

Till azure fields and liquid plains
Echo far, Jehovah reigns !

Creation sleeps—but many a sound
Of melody is floating round—
Where the moon-lit sea is flinging
Its snowy foam and upward springing
To meet the shore advancing nigh,
Pours, in many a broken sigh,
A mournful dirge o'er those who rest
Forgotten in its stormy breast.
Restless ocean, onward rave ;
He who trod the boisterous wave,
Shall to life those forms restore,
Thy tides have rolled for ages o'er ;
Those sleepers from thy depths shall spring
To meet in air their mighty King,
Whilst shrinking seas repeat their strains,
Lord of all, Jehovah, reigns !