

Methinks the dews from heaven
Filtering through the air,
Like soothing balm, so freely given
To Nature's children fair,

Tell of a power divine
That thrills the hearts of men,
As dew-drops on the drooping vine
Revive its leaves again;

Tell of a God of grace
Who guards His children all,
And o'er each trusting upturned face
Lets dews of mercy fall.

Thus under starry sky,
In silence of the night,
Then most I feel that God is nigh,
And clear is Heaven's light.