

WAYLAND. 8, 8, 4, 8, 8, 4.

Adapted to those Words by L. F. Leach.

Health dwells be-side my flow-ing streams, And round me sheds her ro-sy beams; O, drink of me!

Drink deep-ly of my crys-tal flood, 'Twill cleanse and pu ri - fy the blood, Then drink of me.

Alike of heaven and earth the daughter,
The sons of earth have called me "Water,"
When I descend
From heaven, in kind refreshing showers,
The grateful, dropping, fragrant flowers
In homage bend.

Oft from beneath this earth's cold breast,
I rise in sparkling jewels drest,
To spread around
A generous, healthful, flowing feast
For man, and each inferior beast,
And bless the ground.

Where'er my fertile footsteps tread,
With sparkling green the earth is spread,
Heaven's lovely bow
Attends on each luxuriant shower,
To tell my balmy, healing power
Where'er I go.

The rivers are my silver bands,
With wandering and liquid hands
I mark their course.
As in the clouds I sit above,
Soft rising vapors speak their love
For me, their source.

Ocean is mine, my arms embrace
This world and all the human race,
I could o'erflow
Mankind in my revengeful clasp,
And with one fierce, tremendous grasp,
'Whelm them in woe!

But mortals, unto you I've given
The simplest, richest boon of heaven—
Then drink of me!
Gladness and health still make their home,
Where'er my balmy waters come.
O, drink of me!