

# An Epode From a Chorus in the Unfinished Tragedy of Sohrab.

What pow'r, beyond all pow'rs elate,  
Sustains this universal frame?  
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,  
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,  
Ethereal space, or subtile flame;  
No; 'tis one vast eternal mind,  
Too sacred for an earthly name.  
He forms, pervades, directs the whole;  
Not like the macrocosm's imag'd soul,  
But provident of endless good,  
By ways nor seen nor understood,  
Which e'en His angels vainly might explore.  
High, their highest thoughts above,  
Truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, love,  
Wrought in His heav'nly essence, blaze and soar.  
Mortals, who His glory seek,  
Rapt in contemplation meek,  
Him fear, Him trust, Him venerate, Him adore.

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