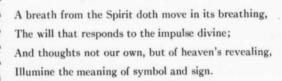


A breeze from the mountain is parting the waters, That lie at the feet of the cliffs hanging o'er; And laden with fragrance essential, its passing Refreshes the weary on sea and on shore.



A breeze from the mountain is parting the waters; A breath from the Spirit is stirring the soul. A day is at hand, when the curtain of nature, Itself shall be moved, and depart as a scroll.

For one precious moment, our faith becomes vision, And hope is fulfilled in the preesnce of love. A glimpse is vouchsafed of the world of the spirit, That God in His mercy, hath sent from above.