

Earth ! oh mother capth rise up  
Ere I drink the flitter cup.  
Thou that tellest in thy course  
Tales of sin and dire remorse,  
Hear me ! for I pant and die  
In my need and agony.

Is there not one refuge ? one ?  
Must I die unloved, alone ?  
If I have not earthly love,  
Shall I hope for that above ?  
Nature ! love me else I die  
In my need and agony.

Nature ! Dearest Nature, teach  
What the refuge in my reach—  
All thy children look to Heaven ;  
Mother ! let thy veil be riven—  
None have I to love but thee,  
Help my need and agony.

“ Ev’ry rill, and ev’ry sod  
Speaks our great Creator, God—  
He hath wrought and fashioned thee,  
He hath wrough and fashioned me,  
Child and sinner ! how can I  
Help thy need and agony.”

“ Yet thy mother speaks to thee,  
Counselling thy misery :—  
To my God I send a hymn—  
In thy sin, oh go to Him :  
Hill and vale and river cry,  
“ Turn dear child, and do not die.”—