

Soli Deo Gloria

My God, no pleasure have I known of greater joy than Thee,
And no enticement of this world that shows itself to me,
Though pleasing to the eye, can ever captivate my sight,
For no such hollow shell compares to Thee for Man's delight.

With vision fixed upon Thy face I run to seize the prize:
The higher goal, the glory whereon I have set my eyes.
Not turning to the right nor left nor straying from my course,
For Thou who are my strength to run are both my end and source.

And though this jar of clay will soon be chipped and worn and old,
Still yet Thou may enforce it 'round with bands of ornate gold,
Bejeweled not for its own sake or value it may bring,
But only that it may be better fit to serve my King.

My God, no angel heaven-bound has words enough to say
Nor time enough, though full ten thousand years pass every day,
To represent what praise is due or full describe Thy name
Though every tree and rock would leap to aid him in that aim.

But pressing on, I give to Thee what Thou hast given me
And praise Thee now as soon I will through all eternity.
I pray that Thou would carry me to reach the final Crown
And grasp it tight 'till, at Thy feet, I gladly cast it down.

Jonathan Sanford