

6.

He loves it for its heavenly birth,
 Its likeness to immortal youth,
 Its great, though unpresuming worth,
 Its innate and essential truth.

7.

O Brethren, when its simple cheer
 Incites the weary heart to sing,
 Glad thought should seek her native sphere,
 And drink at pleasure's primal Spring.

8.

Pure precious gift, who hath not seen
 Its glory in the rainbow's hues,
 And in the sparkling diamond sheen
 Refracted from a thousand dews !

9.

It takes unnumbered, wondrous forms—
 Now floats in mist along the vale—
 Now soars in clouds—now falls in storms
 Of rain, and snow, and sleet, and hail.

10.

Now, forced by man's arch-agent fire,
 It rises into giant Steam,
 Takes mighty wings that never tire,
 And measures distance as a dream.

PART IV.

How sweet to bathe the burning cheek,
 And cool the fever of the brain,
 In some glad stream that seems to speak
 Of buoyant health to every vein !

2.

How sweet to see it glance along
 In sunlit radiance to its rest,
 To listen to its murmured song
 When eve is mirrored on its breast :—