

Poetry.

VI.

Except the Lord conduct the plan,
We put forth all our powers in vain;
We waste our utmost strength and skill,
For something must be wanting still.

Something unmask'd by human eye,
Short-sighted man cannot supply;
But God, who makes our deed his own,
And speaks the word, Let it be done.

If God upon the action shine
And stamp it with the stamp divine;
And graciously vouchsafe to bless,
His blessing ascertains success.

Then all the opposing mountains flow,
And God's intent we plainly know;
And thankful at his feet approve,
The fruit of Almighty love.