

SHOTWELL STREET. L.M.

A major John Sterling (1806-1844)

D. Harper, 2018

1. When up to night's high skies we gaze, Where stars pur - sue their heav'n - ly ways,
2. But could we rise to moon or sun, Or path where pla - nets du - ly run,
3. This earth, with all its dust and tears, Is God's, no less than yon - der spheres;
4. The rock, the wave, the fra - gile flow'r,— All fed by streams of liv - ing pow'r

We think we see, from earth's low clod, The wide and shin - ing home of God.
Still heav'n would spread a - bove us far, And earth, re - mote, would seem a star.
And rain - drops weak, and grains of sand, Are stamped by God's im - mor - tal hand.
That spring from one al - might - y will,— What e'er God's thought con - ceives ful - fill.