

Which hugs the cedar, which wraps round the oak,
Which washes cattle's walls, and craggy rocks,
Which rides upon the backs of highest hills,
Which dwelleth in expanse from clouds to sods,
Which high above the clouds does still rejoice,
This air, this home of spirits, seems a part
Of this sweet deity whose strains I sing.

Then had the very clods, when Peace arrived
Become enamoured of her beauteous reign.
The various humblest flowers of the field
Gave forth their various perfumes in her praise.
The skies above seemed smiling on the earth
In sweet approval and in bonds of love.
The idle lily stood, the red rose hung,
The tangled grass bent with the rustling wind,
Great gifts of silence rested on the earth,
And the child's prattle was of War no more.