

Yet but an earnest, they, of that grand song,
That universal dwells all things among;
For all the works of God that eye doth see,
In beauty, grace and sweetest harmony
Abound; and to responsive souls distil
Rich melodies, that charm, enchant and thrill;
Unknown to ear are they, but to inner hearing,
Deep hidden in the soul, heaven-born appearing.

From him that hath gone forth in reverent mood,
And there, in nature's realm, hath wondering stood,
This soothing harmony, this holy strain,
Calls forth his true soul's chaste and glad refrain;
Full well he knows, full well he feels it true,
That thanks and praise are nature's right and due
For song, too exquisite for mortal ears,
Yet flowing on, the rapture of the years.

'Tis untold bliss, in unison to be,
With nature's beauty scenes, with nature's glee;
And higher, holier music, this, than chant
Of human voice, however resonant.

Couldst thou, O man, but pause in thy pursuit,
And view thy soul, so poor and destitute,
Thy shrunken mind, to one sole object strained,
Then thou mightst see that naught, alas! is gained
By madd'ning rush for wealth or high estate;
Mightst know thy loss so dire, ere it be too late
To turn away, and spurn a course like this,
For life that grander is and crowned with bliss;
That lacketh not the hour for communion sweet
With scenes, remote from crowded mart and street,
Where woody slopes and hills, and valleys wide,
Anew, the shrivelled soul and mind provide
With nourishment, exalting and divine;
And thou mightst know a richer blessing thine.

The chorus of the ages would be thine
While feasting thus on superb nature's wine;
A new and richer life would expansive flow