

Faith

It can't be bought at any price,
Nor can it be forced on one;
It can't be stolen by a thief,
Nor can it be overdone.

It cannot flourish in the proud,
Nor live within the Godless;
It can't be given as a gift,
Without it life is worthless.

It will survive all suffering,
And can't be killed by torture;
It lives within the prison camps,
With hope the inmates nature.

It can belong to rich and poor,
The humble and remorseful;
Blossoms in a forgiving heart,
The loyal and the thoughtful.

Faith is there in the soul that's blest,
By the everlasting God;
It gently leads the life of man,
An unseen divining rod.

Margaret F. Csovanyos

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