

O Ear that can hear the gurgling tide,
And the music of stars in the spaces wide,
Almighty! Behold, doth aught abide?

I listen, I fear, I fall on my face;
The darkness is coming with silence apace—
O, who can the shadows and mystery chase?

RECALL.

Bow lowly, O spirit, bow low in the dust.
Shall the coming of changes invade with
distrust?

Bow lowly, what folly to think that it must.

What folly! It shames me to round in with
sense

The limitless work of omnipotence,
Or fear for the changes that bear us hence.

What wouldst thou, through earth and the
heavens to plod?

The universe changeless would be but a clod,
And change is the name of the working of
God.