

## Morning Meditation

Ascend the chariot of prayer,  
Ride freely o'er destructive care  
And passion's din.

Leave all behind in dismal damps,  
Which laggard lie o'er fœtid swamps,  
The haunt of death ;  
Oh ! seize the golden morning hour,  
Invest thee with supernal power—  
The wings of faith.

And upward soar to light and love,  
The glory of the realm above,  
And make them thine ;  
Then shall thy life be noble, free,  
Thy home on earth all joyous be,  
A home divine,—

A foretaste of the life to come,  
A glimpse of man's eternal home—  
Thy blest abode,  
Beyond the stillness of the tomb,  
When softly calls within the gloom  
The voice of God.