

These Thy preachers of the wild-wood,
Keep they not the heart of childhood
Fresh within us still ?
Spite of all our life's sad story,
There are gleams of Thee and glory
In the daffodil.

And old Nature's heart rejoices,
And the rivers lift their voices,
And the sounding sea ;
And the mountains, old and hoary,
With their diadems of glory,
Shout, Lord, to Thee !

But though thou art high and holy,
Thou dost love the poor and lowly,
With a love divine,
Love infinite ! love supernal,
Love undying ! love eternal,
Lord God are thine !

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