

THE VOICE OF THE DEAF

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Withdrawing the curtain, I stand
 Once more upon the old, old land;
 Let me have one long, long view
 With nature's beauties all I see.
 Open the lattice, let the breeze
 Of ocean fan my fever'd cheek;
 Let her awful, eternal voice
 Once more my prison'd spirit greet.
 Let me behold the sun go down
 Beyond my highland mountains blue;
 A scene from which in infancy
 I holy inspiration drew.
 E'en then watching thine sun depart,
 Big tears a downy cheek would steal,
 Of happy hours, of raptures
 Ecstasies, peace and peace feel.
 Ah! my weak eyes are overpowered
 E'en by that passing faint sunbeam,
 But in spirit I'll follow it
 By lake, by mountain, wood and stream.
 O! I have knelt at nature's shrine,
 Four seasons, yes without alloy,
 The while my knees overflowed
 With something deeper far than joy.
 The seasons in their dwelling dance;
 Infant spring with her fragile form;
 Matron summer with her golden race,
 And hoary winter with his snows.
 The joyous dwellers of the woods,
 The sportive dancers of the stream,
 The flowery buds which push to life,
 Laughing earth's universal green;
 The clouds of heaven, the birds of air,
 The mountains of the land,
 The deep, the deep, the deep,
 The deep, the deep, the deep.