

Thou cans't not stay the rolling tide,  
That sweeps all to the river's side,  
Nor change the pathways of the sun,  
Nor count the planets as they run.

Thou cans't not see with eye undimmed,  
Ten thousand blessings rolling in,  
How God commands the blazin spheres,  
How he perfumes the coming years.

How God awakes the golden morn,  
How he directs the wildest storm,  
How by his ways, not understood,  
He shapes our plans and shapes for good.

How he perfumes the wildest rose,  
And stills the world at daylight's close,  
How over all his beauty spreads,  
And showers his blessings on our heads.

Since then thou cans't not know these things,  
Nor know the sweep of Angel wings,  
Trust not! oh man, thy self alone,  
God rules in mercy from his throne,

Till cities vast, sublime and strong,  
Crowd everywhere the poets song,  
So swift and grand our march hath been  
We scarce could hear the roar and din.