

You kneel — the angels stoop to hear
The words unheard by other ears,
These worshippers, straight laced, austere,
Know not the language of the spheres :
You see, I think, the heavenly throng,
You feel, I think, the fluttering wings,
You hear, I think you hear the song
Of joy the ransomed spirit sings.

But list, your eyes are turned to mine—
Your thoughts are wandering far away,
Above you bends the odorous pine
Below they rake the fragrant hay ;
You hear the birds sing and the brook,
Lap filled with ferns and golden rod,
And with no book but nature's book
You worship God, alone with God.