

## **Freestone**

# **"The Ancient Of Days"**

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A mind not to be changed by place or time  
Can make night of day, blue out of grey  
It's still in the mind  
What matter the game, if I still be the same  
And what should I be, no less than he  
Whom thunder hath made a little greater

What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support  
What in me is dark  
That to the highth of this great Argument  
I may assert th'Eternal Existence  
And justify the ways of God to men

He took the golden Compasses  
prepar'd in Gods Eternal store  
To circumscribe this Universe and all created things  
One foot he center'd, the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profundity obscure  
And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds  
This be thy just Circumference, o World.

The world destroyed and world restored  
Where peace never dwells, hope never comes  
Love comes to all  
A place of rest, where providence guides  
Hand in hand with wandering steps  
Through Eden took our lonely way

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