

REFLECTIONS ON NATURE.

I.



FROM this cold earth let us spring,
 Fancy, on thy soaring wing,
 And a novel anthem sing

Through the sky!

Leaving sin and strife below,
 Care, and grief, and earthly woe—
 Pure as white flake of the snow

To the eye;

Let our hymn of praise resound,
 All creation round and round,
 'Till an echo it has found

There on high;

With the eagle's stately flight,
 Rising in his kingly might,
 In the azure out of sight,

Let us vie!

II.

Far above this dreary sod,
 By frail mortals ever trod,
 Let our souls arise to God,

And in praise,

Let us view the wonders grand,
 Works of His Almighty Hand,
 Whose supreme and dread command,

Worlds can raise!

See yon sun in splendour bright,
 Source of never-failing light—
 Lost are shades of dismal night

In its blaze: