

TRUTH

Truth is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch,
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace,
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the Word,
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith, to tread
All falsehood under feet.

By Ben Johnson (1572-1637)