

The skilful artist hand.  
The sun and stars may tell of, how  
Through storm and heat and cold,  
Inwrought by earnest toiling, lines  
Of symmetry unfold.

O:rate, but deathly cheerless? nay  
Leave blossoms everywhere  
Whose living breath of fragrance shall  
Inspire the silent air;  
The beautiful, the brilliant bring,  
If they be chaste and true,  
For grace and beauty aye may find  
A mighty work to do.

And have ye sought for treasures, as  
The miner toils for gold  
Amid the vales and mountains, o'er  
The strand and rock and wold?  
Not as the miser's seeking, be  
Your quest of soul and brain,  
But build and gather ever that  
Ye may bestow again.

This Building of the earthly life,  
A mansion fair may be,  
After the Master-builder hath  
Been borne across the sea.  
The store of garnered treasures, may  
A blessing be, untold,  
To others, when *his* feet shall walk  
The streets of burnished gold.

Be active, O ye builders! for  
Who can foretell the day,  
When over yonder waters, will  
Each shallop speed away  
When thine no more, this dwelling, aye  
To many may it be  
A treasure-home, thy Palace by  
The wide unfathomed sea.