guile;  
 And all that Thou hast made reflect Thy smile!

### V. *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*

Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven!  
 That will which chords the music-moving  
 spheres.

With harmonies unheard by mortal ears;  
 And, losing which, our orb is jarred and riven.  
 Ours a crush'd harp! Its strings by tempests  
 shaken;

Swept by the hand of sin, its guilty tones  
 Startle the spheres with discord and with  
 groans;  
 By virtue, peace, hope—all but Thee—forsaken.  
 Oh, be its chords re-strung. Thy will be done!  
 Mysterious law! Our griefs approve the  
 will:

For as shades haunt the night, grief follows  
 ill;  
 And bliss tends virtue, as the day the sun.  
 Homage on earth, as 'tis on high, be given:  
 For when Thy will is done, then earth is hea-  
 ven!

### VI. *Give us this day our daily bread.*

Give us this day our daily bread! Thou art  
 Lord of the harvest. Thou hast taught the  
 song  
 Sung by the rill the grassy vale along;  
 And 'tis Thy smile, when Summer's zephyr  
 start,  
 That makes the wavy wheat a sea of gold!  
 Give me to share thy boon! No miser hoard  
 I crave; no splendor; no Apician board;  
 Freedom, and faith, and food—and all is told.  
 I ask no more. But spare my brethren; they  
 Now beg, in vain, to toil; and cannot save  
 Their wan-eyed lov'd ones, sinking to the  
 grave.

Give them their daily bread! How many pray  
 Alas, in vain, for food! Be Famine fed;  
 And give us, Lord, this day, our daily bread!

### VII. *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.*

Forgive our trespasses, as we forgive  
 Those who against us trespass! Though  
 we take  
 Life, blessings, promis'd heaven, from Thee  
 we make  
 Life a long war 'gainst Him in whom we live  
 Pure once; now like the Cities of the Plain,  
 A bitter sea of death and darkness rolls  
 Its heavy waves above our buried souls.  
 Yet wilt Thou raise us to the light again,  
 Worms as we are, if we forgive the worm  
 That grovels in our way. How light is  
 cost,  
 And yet how hard the task! For we are  
 lost  
 In sin. Do thou my soul uphold and form!  
 Bankrupt and lost to all but hope and Thee;  
 Teach me to pardon; and oh, pardon me!