

To guide its thought, to see that fount of power
 From whence doth spring this emblem of its depth,
 That I may read this attribute of thine,
 And know thee better ere I turn away.
 And knowing love that heart that loves behind,
 Such power divine hid in th' eternal throne;
 Deep calls on deep, an emblem pure
 Of sorrows grand that Israel's poet knew.
 O! could his harp be here, or lent by heaven
 With that inspiring power that touched its string
 Of yore, when the young shepherd gazing stood
 On Bethlehem's plains in ecstasies divine,
 And nature bowed to aid his native muse,
 To sing seraphic of the power of God.
 Thy glories laugh upon the petty powers
 Of man's exploits in art and science pure;
 And when his tongue of eloquence hath shed
 The fullness all of its proud mental power,
 Talks he of deeds in arching bridges grand,
 Or stopping lightnings in their lurid flight,
 Or marching armies to the field of fight,
 Or counting stars that roll along the sky,
 High tow'ring far beyond the milky way,
 Where worlds on worlds in grandeur meet.
 Still thou dost smile and pour contempt upon
 The varied glories of his genius bright;
 Thy song sublime chanting the power of God
 Exceeds the music that his lips can raise,
 By night or day its notes profound ne'er hush,
 Though nature sleeps profound in sweet repose.
 Thy songs paternal hush the birds of heaven
 That wearied play by day upon thy breast,
 Wak'est them to song right early in the morn.
 No human power can roll thy thunders back,
 Nor bid thy music silence its proud song.
 Thy glories wild carry the mental powers
 To that high throne of light where angel's wings
 Hide them as that bright vale hid Moses from his eye,
 When burning radiant on proud Sinai's brow,
 That Israel shuddered at th' effulgent glow.
 Next to that throne where shines divinity
 In all the splendour of the Godhead's light,
 Where Emerald white and amber fills the bow
 That circles round the seat of God in heaven.
 Yea, God hath caused the rainbow's ring
 To span thy glorious brow to make one throne
 On earth like to his own in worlds of heavenly light,
 And those sweet birds that bask upon thy breast
 Are like to angels who assume to sing
 And bask in glories of the light of God,
 Daring to come as far as nature can
 To the dread majesty around the throne.