

For now thou look'st on many a happy home
And wide-spread fields that promise golden grain,
While thro' thine avenues of pleasure roam
The grey-haired grandsire and the youthful swain,
And silvery sounds of childish laughter greet
The welcoming ear in cadence glad and sweet.

Oh, silent watcher of the city great,
Lofty and vast thy vision doth excite,
Thoughts in my soul above its vulgar state
Of care diurnal, void of faith and light,
Thou pointest to the realm of God above,
And whisperest me His Power and His Love.