

Content thee, feeble one, enough for thee,  
 If where His steps have been, thy steps may be ;  
 If 'mid His sacred haunts thy way thou take ;  
 If thou may'st gaze upon His fav'rite lake.

Oh, mystic lake! connecting earth and sky,  
 Teach me, like thee, to raise my thoughts on high ;  
 Wake with thy mighty lyre thy sacred song,  
 Sing in the fading light, sing all night long !  
 Sing till the dawn comes gray across the hill !  
 Sing till the noon-tide blaze lies hot and still !  
 Sing till eve's shades and perfumes come once more,  
 To bathe the fiery rocks and glitt'ring shore !  
 Sing till the western breeze thy notes prolong,  
 And all his sacred story weave in song !  
 Till Time's effacing waves shall backward roll,  
 And all the past imbue my very soul.

Or till, enraptur'd by thy wind-touch'd lyre,  
 Scenes fairer yet than these, my thoughts inspire.  
 More favor'd waves, Gennesaret, than thine,  
 Forever in His gracious presence shine.  
 A crystal river, with life's essence fill'd,\*  
 Whose source is from the throne of God distill'd,  
 (Mysterious elixir, sought in vain  
 By man his brief existence to retain),  
 Throughout illimitable space and light;  
 Diffuses its ethereal waters bright ;

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\* "A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God."—Rev. xxii. 1.