

1864

## THE AGED PASTOR

by William Cullen Bryant

Thy love, O God! from year to year,  
Has watched thy faithful pastor here,  
Till fifty years of toil have now  
Engraved their tokens on his brow.

~

Fast have the seasons rolled away;  
A moment in thy sight were they,  
Yet while their rapid course was run,  
What mighty works thy hand has done!

~

What empires rose, and, at thy frown,  
In sudden weakness crumbled down!  
What barriers, reared by earth and hell,  
Against thy truth, gave way and fell!

~

Meanwhile, beneath thy gracious sight  
This flock has dwelt in peace and light,  
By living waters gently led,  
And in perennial pastures fed.

~

Oh, when before thy judgment seat  
The pastor and his flock shall meet,  
May thy benignant voice attest  
Their welcome to thine endless rest.

THE END