

5.

Pure water! I rejoice to hear
 Thy low sweet murmurs in my dreams,
 For they have wings with which I near
 The music of the Eternal streams.

6.

Twice, man, when thou didst fail to find
 This blessing which was made so free,
 The bounteous All-providing Mind
 Directed it to come to thee.

7.

When Hagar watched her famished child,
 An angel showed a fountain nigh;
 When Israel thirsted in the wild,
 A rock gave out the sweet supply.

8.

But miracles as great as these
 Are constantly around us wrought,
 And good provided for our ease
 By ways for which we take not thought.

9.

For He, who gave the soul her dower,
 And taught her to revere her trust,
 Creates new mercies every hour—
 New forms of life from slumbering dust.

10.

The rock still changes to a spring—
 The desert still has bread and quails,—
 The living still look up and sing,
 Because his goodness never fails.

11.

Then, why abuse His gifts, and toil
 To work ourselves and others ill;
 Enough the bounty of the soil
 The largess of the crystal rill.