

Reveries of science—wonderful sight!
Down and beyond through sunset of night,
Visions of splendor burst forth with amazement,
Yet they stagger on with the burden of days.

Vain, O vain to strive to deal
With works which angels can not reveal,
Know! they can not understand
God's fit and His invisible hand.

Inscrutable hand of God Most High,
Shames the quest of the daring eye,
Sublimar than doubts that boast in vain,
And the woe that aches no jot for pain.
High over the fostered myths and schemes,
And glamor of intellectual dreams,
The pride and the glory of culture, too,
Vain bubbles, they gleam they burst they are lost.

Unheralded energies arise,
Stamped in the earth and hid in the skies,
Multiform marvels, resistless powers,
Sleep in these hills and bloom in these flowers.
Entrusted and hidden in rock and steep:
Aroused—in titanic might they leap.