8.

We lack not water—but we thirst
For those sweet streams that fill the mind—
For that deep Fount ordained to burst
The mental yearnings of mankind.

9.

Ah! knowledge is a precious boon;
For Thought, our Angel, has desires
Which cannot be supplied too soon
With that which feeds her glorious fires.

PART III.

Pure Water!—even the name is bliss!
Ianthe, bring the draught I crave,
That I may catch its smile, and kiss
The cooling chrystal of its wave.

2.

What marvel that the Hebrew Chief
Who felt strong thirst's constraining spell,
And sought kind nature's sweet relief,
Desired it fresh from Bethlehem's well.

3.

What marvel that the sick man sighs
To taste the dear, delicious draught,
Which Love, even while she weeps, denies,
Lest death, instead of hope, be quaffed.

4.

Cold water hath a calm controul—
A sense of good without alloy;
Cold water to a thirsty soul
Is life renewed, and winged with joy.

5.

The minstrel loves its peaceful sway,
For it has virtues which inspire
The grateful laudatory lay
That now employs his youthful lyre.