

But, like the haze that steals o'er autumn skies,  
Obscures their brightness but a charm supplies,  
Lending to every scene a dreamy grace,  
While yet each object we distinctly trace ;  
So early grief hath but obscured the rays  
That dazzled, with their brightness, vanished days ;  
The varied charms of earth, and sea, and sky,  
Now raise my thoughts to Him who dwells on high ;  
And, for the noisy joy that spurned control,  
There reigns a hallowed peace within the soul.

Oh, Thou, whose goodness I delight to trace,  
In the vast works of nature and of grace ;  
Whose hand hath gently led me to this day,  
Through many a devious wild and weary way ;  
Guide of my childhood, Thou art still the same,  
As when my childish voice first breathed Thy name ;  
Touch Thou my lips, I pray, with hallowed fire ;  
Teach me to tune aright my fitful lyre,  
Earth's welkin then with joyful songs shall ring,  
And Heaven shall list the praises of her King.

Again, as on the past I turn my eyes,  
How strange, how varied are the scenes that rise ;