

Almighty, uncreated Source of life !
To Thee I dedicate my soul and song ;
In humble adoration bending low
Before thy footstool. Thou alone canst stamp
A lasting glory on the works of man,
Tuning the shepherd's reed, or monarch's harp,
To sounds harmonious. Immortality
Exists alone in Thee. The proudest strain
That ever fired the poet's soul, or drew
Melodious breathings from his gifted lyre,
Unsanctioned by thy smile, shall die away
Like the faint sound which the soft summer breeze
Wins from the stately lily's silver bells ;
A passing murmur, a half-whispered sigh,
Heard for a moment in the deep repose :
Of Nature's midnight rest—then hushed for ever !
Parent of genius, bright Enthusiasm !
Bold nurse of high resolve and generous thought,
'Tis to thy soul-awakening power we owe
The preacher's eloquence, the painter's skill,