

How wondrous this life-sustaining air;
 Tremendous, what forces lie quiet there!
 Enormous and deep,
 Are the fountains composed in sleep.
 Rush with ice-fellow lying quiet,
 Yet, though reined to fury and riot,
 Rush to his partner cool and kind,
 Though none the giant that stoops to bind.
 Is it caught, engaged in its glory proud?
 Lo it calls the lightning in its cloud!
 Drunken and wild hoarse thunder leaps,
 From rock to rock down the cloudy steep.
 These clouds are borne to water the trees,
 And sprinkle the flowers scented by the breeze.
 Sheddling the aroma of June
 In the morning and golden hours of noon,
 A myrror that whispers low and sweet,
 Gathers the perfumes at our feet,
 Flinging them generously away,
 All about us, and every day.
 As a benison passing by,
 Touching the heart while blinding the eye.

But now behold a Titan appears:
 With seven green withs is he coming near?
 Seven green withs will scarce avail,
 To bind the blast gone forth with hail.