

But look once more, how changed the sky,
The song birds round the mountains fly,
O'er all, the sun his warm rays fling,
The snows have melted into spring.

Thus roll the months, thus speed the years,
Assuage your grief, allay your fears.
God changes all things for our good,
We would not alter if we could.

Oh thou bright land in all your pride,
Arise and let the master guide;
Thou cans't not change one plant or flower,
Thou cans't not bind the passing hour.

Thou cans't not change the Leopard's skin,
Thou cans't not swing the daylight in,
Nor stay the thunders rolling sound,
Nor haste the season's in their round.

Thou cans't not bid the lightnings cease,
Nor rock the tempest into peace,
Nor bind old orion in her flight,
Nor veil the beauty of the night.

Thou cans't not all of mystery know,
Nor stay the whirlwind here below,
Thou cans't not change the clouds that meet,
Nor fathom all the trackless deep,