

Stanisław Soyka, My God And I

My God and I go in the field together;
We walk and talk as good friends should and do;
We clasp our hands, our voices ring with laughter;
My God and I walk through the meadow's hue.
We clasp our hands, our voices ring with laughter;
My God and I walk through the meadow's hue.

He tells me of the years that went before me
When heavenly plans were made for me to be;
When all was but a dream of dim conception
To come to life, earth's verdant glory see.
When all was but a dream of dim conception
To come to life, earth's verdant glory see.

My God and I will go for aye together,
We'll walk, and talk, as good friends do;
This earth will pass, and with it common trifles,
But God and I will go unendingly .
This earth will pass, and with it common trifles,
But God and I will go unendingly