

I thank thee, minstrels of
Poetic birth. I thank thee, Nature, for
This sylvan scene! I thank thee, spirit of
The Omnipresent One! Thy light divine
Doth reach the limits of the universe!
Into this verdant shade a ray of joy
Straight from the throne of God hath peered.

Mirrored

By light, bestowed on Nature from the world's
Foundation, embers glow; and from the new
Creation nectar emanates—joy
And pleasure, pleasure exquisite.

There is
A language known to them of heaven, whose
tongue
In notes of silver, clear and musical,
Doth praise its God. Freed from this mortal
bane,
They rise and tune their lyres to heavenly
themes,
And heavenly thoughts express with ease in
sweet
Simplicity. Not so with man. He feels
But can't express: expressed, an alien stands