

God of the glorious realms of thought,
From which some simple hearts have caught
 A ray divine ;
And the songs which rouse the nations,
And the terrible orations,
 Lord God are Thine.

And all the forms of beauty rare,
Which toiling genius moulds with care,
 Yea, the sublime,
The sculptured busts of joy and woe
By Thee were fashioned long ago,
 In that far clime.

Far above earth and space and time,
Thou dwellest in Thy heights sublime.
 Beneath Thy feet
The rolling worlds, the heavens are spread,
Glory infinite round Thee shed,
 Where angels meet.

From out Thy wrath the earthquakes leap,
And shake the world's foundations deep,
 Till nature groans.
In agony the mountains call,
And ocean bellows throughout all
 Her frightened zones.

But where Thy smile its glory sheds,
The lilies lift their lovely heads,
 And the primrose rare ;
And the daisy, deck'd with pearls
Richer than the proudest earls
 On their mantles wear.